

# Dark Mage



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## Description

Once... Humans and Orcs peacefully co-existed, but at some point humans got greedy and started a war claiming the Orcs' territory.

The diety-Lord who created all, got angry with the humans' greed and decided to punish them with 3 catastrophes. One of them was the "Dragons", divine creatures blessed with magic capable of doing almost anything.

Now the Orcs, with a "Dragon" by their side, seem to have the upper hand. Will humans just sit back and see their land get destroyed? They are too devious for that... Their only good plan at that point is to abduct a "Dragon" to even things up. But how are they going to manage the capture of a being with so much power?

# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. 1st

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/04/02/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-1st/>

Someone suggested on Home Page that I should translate this. I was actually able to find the raw txt file.

Prologue.

We are living on the continent Truvania and every domain was made by the Main God Berhazel's breath touching the world.

God created the continents then the various races were born. The forest's tribe Elfs, the outstanding blacksmith's Dwarves, the revenge's reincarnation Orcs. The rest were completely inferior existences which were the various monsters. Berhazel-nim made each of these races in order and he made the Dragons to be a guard that would mediate between each races. He blew the strength of life into them. Moreover he gave them powerful strength so they can control the conflict between each races. This power was called Magic.

After putting in place the world's system, Berhazel-nim made the last race that was most similar to the god. He created us, humans.

Berhazel-nim promised to look after each races including the human eternally. As a token, the god directly made a Tablet of Oath for each races to keep.

The races who had this would always receive Berhazel-nim's blessing.

Each races stored it in the deepest most secret location to cherish it.

This was the most important treasure that would determine the fortunes of each races. Afterwards the races spread across the Truvania continent to lead their lives. They all lived with each other in harmony without any killings between them.

The ancient humans' faith toward Berahazel was very deep. According to his will, the humans lived with the similar races. It has been told they lived long and peacefully with each other. With the permission of the Elf tribe, the dwarves mined the mountain and in return tools that would be used to cultivate was given back. The Orcs were natural hunters and they provided each race with

meat. There were no arguments between each races and they lived in harmony. It's something that can't even be imagined now. The period was very long. But after a long period of peace had passed, seeds of conflicts were growing in each races. This was a problem that did not happen when the lands were large. The problem of territory came to be on the rise. To deal with the rapid rise of the population, each races had no choice but to invade the other race's territory. The races who thirsted the most for the territory expansion were the humans and the orcs. They were the most prosperous and had the most numerous populations. They slowly dug into the other race's domain. The evil fight started with acquiring territories as a goal and finally it started spreading all over the continent.

Belhazel-nim's intentions were a point-blank miss recently. The one who fanned the embers were none other than the humans. They started the war of conquest and the fire of war were spread to the ends of the continent. It spread enough that it couldn't be controlled. It went on for 50 years...

The war of conquest caused many lives to fall and in the end, it concluded with the human's victory. In the end of the same struggle, the humans were able to defeat the Orcs. They were successful in driving them out to the other side of the Felucia mountain range. The humans were able to feel unfiltered joy after stealing the massive lands.

But the price was not a ripe fruit as they expected. This was the sorrowful punishment given to the humans. The humans went against the decree to live peacefully and the price was they bought the anger of Belhazel-nim. For going against his wishes, the humans would never be able to extinguish the embers of conflict and it would circulate within. For causing the territory wars, it was arranged that the humans will face 3 major catastrophes.

The first was the discord between humans. 2nd would be the rise of a Demon King and a war with his army of darkness. However the last calamity that was approaching was something even human ability would have a hard time dealing with. 'The beings born to mediate between races' Dragons' full intervention would happen. Oh Humans, you have to realize. You are insignificant beings. Then kneel and bow to worship. This is the only way to calm Belhazel's anger.

-100 years ago, from the middle of the Great Bishop of the Brotherhood of

Belhazel Firinpaolina's 'Warning to all the humans'

The sun is gently setting into the field.

My heart is squeezing with a mysterious feeling of loneliness and I attack it with fear to reconcile it. The surrounding was quiet and watching every-side of the scenery, it was easy to tell it was not peaceful not too long ago.

Watching the scenery spread on the grassland you can summarize it into one phrase.

시산혈해(屍山血海) (TL note: jeez he use really old phrases, it means the field is full of corpses and drenched with blood.)

There were dead bodies in the field with their heads cut off and intestines falling out. The easily visible intestines had steam coming off of it and you could tell they were alive not too long ago. They all died with a broken weapon in their hands. Until the moment they died, they didn't let go of their weapons and it wasn't hard to deduce that they weren't normal beings from the Murim. (TL note: that's what they call the land of the martial artist-commonly used in martial arts novel-like wuxia novels in CN)

It was the end of the Song Dynasty, many masters of martial art established countless sects that claimed that their martial arts is the best. To verify the claim many secret arts were performed and if that wasn't enough, there were direct confrontation of strength between sects, which were prevalent at this time. The government weren't able to do anything and they were only able to spectate the confrontation between the sects. It was an age where the sect's strength were at its height in the Mu-rim. If you compare the events from this period, it wasn't rare to see bodies strewn about. There were countless power struggle between sects happening all over the land. Still there was one thing that was strange about the corpse here. Most of the bodies had a similar mark on them. Their uniform were of different color but each body had the mark of Asura etched on their chest. They died with swords within each other and from their figures on can tell they struggled with each other.

In the whole Murim, the sect that uses the Asura character is none other the Bae-sect.

They are a strong sect that is shoulder to shoulder with the leading Ma-gyo (TL note: basically evil sect-usually they use underhanded methods like poison or evil techniques) who uses very odd black arts and strangely severe martial arts.

So who would quarrel against the warriors of the Bae sect? The person who could answer that question was starting to reveal his form in the corner of the cruel scene.

Sss.

His form showed up like he had just formed in that place and his entire body was plastered with blood. He was in his mid-40s and his whole face was scrunched up as if he had received a serious injury.

“W, wrong. The Chun-ja-hyul-Ma-Gong[천자혈마공(天子血魔功)](TL note: it’s just the name of his technique-Emperor’s Blood-Evil-Art..something like that) is already starting to break.”

His body was seen to be short and small with a freakishly bent to his figure. He might be a hunchback. He had a natural air of danger that could only been seen with an absolute figure in charge of one’s sect.

“Uwwek.”(TL note: he threw up.)

He shook his head after he threw up one handful of blood. The night’s setting sun illuminated the face of the man. The revealed man’s face was, in one word, hideous. He had slim eyes that slanted upward like it was being ripped. He had a bent hawk nose that was ugly to look at. He had an appearance that didn’t match the energy of an absolute being emanating from the man.

But unusually the man had very clear eyes. He was drenched in blood and he was facing directly toward the setting sun so his form didn’t look like the appearance of a person. Only his clear eyes could not be hidden. In a moment, the man’s gaze was starting to burn red. His rage filled eyes were directed at someone.

“I don’t have time to be here like this. I have to escape this place before Chun-ja-hyul-ma-gong breaks completely.”

He was about to hurriedly move his body when his steps suddenly stopped to examine one place. This place had a tragic corpse that had several swords piercing through him.

The corpse can only be described as a bloody mess. The man’s gaze suddenly turned affectionate.

“Jong-Li-Yung. Even you..”

The dead corpse was none other than the man's right-hand man. When everyone turned their back, his right hand man and his underlings gave unchanging loyalty. Along the edges of the man's eyes bloody tears started flowing.

"Jong-Li-Yung, and Su-ho-Ma-Wang-Gun(수호마왕군(守護魔王軍) it's what he called his underling/army).

This, Dok-Go-Sung, will not forget your sacrifices until I die."

Right then the silence was broken and a bleak sound rang and spread.

"Huhuhu. I'm sorry, sect leader. There won't be any incidents like that."

With him several dozens of shadows revealed themselves in this place. Like the man, they appeared like they formed from their places(Tl note: think like ninjas just popping out of the ground/shadow). They were all burning as one with hostility and they all had the Asura figure etched on their chest. Seeing the air they were permeating, it was clear that they weren't ordinary figures. Among them, the leader who was standing in the forefront had curious red eyes. If you learn a certain type of black arts to the extreme then one would develop red pupils. One of the enemy who had a stubborn expression coldly spat(TL note: words, not saliva) at the man who still had his back turned.

"The sect leader has reached unparalleled heights using our sect's black arts. So the Juk-Mi-Dang had a hard time hiding. We already know truth that Sect Leader's Chun-ja-hyul-ma-gong has been broken. We knew you weren't going to travel far so we staked out for couple days at this place. My prediction was right. Looking at the situation, I'm sure the meritorious deed will raise the Juk-mi-dang."

After the opponent gave a long speech, he glanced at the man to sense his mood. But the man didn't react and he was just standing their staring through the dead corpse. The enemy breathed in once before speaking again.

"Please don't be stubborn and obediently surrender. Sect Leader. If you are caught by the Jung-Pa(TL note: 정파 – it's the opposite of people who practice Ma-gong, they are the traditional sect-seen as the good guys ) then your final fate would be worse. Already the whole Mu-rim is chasing after you, there is nowhere for you to hide. So don't think about avoiding us. The Supreme leader

thought until his eyes would fall out to try and rescue Sect Leader's life. If you are lucky then you might be able to keep your life."

When he heard the word Supreme leader, the man's eyes started to fiercely burn. The Supreme leader that the enemy was talking about was responsible of making him like this.

Bae-sect Supreme Leader Sah-Jun-Hwan!

He was able to raise the Bae-sect that was like a tiger without teeth in 50 years to one of the best in the entire Murim. He is a genius achiever that made it possible for Bae-sect's shoulders to be aligned with the Ma-gyo. He was the Sa Family's Zhuge Liang.(TL note: he is making comparison) This was the comparison that was spreading for the Supreme Leader Sah-Jun-Hwan. However the Dok-Go-Sung now considered him a simple traitor. In an event that he couldn't have predicted, he was hit in the back of the head by the cheap traitor. Dok-Go-Sung never doubted his loyalty to Sa-Jun-Hwan until then. Moreover, he was like a father for him so Dok-Go-Sung felt all the more betrayed. Of course I didn't think lightly of the favors he bestowed on myself. However everything was a carefully calculated move. From the beginning to the end. Dok-Go-Sung was shaking and he continuously heard the enemy's bleak voice in his ear.

"There is no time. Sect Leader. It's time for you to make a decision."

Dok-Go-Sung's shaking slowly stopped. He slowly turned his body. The gaze that almost burned was unleashed on the enemy.

"He refused. Get ready."

The enemies didn't even hesitate to follow the order even after they saw Dok-Go-Sung's eyes.

Looking at them, even if Dok-Go-Sung surrendered, there was no doubt he wouldn't have lived. After the order was given, the dozens of enemy warriors formed a sword formation to approach Dok-Go-Sung. They were deserved to be called Bae Sect's Dae-Wae-Chuk-Sal-Jo-Jig-in(TL note: good lord basically it's an organization within the Bae Sect that does the dirty work/maybe the assassination branch of the Bae sect) Juk-Mi-Dang, their warriors' body movement was very intricate. Abnormal weapons that he had never seen were aimed at Dok-Go-Sung. If it was a normal warrior, they would have disapproved



this kind of attacks. But Dok-Go-Sung was not a normal warrior. He had led countless warriors over a long period of time into battle. He had fierce battles against the factions of the Murim-world and for the most part he won. He was able to decorate the Bae-sect with victories and wasn't he the figure that helped the sect reach this position? Because of those reasons, the warriors that were attacking could feel cold-sweat flowing on their whole body. Even if it was an order, ultimately they didn't want to match blade with the sect leader Dok-Go-Sung. Especially the leader of the Jung-Mi-Dan who gave the order felt extremely tense in this situation. He checked the opponents reaction while sneakily taking out a flare from inside. To tell you the truth, if the Sect-Leader had in mind to take him and his warriors on then it would be illogical to think that they would win. He was tempted by the accolade so he only brought underlings that were directly under him. He set out on his own to have a direct confrontation but it was pretty obvious who will win. He only wanted one thing! He hoped that the Dok-Go-Sung would throw away all his hopes and he would be caught meekly. Sadly looking at the situation that possibility was almost nil.

“My meritorious deed would decrease a lot but I have no choice, it is said to be prepared for any happenstance...” (TL note: jeez he finds some obscure idioms to use 만사가 불여튼튼이라)

He hurriedly pulled the flare's line. Near this place it was filled with Go-su's (TL note: master martial artists 고수) that were already looking for the Sect Leader. After the flare explodes, reinforcement would come over like a swarm of bees. He and his underlings had the ability to stall for time. The Leader of Juk-Mi-Dang didn't hesitate anymore and pulled the flare line.

Pushushushu.

A loud noise like something was ripping was accompanied by the flare's fireball and it flew high into the sky. But before the sound could even end, simultaneous screams exploded out.

“Kuuahhhhk”

“Ku-uh-uk.”

The eyes that were watching the flares quickly enlarged. The pupils that were swelling with red was suddenly soaked with fear.

The sun had already set and countless torches were lighting up the surrounding. The look of corpses spread everywhere was the same but the only difference was that the number of corpses had increased by a lot. Among them, the Juk-Mi-Dang-Ju was there too. Until recently he had a smile of satisfaction, but now he was a corpse lying on the cold earth. His chest was caved in and his eyes were wide-open like he couldn't believe what happened.

“Were we too late?”

In the middle of the torches, suddenly a heartless sound burst forward. The owner of the sound was a middle-aged man with a very pure appearance. The school uniform he had over his body was very natural.(TL note: 학창의(鶴?衣)가-it's what old scholars in korea used to wear) In one phrase, you could say he had an elegant look that could be called 선풍도골(TL note: has divine poise and sage like figure – Sun-Poong-Do-gol if you sound it out or 仙風道骨). He looked at the enemies' corpses with sharp eyes. Every one of them had bled out a thick lacquer and the corpse collapsed while drawing a concentric circle.(TL note: if you fell down on dirt straight and if you bring in your leg/arm toward you body you'll draw a circle.) Several people from the conference observed the bodies and started reporting.

“Everyone died with one hit. By seeing the state of how they died from Dok-Go-Sung is using his inner energy.”

After hearing those words, the middle-aged man started shaking his head with a bitter smile on his face.

“He killed one of our sect's elite troops, Jung-Mi-Dang. He killed them all before we had the time to return and fled... His will to live is that strong?”

“Don't we have to hurry and track him?”

From behind his back, he heard a heavy voice. The middle-aged man shook his head to say no.

“We don't need to. That bastard is already like a rat that has been poisoned. In this place, it's not only us but the Jung-pa(TL note: normal sects-it's a general term) people are spread out to perform the Chun-La-Ji-Mang(TL note: some kind

of martial technique. if you break it down it means heaven-water-earth-net). They want to catch the person who has been officially registered as a Ma-Du. (TL note: 마두(魔頭)-horse headed demon) There is no place for him to hide in this world.”

The person who spoke had a lot of beard on his face and he reminded every one of Zhang-Fei(TL note: see Romance of the Three Kingdoms). He was a middle age man with dirt-like face(TL note: I’m guessing his skin color is earthy) and he took in the words as he lowered his head.

“Of course. However this layman is still a bit confused. How come the Jung-pa(TL note: it’s a general term indicating both Moon-Pa and Sa-Pa, they are polar opposite with moon-pa people require you do things the right way, Sa-Pa is the opposite-you can use any method/cheat/forbidden technique etc.) people who were fighting until blood flies, be united? Also they are tracking down a person who was a Sect Leader until yesterday.”

The middle-age-man smiled.

“Everyone in the Mu-rim is an enemy, there are no comrades. Yesterday you might be enemies but today you can be allies. What we need right now is stability. After driving out the thorn in the side, Dok-Go-Sung, even if they don’t like it they have to hold hands with the Jung-Pa people to keep the Ma-gyo in check.”

From the eyes of the middle-aged man a strange light started flowing out. To take the supreme seat of the Bae-sect, he had persevered for couple decades. The effort is about to bear fruit this moment. His name was Sa-Jun-Hwan. He was known and admitted to be Murim’s best strategist. He was an influential figure of the Bae-sect and he was the being behind in the darkness conducting every events. With this act, he had revealed his long hidden ambition.

“No need to hurry. If you prematurely act then you can lose your nose in cooked rice...”(TL note: another idiom...basically don’t be careless until the end)

Sa-Jun-Han looked around his surrounding shadows with a careful gaze. These figures were all important in bringing along the Bae-sect. They were all going to be like a right-hand man to him. Therefore Sa-Jun-Han could say everything that was in his bosom. He secretly put up a strong-ki screen so no one could hear his

word then he spoke carefully.

“In not too distant future our world will start. I’ll use Dok-Go-Sung as a trigger to subjugate the Ma-gyo(TL note: kind of like devil sect) and the Gu-dae-moon-pa(TL note: its 9 sects rolled into one). Bae-sect’s strongest force has already returned to me so there won’t be any problems. Now until the end of your lives, we will live in wealth and honor.”

The underlings killed the noise and cheered at Sa-ju-hwan’s guarantee. They had suffered with the Supreme leader. Now the reward was right in front of their eyes.

“The experts(Go-su) are spread widely and searching so his location should be revealed soon.  
But...”

Sa-Jun-Hwan was speaking when he suddenly had a perplexed expression.

“Did you find anything about the people he disposed?”

The brown-faced middle-age man came forward to give a report.

“Nothing has been known yet. We just know that he has colored eyes and he is wearing colors that aren’t easily seen. Among those who found him, 2 died immediately and the last one barely had any breath left. No words got through to him. Since the situation was inconclusive, we killed him to silence him.”

Sa-Jun-Han lightly knitted his brows.

“Their Un-shin-Sul(TL note:another technique-used to hide yourself) was not normal. They were able to hide their presence...

If I hadn’t heard their breathing then we would have never found them.

I wonder where they are from? Saek-mok-in or maybe the head of the Potala palace sent them?

Sa-Jun-hwan had no time to think. From across, accompanied by a ripping sound, a flare flew into the sky. It was fairly removed from this place.

“They found him. Let’s go!”

Before Sa-Jun-Hwan’s words finished, the shadows disappeared from their places. Looking at their Advanced Ascending technique, one could tell every one

of them were Peak level experts. Their movement was so fast that the last words of Sa-Jun-Hwan was like a lingering imagery that was left behind.

“We have to kill the Sect Leader before the Jung-Pa people can capture him. Hurry.”

After they left there was again a sense of desolation. The only thing left were a clutter of dead corpses.

But after they left, more conversations could be heard in the vicinity. He was speaking carefully with a low voice but the sound that was spread was not in the Joong-one’s language. (TL:Joong-one is the place they are currently in) It was a new language that no one has ever used. Surprisingly the sound spread from mid-air.

“Ha! That’s really surprising. Using magic you were able to hide our figures and sense quickly.”

“Looking at the situation, I think being careful is warranted. Already several magicians have been found and lost their lives. I believe that they have superhuman ability to sense a person’s trace. They were able to find magicians who used Invisiblity easily. If we didn’t spread the Hide Mana Force then we wouldn’t have been safe either.”

“We have no choice. If we want to solve the danger our homeland faces then some sacrifices are necessary. Thanks to that we were able to find out that the warriors from this place has superior sword-skills then the homeland? It’s been merely one day since we came here. However haven’t we seen several people of Master-level? We saw the not easily seen Sword masters.”

The voice ringing in the air started soaking in a certain emotion.

“If we want to protect our continent from the dragon’s evil influence then we have to invite this place’s strongest sword master. He would have to be equal to Arkadia’s Crossen Archduke, nay he would have to exceed him in skills.”

“It won’t be easy. The sword masters here are very cruel and hostile. You can understand this by seeing all the Magicians that were killed when they approached for conversation. Even a conversation would be hard to initiate.”

“Even if it is impossible, we have to do it. It is for future of our Homeland..”

After saying those resolute words, several shadows started appearing. They were wearing unique colors that were not worn here. They unexpectedly were blue-eyed people.

Their body was wrapped around by a robe with bandanas attached. They started looking around the surrounding. They were trying to prevent any ambush that might happen. The surrounding only held dead bodies and they couldn't feel any life force. After they confirmed that there were no danger, a low voice came from a lone mouth. He had a long white beard and the old man seemed to be the group's leader. Strangely he had a priestly robe with a flame etched into it.

"Please hurry. Please memorize Invisibility and Hide Mana Force again so we won't be found again."

At those words, the blue-eyed middle aged man opened his mouth in shock. From the sound, he was the one who was conversing with the old man. Looking at his robe, he looked like a magician.

"T..Then perhaps we are going to infiltrate where they are fighting?"

"Yes. No matter the danger we have to win over a sword master and take him."

"B..But that is too dangerous. Already the mana that was stored in the dragon heart has been almost depleted. It would be suicide to approach these people who have an amazing sensing ability."

The old man's face darkened quickly. Since the early days, it has been established that magicians are inferior to an experienced sword master. If a magician who takes time to cast is trying to subdue an experienced sword master then several magicians have to work together. They would have to be sufficiently far in distance or it would be impossible. However if the opponent exceeded the Master level the possibility becomes very bleak. There was a high probability that their neck would be severed before the magic was realized. Still they were running out of options. They used a dragon heart's mana to come to this place but it was almost depleted. They had to devise any plan.

"We can't return like this. Think about the dire situation each of your homeland is in. Let's all use our strength."

The magicians' face became extremely gloomy after hearing the old man's

words. They knew the situation well. Their countries were at risk. Eventually they started hurriedly memorizing the magic. If a little of their life force was revealed then it was instant death. So they were very careful in their casting.

The middle-aged man finished memorizing the fastest since his skill was the best then he moved next to the old man. The old man also finished memorizing and they were waiting for the others to finish. He was a priest using holy magic so his memorize was faster than an experienced magician. Before hesitating a bit, the middle aged man carefully opened his mouth.

“So have you picked the person we are taking?”

The old man nodded with a dark complexion.

“I haven’t thought about how to take him but I did search for a person. I think he wouldn’t lose to Crosser in terms of skills.”

The middle-aged man had an idea who it was so he shook his head in assent. As they were conversing, the other magicians started finishing their memorize and started opening their eyes.

“Ooahahahk.”

It was a gruesome scream as if his lung was penetrated. From the back someone threw up their life blood. Ironically the person who spat out the life blood was someone who hadn’t said farewell to this world.

“Kul-luk. We have no time.”

With a heavy groan, Dok-Go-Sung was barely able to stand. From the conference member’s heart, he plucked out his Ho-jo.(TL note: tiger paw) It was a glove made out of steel with long nails. It was an abnormal weapon, Ho-jo. But Ho-ju was in a rugged bloody fight until now and at the end, one couldn’t even recognize the shape because it was dulled. Looking at the weapon that was forged from Han-chul(TL note: special steel seen these kind of novel) and looking at its state, you can tell how hard of a road he had to break through.

Dok-Go-Sung’s gaze looked over the dead association members’ corpse. Once they would have jumped into a ball of flame with gunpowder if he so ordered. But now they didn’t hesitate to point their knives at me. Watching this he could tell that the Supreme leader’s shadow was deeply stained into the Bae-sect.

“Scary bastard.”

Dok-Go-Sung forcefully pulled his heavy body and started to escape from the place.

“That, the Chun-Ja-Hyul-Ma-Gon was broken then he wouldn’t be able to struggle this much.”

Chun-Ja-Hyul-Ma-Gong. It was the strongest martial art that put Dok-Go-Sung in the ranks of the peak experts but also it was a cursed devils art that had driven him to this state. He used all his energy to move his body while grinding his teeth.

“I’m going to tear him to death! He sweet talked me into learning the Chun-Ja-Hyul-Ma-Gong and now he spread that fact I learned it to drive me in this state.”

Letting out my anger to empty air is not going to lessen my anger. He really trusted the supreme leader with all his heart. After managing a great war, I entered the Bae-sect boldly with my underlings. In the festival to celebrate the victory, I was attacked by the trusted Supreme leader and I obtained a critical injury. It was a major injury that was enough to crush my lower abdomen. His wretched escape started from then. He was able to escape after experiencing indescribable hardship but the Chun-ja-hyul-ma-gon had already started to break after the assassination attempt. Even his surviving underlings were all killed while they were eating their breakfast. Thinking about them, blood tear drops started falling from his eyes. Because they were subordinates, they were always in front of the battle field. They would look out for each other’s lives since they were great friends and combat-in-arms.

“Sa-Jun-Hwan you bastard. I will never forgive you.”

Dok-Go-Sung was moving his body through the grass and he was gritting his teeth with enough force that it might break. Then some different kind of feeling went past his spine. It was a familiar feeling. It was killing-intent.[살기(殺氣)(TL note: sal-gi)]

Dok-Go-Sung put his hand out while in a running position.

Crunch.

Several hidden weapon were grabbed by Ho-Jo and it was crushed. Dok-Go-Sung just jumped in and stirred the Ho-Jo.



Puh-puh-puk.

Both virginal blood and pieces of meat dispersed. The blade of Ho-Jo had been dulled so instead of cutting it would just tear out the flesh. Several human shadows twisted in place. They were experts that went through harsh training and they wouldn't scream out even at the moment of their death. Since the assassination attempt was blown, the experts that were staking out showed themselves and attacked. Since they had skull masks on, they were probably experts from Chong-Dan San Ha's Um-myung-dang.

"Huk."

The two expert from Um-myung-dan died from their chest being punctured by Dok-Go-Sung's Hojo. Then from behind a shadow that was hiding revealed himself. The way he was hiding his body, he was probably getting ready to assassinate me. He swung a long sickle toward Dok-Go-Sung's chest. He saw a bluish energy infused into the sickle and he could tell it was poisonous. He put his inner strength into the Ho-Jo. His inner strength had almost bottomed out so he was in a situation where he couldn't continuously bring up strong energy. Therefore Dok-Go-Sung would only bring up his strong ki when he had no choice.

Chang.

Dok-Go-Sung growled after blocking the attack.

"I can see you are Um-myung-dang's leader Gwak-seh-gi. Even you are Sa-Jun-Hwan's underling?"

The shadow who clashed the sickle with Hojo gave out a dark laugh.

"HuHuHu. That's right. Sect Leader. You were able to escape to this place. No wonder you are called Bae-Sect's top expert. However don't dream about getting out of here alive. Soon the Supreme leader will head the present masters and run here."

Dok-Go-Sung didn't say anything. He just swung the Hojo around to attack the sickle.

Following that he fought a desperate battle with the Um-myung-dang's experts. Even the best of the elite experts of Um-myung-dang fell short of stopping Dok-Go-Sung. He pushed back the sickle overwhelmingly and he killed the expert of

the Un-myung-dang one by one. Since the whole Mu-rim was united to hunt me down, I had not time to lose.

He used all his strength so the battle didn't take that long.

“Ku-ah-ah-ak.”

The leader of Um-myung-dang Gwak-seh-gi had half of his face fly off and you could hear his gruesome screams. No matter how much you train, you can't resist the pain of healthy flesh being torn out. He was stumbling back when he fell in place. In exchange, Dok-Go-Sung had a deep knife wound on his left arm. It was because his inner strength wasn't being smoothly connected. The blood was flowing freely but he had no thought to staunch the flow. He only contorted his face.

“Pathetic. You were injured by someone-like Gwak-sae-gi...”

Dok-Go-Sung was shaking his head when suddenly he let his body fly. Already all the expert from Um-myung-dang had become a cold corpse under the hands of Dok-Go-Sung. However before they died they were able to light a flare so he had to leave this place as fast as he could. Then not long after the place was filled with many shadows that showed their figures.

“Did Um-myung-dang get annihilated?”

Sah Jun Hwan had a bitter smile after watching the Um-myung-dang experts' corpse littered everywhere.

“They say an old eagle is better than a young crow. The damage is pretty significant.”

For the secret observance, Sa-Jun-Hwan inserted his trusted underlings before the hunt. He wasn't grieving too much over their loss though. Despite his assassination attempt to destroy him, the ability of Dok-Go-Sung had exceeded his imagination. Even if he had the help of Su-ho-ma-wang-gun, at this level you could say he has exceeded human boundaries and you have to see him as a superhuman. Sa-jun-hwan took deep breaths to calm his heart.

‘No need to be in a hurry. His lower abdomen is about half destroyed. When the Chun-ja-hyul-ma-gon collapses, he won't be able to resist. Moreover, the Jung-pa and Ma-gyo bastards are tracking Dok-Go-Sung so I don't really have to

lose my underlings. Especially the person called Young-Ho-myung?’

Sa-jun-hwan thought about the young Jung-pa expert that was part of tracking down Dok-Go-Sung. He was in charge of the North Mu-rim’s famous Chul-gum-moon and as a young family head he was able to form sword energy. He was at a stage where he was the best expert among the later generation.

In the suppression operation of trying to cut off the hands and foot of Dok-Go-Sung , he achieved brilliant results in combat.

He especially had a gaze dripping with poisonous heart and he butchered the Dok-Go-Sung’s underlings. Watching his acromonious figure, it was hard to believe that he was the disciple of the Jung-pa. Thinking about Young-ho-Myung, Sa-jun-hwan smiled a bloody smile.

‘I guess I don’t blame him. What kind of expression would he have if he found out all these plans came out of my head?’

Unlike Dok-Go-Sung, Sa-jun-hwan’s reputation from outside is not that bad. He was seen as a fair and loyal figure even amongst the Jung-pa. Although Sa-jun-hwan is considered to be a prominent disciple. This was because he devoted himself to maintain his reputation. It was something arranged ahead of time so it was easier for us Bae-sect to gain control.

“Put a carrier pigeon in the air so we can inform the Jung-pa and Ma-gyo where he ran off to. No need to needlessly spill blood. ”

“All right, sir.”

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. Part 2

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/04/05/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-2nd-episode/>

I had a hard time focusing on Elqueeness. I hit a patch where the author explains how things work again and I'm having a hard time powering through it. So I've been slacking off for the past couple days. I tried working on this to switch things up. Anyways I hate this author because he makes up words sometimes and I have to decipher what he is trying to say. It's not misspelled and it's not in the dictionary, so it could be frustrating sometimes. I'm having a hard time coming up with names so I'm just putting it down as how it sounds or else it gets too long.

-----

At the end of the vast plains, there was a road that led to a steep peak and there were many figures camped out there. They all had white robes on. The emblem on their chest was one fresh blood drop steeped on a long sword. It wasn't hard to deduce that they are from Sanseo Murim's famous Chul-Hyul-Moon disciples. All of them had bright eyes that was piercing and they were all experts(Go-Su). There was a special figure in the middle and he had ki pouring out of him that would make a mountain bow. He was too old to be called a lad but too young to be called middle-aged. He had thick eyebrows with sharp eyes and his pupils showed wisdom that was hard to measure. The blade of his nose were high and his lips were closed tightly. It seemed to show his steadfast will.

His name was Young-ho-myung. Among the present Murim's later generation, he was worthy of being named the top expert, and he was understood to be an up and coming expert. Especially the level of his sword art was known to have reached was peerless. In a political war, his father died from an unknown accident and he had to inherit the Chun-hyul-moon at an early age. He was a genius that had the ability to retain and lead his sect. A personage like that had gathered all the sect's experts and showed up. Young-ho-myung had a deep grudge against the fallen Bae-sect's sect leader. Dok-go-song had killed his

master(TL note: Sabu, sifu or martial master) and he had a grudge that wouldn't allow himself to live under the same sky as him. When Young-ho-song thought about his master, his sword energy crawled through him.

“Guy!(TL note: direct translation is man/guy/dude but there is no equivalent word in English that conveys how the word is being used. I could do ‘Bastard’ while the intention of using the word is similar but it changes the definition of the word.) You won’t live and escape this age.(TL note: pretty sure he made up this word 적령평 I can only glean the meaning and try to decipher the meaning by breaking it up...) Not even your dead soul...”

After roughly spitting out his words, Young-ho-young thought again about the master who had died because of Dok-go-song. If he had not met his master then there were no possibility of him reaching the position he had achieved. Young-ho-young dearly missed his dead master.

Sanseo’s Chul-hyul-moon originally used Que-gum-sul(TL note: fast/quick sword art) which pursued Que(TL note: fast/quick) to establish their sect. If you are comparing quickness then Chul-hyul-moon’s Chul-hyul-gum-bup was shoulder to shoulder with Gon-ryun’s Bun-Gwang-Gum-Bup which was synonymous to Que-Gum-Sul according to the public opinion. However Que-gum-sul originally used florid sword art to dazzle the opponent. That was the main focus of this sword art and if you followed this path then against experts that are past a certain stage, the effectiveness will be halved. The previous Chun-Hyul founder Young-ho-choong always kept this in mind and thought about the shortcomings of Chun-hyul-gum-bup and he made a resolute decision. Chul-hyul-gum-bup’s greatest weaknesses were revealed to be Shin-bup(tl note: 신법(身法)-martial art that deals with techniques that can be seen outside and ki techniques) and Nae-gong(TL note: 내공(內功)-deals with inner energy) and desperate measures were made to strengthen these aspects. It was decided that the eldest son, Young-ho-myong, would enter into the Seo-rim-sa (TL note:shaolin temple) as a Sok-ga-jae-ja(TL note:속가제자(俗家弟子)- it’s a term used for disciple who has a master but is entered into a different institution usually because they have good relation) Universally in Murim’s guild, if you are a collateral disciple and not of direct descendent then the martial organization won’t be able to hand down their true techniques. However Young-ho-young

had an incredible meeting at the Seo-rim-sa that would change his and his household's fate. At that time he coincidentally met the top Seo-rim holy monk who was the ultimate expert at Seo-rim and he was hailed as the best expert in the whole Murim.

“He's a rare genius.”

The Seorim holy monk Hyuh-jung was able to see Young-ho-myung's talent in one glance. Moreover he decided to personally teach him martial art. At that time it was a problem that made the Seo-rim-sa very noisy. Even the Grand Monk stepped in tired to stop Hyuh-jung.

“You are trying to pass down techniques when he is not even a collateral decent but a Sok-ga-jae-ja. ”

“This situation has never happened before. It's not even worth speaking about, uncle.”

However the Seo-rim holy monk did not even blink at the backlash that was stirring inside the Seo-rim-sa.

“It doesn't make sense that a peerless genius will rot because of old-fashioned pieces of edicts.”

Hyuh-jung stopped the Grand Monk's dissuasion with one sentence and from then, he started teaching Young-ho-myung directly. Then 15 years passed. It may be because of his extraordinary talent and being taught by the Murim's greatest expert, Young-ho-myung progressed very rapidly. Young-ho-myung progressed so rapidly that at the age of twenty he had achieved enough to almost destroy the 18 Na-han-jin. (TL note: it's a formation formed by 18 monks) The So-rim-sa finally realized the true worth of Young-ho-myung and he was named the first disciple. Then they urged him to enter the Murim to gain real-life experience.

Afterward, Young-ho-myung's path in life was very bright. He was taught directly by Hyuh-jung and had gained a profound Nae-gong. With his great understanding, he was able to combine the learned Ascending Shin-bup with the Chul-hyul-moon's exquisite sword art. He became a matchless expert that was hard to find. San-suh's Um-Yang-Ssang-mah. Chung-hae's Hyul-Bal-gi. Dong-Jong-ho's Muk-ryong-ji-ju.(TL note: these are where they are from and their

names) The Kang-ho's hyung-ma's looked down on the rookie and picked a fight. Young-Ho-Myung would record their names on a hit-list and they fell futilely. After some time has passed, Young-ho-young rose like the rising sun but like a bolt from the blue news arrived. The news was that the So-rim holy monk who had given him boundless blessing had been assassinated and he had suffered a grisly death. Young-ho-myung pushed every work back and returned to the So-rim-sa. Then he promised in front of his Sa-bu's grisly corpse while crying bloody tears.

“Sa-bu-nim.(TL: master or sifu-nim) This, Young-Ho-Myung, will exterminate the villain with my hands and I will offer him before your departed spirit.”

However he wasn't able to fulfil his wishes easily. He couldn't approach the villain because he was hiding inside the Bae-sect's main head quarter and not long afterwards a political war exploded. Young-ho-myung didn't hesitate to participate in the political war. With his strong martial arts, he was easily able to become the leader of the Ho-chun-sue-ho-dan(it was formed from a hundred rookie experts) and he was able to achieve great wartime accomplishments. Even the Ma-gyo who were not afraid of death, refrained from going up against Ho-chun-sue-ho-dan, which was led by Young-ho-myung. However that wasn't the only misfortune of Young-ho-myung. News was received that Bae-sect was in direct confrontation with the Chul-hyul-moon and his father, Young-ho-choong perished while fighting on the front-line. It was a series of misfortune, but Young-ho-myung's courage did not break.

He resigned as the leader of the Ho-Chun-Sue-ho-dan and he returned to the Chul-hyul-moon to be the new leader. After having his father's funeral, he led the Chul-hyul-moon back into the political war. It was because he heard the news that Dok-go-song, the son of the previous sect leader, had become the new sect leader.

“Sa-bu-nim, and my father's enemy is definitely Dok-go-song. I will recover this blood debt.”

In the midst of the political war, Young-ho-myung's eyes were on fire and he aimed for Dok-go-song. However it was very difficult to approach him since he had learned the Chun-ja-hyul-ma-gong and he also led the Bae-sect's best elite troops, Soo-ho-ma-wang-gun. Also Dok-go-song's talent was on par with Young-

ho-myung and he was endlessly growing stronger going through desperate fights. However, he patiently waited for the day he could stab him to death. Therefore he was able to grasp this golden opportunity.

“Now this bastard’s hands and feet has been all cut.(TL note:not his literal hands and feet but his subordinate, his sect’s support, etc) Finally his supply has been cut and I will be able to offer him to Sabu-nim and father’s departed souls.

Through the political war, Dok-go-song’s martial arts were revealed and the level was beyond imagination. He has the best ability among the later generation, but even he couldn’t guarantee that he would win. However Young-ho-myung didn’t worry about anything. Before coming here, the So-rim-sa’s Great monk gave him a technique that could effectively suppress Dok-go-song. Young-ho-myung made a fist while thinking about it.

“Guy!(TL note: Nom! there isn’t really an equivalent term. Maybe Bastard! is better) You won’t escape this time.”

Young-ho-myung fell into thought while waiting for Dok-go-sung and when he heard footsteps, he turned his head.

“Urgent news has been received from the hunting party. He cunningly broke through the encircling net and he has escaped toward the foot of the Chun-ryung mountain.”

Young-ho-myung was surprised and he desperately turned his body.

“This, it’s a pursuit. The present masters should direct all of their subordinates to climb the Chun-ryung-mountain. Only we, the Chul-hyul-moon, should be the one to capture him.

After the order was dropped, the people from the Chul-hyul-moon, all stirred up at once and climbed the mountain. By seeing this, one was able to see how much these men followed the young head of the organization. Young-ho-myung grinded his teeth while running up the Chun-ryung mountain.

“I have to kill that bastard with my hands. Then my Sabu-nim and father in the underworld may let go of their resentment.”

“Hu-uk.” (TL note: crying sound)

The organization member’s chest was penetrated and his body shook while his



sword was lowered. After a moment, Hojo grasped the heart in the penetrated chest and it exploded. The organization member died immediately and his head bent.

“Huk, Huk”

Dok-go-song took out Hojo from the member’s chest and his consciousness was starting to become distant. The state of his body cannot be seen as normal, and blood was flowing out of the wound making his whole body bloody. He swayed like he was about to fall. The fight had continued for almost 4 days. His ki-flow was all tangled up and he was helpless like a soaked cotton ball. Thoughts brushed by his mind about ending his life like this but Dok-go-song endured and moved his body. At the very least, he couldn’t die like this. Along the road he was traveling, suddenly a sword jumped out from a bush. Dok-go-song sensed that he couldn’t avoid the sword so he stuck out his shoulder.

Pu-shook.(TL note: sound of sword going in)

Accompanied by a frightening sound of destruction, a cutting pain was delivered to the shoulder. I guess there weren’t much blood left in his body, because the bleeding wasn’t too bad. The moment the sword carrying shadow froze, Dok-go-song’s form broke through the shadows like a wind.

Puh-puh-puk.

In the back, the shadows that lost their lives fell to the ground lifelessly. When the attacked succeeded, their focus slipped and Dok-go-song counter-attacked ruthlessly. He cut their life line.

However the sword must have had poison coated on it. Dok-go-song could feel his shoulders slowly becoming numb.

“Are they from the Ma-gyo? Didn’t Um-Sal-dae bastards coat their swords in poison, maybe?”

If they were the culprit then it’s a wound that wouldn’t be enough even if I died a hundred times. Dok-go-song’s voice was very peaceful after he had sustained the injury. If seen in one way, you could say he was already free from life and death.

“I have no regret. I’ve already once reached the pinnacle of power so I have no

regret. Still that bastard, I can't forgive Sa-jun-hwan."

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. Part 3

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/04/08/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-part-3/>

TL note: I changed the Chun-Ja-Hyul-Ma-Gon to Emperor's Blood Demon Art. I'm going to change the MC's name to Dachshund. I know it's a dog breed but Dok-go-song->Dok-song->Dachshund. I'll probably leave the one-shot character's names alone.

Another main character's name that will pop up often: 사준환 (Sa-Joon-Hwan)

Should I change the name so it won't be bulky? Would it throw the readers off if I change the name to another dog breed? How about Schnoodle, Saluki or Shiba?

Or Sa-Joon-Hwan -> make the Sa-Joon into Sage and go with Sage-Hwan?

Update on Elqueeness: I got about 1/3 of the chapter translated but there wasn't a good place to divide it. I usually release the 1/3 chapter but there wasn't a good stopping point. I'll probably translate more of it before I release it. It's been a slow process.

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Dachshund saw the encircling net being slowly closed by the Devil sect(tl note:ma-gyo) experts. He clenched his teeth.

'If my body was normal then I would have a chance. However my body is already not in a condition to fight...'

But once he decided to fight, Dachshund's mind was put in motion.

'There is only one way, I have to burn all the inner energy(TL note:진원진기) that I have left. If I exhibit my Emperor's Blood Demon Art's final technique Heaven's Magic Blood Life then I don't know about the top experts but I would be able to kill all the lower experts.'

When Dachshund decided his path, his body instinctively responded. He was trained through war, and he followed the principle of kill or be killed. Dachshund

gathered every ounce of his inner-ki(TL note:내력 nae-ryuk) to launch a pre-emptive attack.

“Hmm. He is strong enough not to be considered a human. He slaughtered many swordsmen but he still has strength left...”

“Among those he killed, there were many Master level mixed in. Looking at that, he must be at the rumored Grand Master level. At that level, he should easily be able to rank with Crossen Magnus as a swordsman. The quality of warriors here is very surprising.”

“We have to take him to our continent no matter what. That is the only way to save our Truvania from dangers that will blow us out like a wick.”

“But with our current ability, how...”

The sound spreading from the air bore a worried tone.

“This is something we have to do no matter what. Anyways, how much mana is left in the dragon’s heart?”

“The mana usage has been beyond our estimation. By my calculation, going forward we can maintain it for three to four hours. Above all things, the mana consumption to return is about ten times the mana it took to get here. In the worst case scenario, we won’t be able to go back.”

“That’s a big problem. Somehow we have to placate that person and go to the magical formation.”

“Let’s watch the situation a little more. By looking at the situation, it doesn’t seem like that warrior will fall easily.”

“Let’s do that. Even if we all have to be left in this place, it is crucial that we take him.”

“You are right.”

“That, that doesn’t make sense...”

Wichung’s glared as if his eyes would rip. He was the elder of the Devil sect’s Court of Ho(tl note: Ho-bup-won). In the formal rankings, he is ranked 6th and he was the peak expert Double Hand Devil(tl note: 쌍수마존(雙手魔尊)-Ssang-su-ma-jon) Wichung-yi. It was surprising he was here and it was a rare occasion

to see Wichung-yi. Normally in terms of set-Ki, he was considered to be peerless. The fact that he was very surprised was evidence that the event happening in front of him blew his expectation away.

“Ku-ah-ah-ahk.”

From his surrounding, screams kept coming out. The experts that were present came from the main Devil sect and their abilities had been verified. Those experts were dying helplessly. It was none other than a pink fog that was killing them. It didn't matter who it was if you touched it then your ki-flow would explode out and kill you. For a moment, Wichung was suspicious thinking that the senate predicted wrong. If not then how can the hand-picked experts from their own sect be killed so easily.

“This is the oft talked about power of the Emperor's Blood Demon Art?

He followed the pink fog and sent his body's energy but he only sensed emptiness.

It felt like he was intentionally being avoided. While Wichung was going back and forth, numerous experts of the sect fell over dead.

“Kyah-ah-ah-ahk.”

Only when the last expert fell over backward, the pink fog started dissipating. The figure that revealed himself between the fog was Dachshund. He had a bloodless white face. He looked like a zombie. (TL note: 강시-it's korean/chinese zombie-they aren't decayed like western zombie, but they are very pale) Dachshund slowly turned his head and looked at Wichung. He looked like a demon and Wichung automatically felt a chill. However, the moment Dachshund was heading toward Wichung..

“Huh-uk.”

Accompanying a short groan, Dachshund's knee buckled without strength. The collapsed Dachshund started coughing and with it, a lot of fresh blood was spat out. Wichung was able to relax his chest as he understood Dachshund's condition.

Wichung inwardly understood the desperate fight he just saw moments ago.

“That was tremendous. Sect leader Dachshund. As a last resort, you fought

while burning all your inner energy...”

He exhausted all his inner energy. This means the user had thrown everything of himself away. The reason being inner energy is something you slowly gather from the moment you learn martial arts. In other terms, it isn't far off to say it's everything a martial artist has achieved. Universally even if it was a martial artist's last breath, he wouldn't even think about exhausting his inner energy. The drawback is you can't initiate it without being a peak expert, but martial artists lean toward valuing their achieved martial arts more than their lives. Dachshund was using all his inner energy to fight without sparing anything. Wichung could tell how much tenacity Dachshund had toward living. However it wasn't the time to be soaked in sentimental thoughts. Wichung pushed strong ki into both his hands and it turned black. He approached the fallen Dachshund.

“I would like to praise the sect leader's boundless fighting spirit. However I can do nothing about it. Since the sect leader has used up all his inner energy, you should not even have the strength to move a finger. I'll give you, sect leader, the end of a martial artist. This will be my last consideration for you, sect leader.”

In front of Dachshund, Wichung held both his hands towards the sky. Wichung held no wariness since the opponent has basically lost his ability to do martial arts. However, his life would helplessly come to an end in a way he couldn't have dreamed up. Dachshund had his head down but suddenly the light in his eyes quickly rose up.

“Eh-it.” (TL note: something you yell when you are making some kind of move)

From a sitting position, he put his hand out in front of him. Hojo was unrecognizable from the continuous fights but suddenly a blinding luster radiated from it.

“Huk.”

Wichung was about to swing down but his heart suddenly jumped into his mouth. He couldn't have anticipated that Hojo had a built-in hidden weapon.... Hurriedly Wichung raised his force field to protect his chest and kicked Dachshund in the chest. (TL note:호신강기 ho-shin-gang-gi its a layer of ki that protects the practitioner-just going with force field from now on-i think that's better than Self Protecting Strong Ki)

Puk.

He was prideful in thinking that a mere hidden weapon couldn't pierce through his force field. It was move he made based on instinct. However, his carelessness switched the life or death situation. The hidden weapon from Hojo broke through his force field and it embedded deep into Wichung's chest. He felt the horrifying feeling of it dig into his heart and Wichung spat out a heavy grunt.

"Kuk. This, this is."

Winchung's whole body shook like he was hit by a lightning. The item the opponent fired was not merely a hidden weapon. It was a divine artifact that was specifically used to collapse the force field. He lost his life from a momentary lapse in judgement and in doing so, his pride had crumbled to the ground. He saw Dachshund, who was sent sprawling to the floor, started to shakily get to his feet. After seeing the figure, Wichung had an even more incredulous expression on his face.

"How, how did you do it? Even if it was a bear, it should have been enough to kill it in one strike..."

Dachshund had barely picked his body up. He had a disappointed expression on his face. The cloth near the chest disintegrated and the body armor was displayed. However the body armor seemed to have spent all its strength protecting its master and after Dachshund got up the armor broke down. Dachshund had a forlorn look as he unbuckled Hojo and threw it far away. His face was so pale that a single drop of blood could not be seen from the figure. He coughed violently and he was barely able to speak.

"That was a Pulse Piercing Chisel(TL note:broke the words down and made this up). As you know, it specifically destroys a force field. It is our sect's masterpiece. Just in case, I had it armed on Hojo, but I didn't realize I would have to use it now. Moreover, this body armor is something the Guardian Devil Army(TL note: sue-ho-mah-wang-gun..its the group that he was in charge of) wore as a normal precaution. It is on the heavy side being made from 10 thousand-year seasoned steel(TL note: Mahn-nyun-han-chul, its a high grade steel that is often used in muhyup genre). but the defense is comparable to a body's force field."

Wichung was close to losing his consciousness but he was able to squeeze out

some words.

“What are the reasons as to why you are so obsessed with living. If it was me, then I would have given up on life.”

Dachshund's face showed a young anxiety deepening.

“You probably don't know this. I was completely ridiculed by my trusted underlings. Until I revenge myself, I won't leave this world. ”

It was unknown if that was the answer he was looking for, but Wichung couldn't hear his words. He couldn't understand anything because his soul had already left his body. Dachshund glanced at the still standing corpse of Wichung then he tried to make his body fly again. He had long given up the idea of running away. He was only looking forward to his death at his own hands. Why had he had escaped up to the summit of the Chun-Ryung Mountain? Nearby there was a high cliff that he couldn't see the end of. If he made it there then it would be the end of his regretful lifetime. However his body was horribly wrecked and his control over his body had left him awhile back. He wanted to get out this place by crawling but even his arms were a mess. He couldn't move an inch with only his own efforts. Eventually Dachshund just laid down in place. The star lights were painfully boring into his eyes and unbeknownst to him, he closed his eyes.

“Is it going to end this way?”

He couldn't even attempt to resist since he had nothing left. He used up all his inner energy to kill Wichung and his underlings. Emperor's Blood Demon Art has been destroyed and his body didn't have a single ounce of inner ki left. He couldn't even feel pain from his shredded lower abdomen. In a word, his body was perfectly destroyed. Dachshund was spread-eagle(TL note: his body makes this word shape 大) and suddenly his face shook while laughing.

“Dachshund. Dachshund. You life is very unlucky.”

If he thought about it, there probably was not a more unfortunate person then him in this world. His hideous appearance would even make a beggar spit on him and he was a hunchback that couldn't even see the sky with a straight back. If that wasn't enough, he was born the son of an Evil Faction's(TL note:Sa-Pa I changed it) leader and for that sin, he experienced unspeakable contempt and humiliation. His childhood was very regretful. To escape this life, he trained his



martial arts with all his efforts but in the end, he couldn't escape being used completely..... His life was going to end without him being able throw away his fate. Dachshund thought the heavens were unfair. He opened his eyes, stared straight at the sky and Dachshund spoke softly.

“Wichung. You will probably be the last person I kill.”

Since the Emperor's Blood Demon Art was broken, the Shaolin pious monk's technique had activated. The Emperor's Blood Demon Art had been suppressing the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique and it's might had been doubled. He couldn't even think about killing someone. In other words, he won't be able to murder anyone. (TL note: from what I'm reading here he learned proper martial arts from the good faction first, then learned the evil techniques. The inner energy from the good martial art was suppressed by the evil one, but now he has used up the evil martial art energy. The previous martial art energy came back with a vengeance and double in strength. MC doesn't know about it so he thinks his martial artist days are over.)

“Now I don't have any abilities. It's at level where I couldn't even kill a new born babe.”

Even if his martial arts had disappeared, the experience he earned throughout the war seemed to have stayed since he could feel numerous shadows approaching. It was the hunting party that will definitely kill him. Dachshund gave up on his life and shut his eyes tight.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. Part 4

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/04/13/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-part-4/>

TL NOTE: 사준환(Sah-joon-hwan) is now renamed Shiba...short for Shiba Inu. He's the bad guy that betrayed our MC.

Young-ho-myung: He will be renamed Yorkie. He's the other MC who wants revenge on Dachshund.

Shiba had a smile of satisfaction while looking at Dachshund. Behind him there were countless Bae-sect experts that came to watch the final moment for their former sect leader.

Dachshund had lost all hope of living so he had his eyes closed and he did not move.

Shiba already knew that Dachshund didn't have the slightest inner energy hiding within his body. Shiba briefly stared at Dachshund's bloodless face then looked around his surrounding. His eyes flashed with surprise.

"Very impressive. You butchered the Demon sect's elder Double Hand Devil and his sect's 30 experts...

Of course it was Shiba, who leaked to Wichung, the escape route Dachshund was taking. Dachshund would have to be killed eventually, but not by the hands of the Righteous sect's(TL note: the exact opposite of Demon sect-changed it to Righteous) experts. Therefore, Shiba gave false information to the Righteous sect's hunting party. Then only Wichung and the Demon sect's hunting party was given the accurate escape route taken by Dachshund. Shiba was scheming to borrow the Demon sect's hand to secretly handle the matter. He wouldn't have dreamed that they would have all been annihilated by Dachshund's hands.

Wichung was ranked sixth in the formal Devil sect rankings and he wasn't an opponent to be trifled with. If there was a one on one battle, then it would be hard for him to guarantee that he would win. He annihilated a peerless expert and his underling elite experts while his body was in bad shape.

He automatically felt respect toward Dachshund. However in the current situation, he could not save his opponent. The biggest roadblock in the process of him dominating the Bae-sect was Dachshund. Shiba took one step forward and he gently started a conversation with Dachshund.

“Your ability is praiseworthy. It’s really a waste. If sect leader was a little bit stupid then I would have let you live.”

Dachshund’s body momentarily moved when he heard Shiba’s voice. However it was only that. Dachshund could not budge with his eyes closed.

“Now I’m thinking about beheading you. Your head will be hung up on the main sect’s gate and think of it as nourishment for the Bae-sect’s domination.”

Shiba looked back and gave a signal with his eyes. Then two skeptical warriors slowly approached Dachshund with their swords out. It was to cut the neck of the opponent who wasn’t resisting. At this moment, something extraordinary happened.

“Kuk.”

The warriors that were approaching dropped their swords and they suddenly screamed in pain. Blood started flowing out between the fingers that was grasping their shoulders. Simultaneously, he heard a heavy shout from the back.

“Indeed it’s Jo-Hwan-e-San-Ji-Gae(TL note: it’s a name of a tactic. There really is no equivalent translation. It means waiting for the enemy to be in a disadvantageous position, use deceit to lure the enemy then use any method to nullify the opponents advantage and use your advantage to take out the enemy). Do you think such a dishonorable stratagem would be able to deceive me, Yorkie?”

The figures revealed themselves after they made it through the bushes. It was the Iron Blood sect experts that had a sword etched on their chests. In front of them, Yorkie’s burning gaze was looking at Dachshund.

“Like this.”

When Yorkie appeared, Shiba made a bitter expression. The final moment was hung up when the not so welcomed opponent showed up. For a moment, Yorkie glared at Dachshund but he turned his head toward Shiba.

“I’ve announced once that his life is mine. I’m letting you know that I cannot concede in this matter. ”

His fiery eyes were indicating that he wouldn’t back down, not in the least. However he couldn’t back off easily so Shiba hardened his face and stepped forward.

“I know how big your grievance is. However he used to be one of our absolute leaders. We have a duty to protect his honor”

It didn’t really matter to Shiba by whose hands Dachshund was killed. The problem was the majority of the lower sect members. If Dachshund was exterminated by a person associated with the Righteous sect then I’m certain that our morale would fall to floor. Shiba is dreaming about dominating the Bae-sect so it wasn’t easy for him to hand over Dachshund.

A fishy smile floated up near Yorkie’s mouth.

“Honor? What a joke. Someone who was pushed out from a power struggle doesn’t have any stinking(TL note:changed it, just another idiom that doesn’t translate well, should be ‘freeze to death’ literal translation) honor.”

Yorkie coldly snorted then he took out the sword that was equipped on his waist.

A sword that spread energy showed itself.

“I’ll cut and go past anyone who stands in my way.”

His spirit indicated that he was willing to risk his life if necessary, and his unyielding spirit would not yield. Shiba clicked his tongue after seeing his figure.

‘This is annoying. He won’t back off easily.’

Each of the Steel Blood sect’s experts that came with Yorkie were experts in the Quick sword art. Even though he is accompanied by Bae-sect’s elite troops, this would not be an easy fight. Moreover Shiba didn’t want to lose his lowest ranked underlings for no reason. He decided to concede one step. However he wouldn’t concede easily and it was Shiba’s old habit to demand a condition.

“That’s fine. We’ll let you be in charge of previous sect leader Dachshund’s execution. However you have to hand over his head over to us.”

Yorkie shook his head.

“I cannot do that. I promised to offer the bastard’s head to my master and father as a dedication. I don’t care about the headless body but I cannot concede the head. ”

“I cannot allow that either. We yielded a great deal when we decided to let you be in charge of the execution of Dachshund. ”

Shiba and Yorkie went into a heated discussion about Dachshund’s head. They were speaking about him even when he was still alive. Dachshund, who was listening with his eyes close, felt incredulity fill him. They were already treating him like a corpse while making so much fuss about it... He felt like a rotting fish placed on a market display stand.

“Ee-eek.”

Dachshund was overflowing with anger. He opened his eyes and used all of his strength to raise his body. He was barely able to stand and maybe he was able to do so because of the brief rest he had. One Steel Blood sect expert shouted after seeing the figure.

“The bastard got up.”

After hearing that, the experts’ gaze solely focus on Dachshund. They were all experts of certain skill level. They all had excellent visions and they understood in one glance what kind of shape Dachshund was in. They weren’t very wary of him but just in case, several Bae-sect experts launched themselves towards Dachshund’s escape routes to block it. However even during this situation, Dachshund’s keen eyes found the cliff not too far away. His goal was that high cliff.

“Ku-ku-kuk. I won’t meekly follow your design”

Dachshund used all his efforts to move toward the cliff. His control over his legs had failed awhile back so he put all his dying strength into his two hands to crawl. After seeing this figure, Shiba and Yorkie temporarily suspended their heated discussion. It had been promised that Yorkie could end Dachshund’s life so there was a silent tacit agreement between the two. He decided to kill first then start the conversation later.

“Catch him.”

When the command fell from both of their mouths, the experts present threw their bodies toward Dachshund as their target. All the experts had advanced Ascending techniques so they were able to reach Dachshund in couple leaps. One Steel Blood sect expert quickly grabbed the nape of Dachshund’s neck. He knew the state of the opponent’s body so he wasn’t weary at all.

“Huk.”

The Steel Blood sect expert, who was extending his hand, got frightened out of his wits. The target that was busily crawling suddenly turned his body and threw something with an unknown energy emitting from it. He hurriedly took out his sword and hit the object that was flying towards him.

Chaang.

He took evasive action and then retaliated next. It was a move that was completely ingrained to an expert of this caliber. He spun his body and kicked Dachshund underneath his chin.

Puk.

The small body of Dachshund flew through the air like a kite that had its string cut off. It seemed like he used the opposing force and he bounced without any strength.

“Ah-cha.” (TL note: something you say when forgot something)

The item that fell into two pieces from the sword was an ordinary ring. The Steel Blood sect expert finally realized he had been duped. He let his body fly while grinding his teeth. He could minutely sense the experts that was hunting from behind throw various hidden weapons.

“Kuk.”

With luck, Dachshund’s body got cooped up in a place not so far from the cliff. He didn’t even have time to feel the pain pierce through his spine before Dachshund reflexively rolled. The ground sprouted many hidden weapons like it was planted there. Among them, several had hit Dachshund but his body has long passed the point where it felt pain. Dachshund had no thoughts. He just

used all his energy to roll. Right then a loud sound spread behind him.

“Do you think you can take your own life so easily?”

It was Yorkie’s strident ranting but before he could realize it he felt a sense of emptiness spread throughout his body. After the end of his desperate efforts, he was finally able to reach the cliff. Dachshunds body was in mid-air and his body started to free fall. His bloodless face had a slight smile.

“Be well. I will decide my life...”

Unfortunately his last words did not continue. His head felt like it would be ripped off and also, his body stopped falling. Dachshund raised his blurry vision while hanging in mid-air. Then he saw the face of the person holding on to his hair. Like he predicted, the person who held him was Yorkie. After confirming who it was, Dachshund’s face twisted. His dried lips parted and a blunt sound came out.

“Do you really want to cut my head this much?”

“Absolutely yes.”

Yorkie succeeded in grabbing Dachshund by a hair’s breadth and he started using his strength to pull up the body. His opposite hand was pierced through the cliff like tofu.

If he hadn’t improvised in the life-threatening situation then Yorkie would have fallen down to the abyss. Soon the Steel Blood sect experts grasped his hand and started pulling them up. Right then a sickly tearing sound rang out.

Tu-du-du-duk.(tl note: sound of ripping fabric)

Yorkie’s complexion quickly turned for the worse.

“This, hurry and pull me up.”

The Steel Blood sect experts started to move faster as if responding to the desperate feeling. However, Yorkie could feel through his hand the sensation of something snapping. Yorkie understood what was happening so with sudden strength, he grabbed Dachshund.

“Eh-it.” (TLN:sound of exertion)

He planned on throwing the body above the cliff before all the hairs had been plucked out. However, he was disappointed to feel an empty feeling from his hand.

“How could such a thing happen.” (TL note: 이런-I changed it..need more words to convey what it meant in this context “이런.”)

Yorkie had a devastated expression while clenching a bundle of hair that was pulled out. Dachshund’s hair could not resist the force of it being caught and the whole hair got pulled out. (TL note: oh no MC with a bald spot Q\_Q)  
Of course, Dachshund’s messed up body started falling down toward the abyss. Yorkie’s burning gaze landed on Dachshund’s face. After seeing a faint smile starting to form on his face, Yorkie yelled loudly.

“Bastard! You cannot die. You will die by my hands.”

After hearing this, the smile on Dachshund’s face deepened.

After his emotion had been stirred, he almost jumped off into the abyss without realizing it.

“You can’t. My Lord.”

However, the Steel Blood sect experts stopped him from fulfilling his intent. Even an unsurpassed expert would have all his bones broken when falling from a cliff like this. He sat in place feeling despondent after failing to kill his master’s enemy. However that lasted only a moment, his eyes started burning with fire.

“I’m going to hunt him down even to the ends of hell. I don’t care if he is already dead. No matter what I will take your head off and I’ll offer it to my master and father.”

He adamantly spoke and Yorkie gave an order to the experts under his command.

“I’m thinking about retrieving the bastard’s head from the bottom of the cliff. So the rest of the sect members should return under the command of the present head of the sect. Instead only the Dragon-family, who has outstanding martial arts should follow behind me.”

“Yes. My Lord.”



After Yorkie’s mighty command was given, all the Steel Blood sect members all started to move at once in disorder. Shiba, who was watching this, clicked his tongue.

“His grievance was that deep?”

Now his work was all done. He approached the precipice to look over the cliff and afterwards Shiba shook his head.

“From this height, even at his peak form, I don’t think he would have survived the fall.”

The cliff was high enough that clouds obscured the height. He had resolved all the worry he held about Dachshund. Shiba turned his head and looked at the Bae-sect experts that were waiting for his command.

“Let’s pull-out.”

Shiba smiled as he watched his underling get ready to evacuate. The smiled turned into a hearty laugh that welled up from his chest.

“Now my world is going to begin. Bae-sect will be my stepping stone towards my great ambition of uniting the whole Murim.”

The rugged Chun-Ryung Mountain’s cliff started to become restless as Shiba burst into a loud laugh.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 5

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/04/30/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-5/>

At that time, Dachshund's body was once again falling endlessly. Most men who jumped of a high cliff would die before their body was eviscerated by the floor. The atmospheric pressure, the excessive friction, and the extreme terror fountaining forth usually causes the heart to stop. It was the sense of relief that allows a person to take his own life. He had lived his life according to other's arranging and calculating the path of his life. Dashchund had a meaningful smile as he was able to choose the last moments of his life.

"It's isn't too bad to end my life that was full of regret."

His consciousness was dimming. A thought brushed by his mind. He didn't know what kind of place the afterlife was, but it couldn't be worse then this place. He looked through the life he had lived, and he was pretty sure he couldn't go to heaven.

"Hell."

Daschund tried to awaken his already distant consciousness. He didn't want to lose consciousness at the end of his life.

Right then his gaze captured something.

"Huk"

Dashchund was so surprised that the ends of his hair stood up. Someone was sticking close to his side. To say it again, someone was falling with him. Instantly, he thought in his mind that maybe it was Yorkie.

"Per, persistent bastard."

However after observing closely, the person was not falling. The unknown existence was flying around like a bird as if he had wings. Even when his consciousness was going back and forth, Daschund was able to thoroughly observe the identity of the figure. First he had a strange attire with a bandanna covering half his face. He was not a person from the Zhongyuan. To say it again,

this person couldn't be Yorkie. This person was flying through mid-air like a bird... Daschund couldn't believe what was happening, but a voice emitted from the flying man came toward his ear.

“Reverse Gravity”

‘River..what? What does that mean?’ (TLN: single quote means he's thinking it)

Before he could speak, Daschund's descent speed decreased significantly. If an object that was travelling at a fast speed is brought to an abrupt stop then the shock from that method is not insignificant. Even during this, he could clearly feel someone carry him.

‘Is it an angel?’

After thinking this, Dashchund's consciousness fell deeply into a bottomless pit.

“What a relief.”

The blue-eyed middle-aged man was able to obtain the target by a hair's breadth, and he was able to let out a long sigh. The target was in such a sorry state he made one think he might have been a corpse. Still he had the ability to maintain the target's life. His name was Benitez. He was from a dimension that was unfathomably far. What he was doing was possible, because he was considered to be the highest ranking magician in the continent.

“Healing.”

After a brief shout, his hand emitted a blinding light. He used magic that had never been seen even once in Zhongyuan. The light that formed from the healing spell circled once around the wretched form, and it was absorbed into the body.

“I've given first aid so let's hurry back to the magic formation.”

Benitez started casting rapidly. His altitude was lowered because of the target's weight. But now his body suddenly rose towards the sky.

“Normally it would be safer if I attempted a spatial relocation spell, but I can't do that since the mana consumption would be too high...”

Benitez was flying through the sky like a bird, and he thought this event was pure luck.

All the warrior here had amazing skills at swordsmanship. Therefore taking a person from this world to his was not an easy task. Since they could not understand each other, they didn't have the ability to convince the person. Even if they were able to communicate, it was unknown if he would follow their design. Also if they had that much skill in swordsmanship then they would already be treated well in this place so it was hard for them to expect the person to follow them in this situation. So it was a great coincidence that they were able to see a never-before-seen great swordsman...

The undersized figure was nestled in his bosom. Even through he was from a different dimension, in his eyes, the man was a very unsightly figure. He must have done something wrong to have that many warriors chase after him. However after seeing him in action, Benitez was mesmerized by the man's skill.

Sword Master.

It was hard to find the ultimate martial artists where he lived, but many exist here. After seeing the clear light from the blade aura, Benitez knew without a doubt that they were sword masters. Where he was from, the sword masters would easily be able to enter the ranks of the royal knights. They were valuable figures, and they were treated accordingly. Therefore the lords with more than a modicum of power desperately wanted to have sword masters as underlings. In this place, such valuable existences were everywhere. Even that wasn't sufficient, the man he held in his bosom was able to sweep away numerous sword masters like he was was cutting daikon(TLN: asian radish that looks like a fat leg). In the eyes of Benitez, the man was literally the god of war. If he came to his world then without a doubt he would be a scary heavy weight that would instantly become an absolute being. The man was unique in that he didn't use a sword. He used an abnormal weapon that was a gauntlet with something akin to elongated nails attached to it. However his skills couldn't be resisted by the other sword masters. Therefore, Benitez provisionally chose this man.

"Since they are chasing him like that, he must have committed a serious crime. Therefore there is a chance we could appease him."

From that point, Benitez closely tracked the man's back. He was just looking for a chance to speak with the man. He didn't know if the translation magic would work, but he had no other choice. He had to incessantly follow the man.

However the chance he was waiting for didn't come. The man was in close contests without any chance for a break. Numerous swordsmen fell spraying their blood by his weapon. Even then there were endless number of swordsmen trying to fight him.

During all this, finally the last moment was approaching.

The man was spreading a bloodbath that made it hard to see him as a human, but he approached a point where he couldn't handle it any more. In front of his enemy that had captured him, he decided to end his own life. When he threw his body off the cliff, Benitez realized that the opportunity that he wouldn't find a second time had arrived.

"If I lose this moment then there will be no other chances."

He immediately initiated the spatial relocation spell. It was a dangerous method because he didn't know the exact coordinates. To say it again, it could only be seen as a gamble. He guessed the god was looking after him since the gamble succeeded. Benitez was able to safely appear next to the man that was falling. Afterwards the palace magician Benitez was able to use the essence of high-level magic without any regret. He reduced the speed of the man using Reverse Gravity, and he controlled using Aviation(flight magic) to embrace the man. A normal magician could not even dream about doing this, and it was an acrobatic feat that required a high level of skill.

Benitez looked down to see the man's face while flying. The man's face was hideous enough to make his face automatically cringe, but to Benitez he was more trustworthy than any other man in this world.

"I hope he would hear our request."

First we have to take him to the other world while he is unconscious. Then he would have no other options. Benitez increased his speed while travelling toward where his companions were waiting for him.

The valley was covered by trees. In that place, several people were gathered. All of them had their body covered in a black robe, and it was plain to see that their intentions were to hide their identities. However the appearance that was visible between the bandanna was very alien. Overall, they were light brown with blue eyes and just by looking at their facial features, they were not from Zhongyuan. They were unique in that they had a strangely large magic formation

between them, and they were alertly in line. Particularly the middle of the formation had a jewel that gave off a mysterious light. The jewel's red light was like blood. It gave off an indescribable feeling while shining brilliantly. Right afterwards one could hear someone swallowing their saliva.

“Gulp”

They must have been very nervous since all of their complexion had hardened. One amongst them slyly looked towards the sky.

” This is bad. If we delay any longer then we won't be able to return.”

The voice of an elderly man echoed. The old man smelled of secret, and his robe had a flame printed on the robe. He did not seem to be from the priesthood. Their eyes were about to fall out waiting for someone. If they went past the appointed time then their bones would have to be buried here so they were unspeakably restless.

“If we were found by this place's swordsmen then it would be the end of our fate. We can only hope that Benitez was able to rescue that swordsman.”

The old man sighed as he felt mixed emotions. His name was Shrekheimer. He came from a completely different time and location from this Zhongyuan. They had come to this place to save their own countries. Even now their countries were fighting a heated war. They shifted dimension to this plane to overcome the progress of war that was turning against them.

Originally dimension shift was a magic that only existed in theory. Until now there had been no human in recorded history that had come here shifting dimension. There have been occasional dimensional doors that have opened and occasionally a person from this dimension or monsters have shown up before. But it was only that.

However there was one item that swayed them to try the dimension shift. This was the existence called dragon's heart. The dragon's heart was able to store a vast amount of mana. This item was able to provide the incredible amount of mana needed to dimension shift. This adventure was attempted when the odds were almost nonexistent. Shrekheimer's luck must have reached the heaven, because he was able to succeed the most difficult of difficult dimension shift. However that wasn't everything... Originally they thought they were going to

stay in this place for a brief time to convince an expert, and ask for their help. Therefore they had dispatched a delegation comprised mostly of magicians and scholars. This was but an empty dream. The warriors of this place were very warlike and cruel. The delegation revealed themselves, but the warriors didn't even hesitate to slaughter them. They weren't even given a chance to talk. Therefore the members of the delegations had to continuously hide their bodies and observe the situation. Finally they decided the only method that could be used was to kidnap someone.

The dimensional shift used way more mana than expected. The expenditure exceeded 10 times the value calculated by the magicians, and related to the large use of mana, the whole plan started disintegrating. Even now the dragon heart's mana was continuously dispersing, and in the worst case scenario, they would never be able to step on their home country's land again. It was unknown if the dragon's heart really had the required mana to send them back.

Still Shrekheimer forcefully consoled himself.

"I'm sure Belhazel-nim will look over us. I wonder what happened to the other delegation that went to another place?"

They weren't the only delegation that used the dimension shift to ask for help. Total of five delegations went through the magic formation, and they all moved at a different time. Of course there was no grantee that the dimension shift worked. In the worst case scenario, if their coordinate was off then they could be dropped off in the demon world or the spirit world. If they did go there then it couldn't be helped, but their lives would end immediately.

Inwardly, Shrekheimer thought that they were very lucky to be in this situation. Out of the five delegations, only his delegation was able to arrive here. In his thought, he was sure that this was the destination they were aiming for. It was confirmed when they saw an overwhelming number of master class swordsmen that were able to use the aura blade. They stayed here for only one day but Shrekheimer was able to confirm his belief.

"I'm sure that this is the place Crossen Magnus lived before."

Right then a magician yelled loudly.

"Benitez-nim is coming."

Shrekheimer's head turned around like he had been slapped. His eyes saw a dark shadow that was approaching like a bird flying in air. In Shrekheimer's farsighted gaze, the light of approval was spreading.

"Did you succeed? You were very lucky."

He had a sharp vision because of the holy magic. He didn't miss that Benitez was hugging a dark shadow. He hurriedly gave order to the magicians.

"Please hurry up and get ready to leave. We have no time to spare."

"Understood."

The magicians started to nosily move.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 6

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/05/06/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-6/>

TLN: There are a lot of TLN peppered throughout the translation.

There are terms that has developed over time in the Mu-hyup genre. Some terms are taken from different religion, and it has changed over time. If I directly translate the term, it doesn't make sense because the original meaning of the word is not what it means in this genre. A lot of these sects and techniques have evolved as these genre of books has flourished.

There are a lot of position/technique/terms that are made up that is unique to the genre. It's very hard to explain it, because if you grew up watching/reading this stuff, then you have a picture/idea of what these terms mean. These novels aren't really meant to be read carefully. You can get most of the storyline/idea since the reader has an idea what the author is writing about and can visualize what is happening. So translating word for word without missing any content can be a pain. Not sure if that made sense but it's hard to translate it when you are translating for an audience that has no cultural basis about this genre. That is why I'm using general terms, some Chinese terms or tweaked terms. I'll try to point it out where the terms deviate far from the original term or is morphed into a general term.

If this was a pure mu-hyup novel then I wouldn't touch it with a 10 foot pole. It's just very hard to translate, and it's the main reason why you don't see translation of this genre. It's a fusion novel so I'm hoping the fantasy part dominates later on.

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Their hearts were getting more impatient, because they knew through the magic traps they had placed that outsiders were coming towards this place. As if their desire were heard, the magic formation activated. The dragon's heart unlike before started emitting mana strongly. During this, Beneitez finally flew to where the magicians were and landed.

“Oh oh. You have succeeded. Of course, this is the ability of the top magician of the country Icarot. Let us go to this place.”

Benitez’s face was flushed red with sweat beading. It was because he had used consecutive magic and had flown a long distance. He already knew what the current situation was like, so he went towards the magic formation without a single word. In his bosom, he was embracing an undersized corpse(?). The figure was covered in blood, and most weren’t sure if he was breathing at all. Benitez must have felt this sentiment. He breathed in shallow breaths and looked Shrekheimer.

“Fortunately, he is alive. Of course his life was hanging by a thread, but if we use a potion then we might be able to extend his life. I’ve temporarily finished giving first-aid.”

After hearing his words, Shrekheimer reached in his bosom, and he took out a small glass bottle. It was called a healing potion. It was a luxury item that was in a different league compared to the trash potions that the adventurers usually carried. Shrekheimer undid the seal and he didn’t hesitate to pour it into the corpse’s mouth.

It was an inconceivably expensive potion, but he didn’t hesitate in the least.

“Let’s leave.”

Already all the members of the delegations were gathered atop the magic formation. They stopped breathing waiting for the dimension shift magic to materialize.

Ssssss.

It didn’t take long for the magic formation to activate. It was unknown whether they would be able to safely return to their homeland, but a brilliant light started enveloping the magic formation. The numerous shadows that were running toward the ray of light hesitated briefly. However it was only a moment. The dozen or so hazy shadow that was inside the ray of light disappeared without a trace.

Shuaaaaaa.

The brilliance that swallowed the dozen or so people started to become

smaller. It rose like a whirlwind while shrinking. Suddenly someone appeared in front of the pillar of light. He had a rigid expression. The identity of this person was none other than Yorkie.

“How, how can this happen.”

He could only watch in amazement as the pillar of light shrank. He followed his enemy to this place, but his target disappeared in front of his eyes... A heart-rending scream exploded out of his mouth.

“If only we didn’t wait, because we didn’t know those bastards’ identity...”

While coming down to retrieve Dachshund’s body, Yorkie saw a scene that was hard to believe. He was watching Dachshund from the cliff to see where the crash site would be, but suddenly someone showed up right next to Dachshund?

“This, this doesn’t make any sense. Even Air Walk(TLN:Technique I re-named, allows martial artist to step on air, not flying) can’t accomplish that.

While Yorkie had his mouth open, more surprising events happened. The figure that appeared in mid-air started flying like a bird while mumbling some incantation. Afterwards the falling body of Dachshund started continuously decelerating? It looked like an invisible giant hand was stopping Dachshund from falling, and in moments, his body was floating in the air. It happened the moment before he reached the cliff’s floor. The unknown flying man hugged Dachshund’s body without hesitating. Then they starting flying towards somewhere.

Finally he was able to grasp the situation and Yorkie started his pursuit. The opponent could fly through empty space, but Yorkie possessed an advanced technique that allowed him to catch up sufficiently. This was happening for a while.

Yorkie was finally able to arrive at the location where a party of figures were waiting for someone. The flying man’s flight path was heading towards there. He considered the magicians as Dachshund’s sympathizers. Yorkie could only think of it this way, because they had rescued Dachshund. Still he couldn’t act immediately. For the time being they were still numerically inferior, but above all things, he was uneasy about the middle-aged expert that had used the Air Walk.

” If the expert that had used the Air Walk and his underlings joined force then

it would be hard for me to handle them. First I'll have to wait for the Dragon & Tiger squad to arrive and then execute an attack."

Yorkie decided in his heart that he'll attack after the members of the Steel-Blood sect had arrived. He checked that there were no path for the enemy to escape, and he waited for his underlings that would show up soon. The Steel-Blood sect underlings were running behind, because Yorkie's techniques were too fast. In between all of this, they had suddenly disappeared. Yorkie was sure they had disappeared from this place since his skilled senses couldn't detect them. Yorkie gritted his teeth while watching the pillar of light shrink.

"The Bae-sect's black arts is very impressive. However, I cannot lose that bastard. Wherever you went, I will follow even to the ends of hell."

Yorkie hardened his heart, and his steps moved him into the pillar of light. Luckily the pillar of light was about to extinguish. His body was surrounded by brilliance, and he disappeared from that place. As if it was waiting for him, the brilliance was completely extinguished and the place became quiet. Afterwards, a dizzying sound of feet were heard.

"What?"

"Sect, Sect Leader."

The warriors of the Steel-Blood sect was able to witness their lord disappearing from afar. They were only able to raise their voice and yell. However the once disappeared figure of Yorkie was nowhere to be found. From that point on, eternally...

(TLN: Author randomly goes into a flashback mid-chapter.)

"Ooh-ahhhhhk."

It was a death cry from one martial artist who was at the end of his life. Events that flip between life and death is an everyday occurrence in Murim. However it was hard to imagine that it would happen to a prominent figure of major sect that was in charge of thousands of members.

Senior Commander Dachshund Sr. (TLN: Dok-go-moo-gi – Dachshund's father so I'll just go with Dachshund Sr.)

He was the 18th sect leader of Bae-sect, which had a long tradition. He was one

of the de facto absolute being that had power of life over his sect. He was that kind of person, but his life was helplessly coming to an end. It was in some place that was far from the mountain where the main Bae-sect headquarters was. Dachshund Sr's body shook for a while, but after not too long, he lowered his head.

Looking at his shattered chest, it wasn't hard to surmise that he perished when an advance qi technique was used on him.(TLN:내가기공(內家氣功) simplified it as qi technique) Next to Dachshund Sr's body, four figures were breathing short rapid breaths.

“Phew! That was really terrifying.”

A long bearded ascetic threw up while collecting his sword. It could be guessed that the battle was very fierce since the archaically resplendent High Prosecutor of Song-moon had an unsightly appearance.

His name was Jindo.(TLN: original Juk-song-pyong) He was the elder of the joint group, who was not too long ago the previous generation's elder of the almost extinct White-Peach sect. However, he wasn't the one who took Dachshund Sr.'s life. He was able to slaughter several members of Dachshund Sr.'s personal bodyguard called the Devil's Guard(TLN: again cut out some word and simplified it), but he wasn't able to handle Dachshund Sr. with his skills. To say it again, there was another expert that was on par with Dachshund Sr. Soon everyone's gaze was focused on one person. He was the culprit that was responsible of defeating Dachshund Sr.

“Ooh-week” (TLN: Barfing noise)

The old-aged monk, whose body was shaking for a while, suddenly threw up blood.

He was a wrinkled and white-haired((TLN:鷄皮鶴髮 계피학발-another phrase that doesn't translate well...means b/c of old age his skin is like a chicken's skin and his hair is white as crane) old man who one couldn't tell what his age was. His skin was very wrinkled, but he still had a benevolent countenance. On the outside, he looked like he didn't even have enough energy to catch one chicken. However the identity of the old man was actually a holy monk from the Shaolin. He had the reputation of being an absolute expert that had acquired an unfathomable amount of inner qi.

He was an old expert who had served as the Dharma abbot 50 years ago. He was the main culprit that had slaughtered Dachshund Sr. He had been retired for a very long time, but he had to descend from the mountain at the pleading request of the current Shaolin's abbot.(TLN:I'm really uncomfortable translating what position these guys have in the temple...just know it's a high ranking monk/maybe head monk) His skill was high enough that the current Shaolin's abbot was considered his nephew, but the bout with Dachshund Sr. must not have been easy even for an absolute expert. His face was grimacing as if he was in a lot of pain. Jindo couldn't watch it any more so he suggested they do a qi transfer(TLN:운기조식 simplified the name, basically if you watched old martial arts movie some guy gets hurts and he sits down lotus style. The companion sits towards the back and slaps both hand on his back and qi flows from the uninjured to the injured to fix his internal injury, its more of a manipulation then transfer).

“Don't be like that. Let me use qi transfer, so your body can recover. Great Master. We will use our qi technique.(TLN: actual translation is Dharmapala but it doesn't make sense since they appropriated a Buddhist term for this genre of novel-I'll just go with qi technique since its a general term).”

“Then I'll request it.”

The Shaolin monk was barely able to spit those words out as he sat down in place without refusing. The qi transfer was calming down his boiling qi flow. Just in case there was an assassination attempt, the rest of the group surrounded him in a circle. After watching him for a moment, Jindo gently opened his mouth while looking at the surrounding people.

“This has been a very encouraging work. We were able to easily get rid of Evil Sect's Dachshund Sr...”

After hearing those words, several of the previous generation's experts that were lined up nodded their head.

“You are right. Who would have thought that the Bae-sect's absolute being would come to this place with only ten Devil's Guard?”

“Right now the Devil sect is rising from their source so in a word, our White-Peach sect have been very lucky.”

They had eliminated the Evil sect's magnate. It was something to be proud of, but there were no indication of that. They had ambushed the opponent with superior force and assassinated him. As people of the Murim, it wasn't a honorable act.

At that time, it was hard to even handle one branch of the Demon sect that was getting stronger and stronger. The previous generation of experts could not watch this inferiority so they had to put themselves forward. Finally, they were able to form a purpose. This truth would probably be a secret they have to bury. (TLN: they came out of retirement to help out secretly and they want to keep it a secret) Right at that moment, one skinny martial artist spoke while looking around the surrounding. Looking at the shape drawn on the robe(TLN:korean full-dress attire), he was an expert from the Shaman sect.

"So who in the hell leaked the news that Dachshund Sr. was on the move with only ten of his underlings?"

"I understand. It resulted in us catching a big fish, but I am very suspicious of his true intention."

The background story of them coming to this place had a very suspicious side to it. About a month ago, someone ordered a person, whose identity that couldn't be determined, to leave one page of letter at the Murim-mang's headquarters.(TLN:무림 맹-Murim vs Murim-mang: Murim is the whole society of warrior/martial artist, Murim-mang is just an organization with a similar name ) The letter had no signature, but the contents were anything but normal.

-Some year some day(TLN: author put generic year date) midday, Bae-sect's sect leader will mobilize 10 underlings and pass Hanam's Starbucks.(TLN:생사평-Saeng-Sa-Pyung: I'm just going to change it to Starubcks)

It was a very short passage. However the one page of letter caused the whole Murim-mang's head quarter to be turned inside out.

"This must be a lure to bring out the White Peach-sect's main force.(TLN: I didn't make up the White Peach sect name.) I'm sure they are plotting to slaughter us."

"We must not be fooled by the Evil Sect's trick."

However, the bait was too large to ignore. Therefore, the Murim-mang sent out several dozens of warriors to Starbucks to carefully search the surrounding. They thought they would mobilize after finding out the truth. The letter's content turned out to be the absolute truth. As the written content said, Bae-sect's sect leader Dachshund Sr. and his 10 underling was staying near Starbucks.

"Why did that bastard come here?"

After Murim-mang found out the situation, they didn't hesitate in responding. They couldn't ignore and leave alone the expert who was surely going to be a strong enemy of the White Peach-sect in the future. If they wanted to get rid of Dachshund Sr., who was gifted with terrifying martial art (TLN: I say martial arts which is Mu-sul. Different from Mu-gong. Again just a differentiation that happened in this genre, its martial arts but it enables the user to have superhuman ability. Kind of like Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon), without any rumor starting then this was the only solution. They were able to succeed as planned. They were able to kill Dachshund Sr. However, there was a head-ache inducing work leftover...

"What are we suppose to do with that child?"

Everyone's gaze followed toward the tip of Jindo's hand. At that place, there was a 2 year old or at the most a 3 year old child being held firmly by a warrior. The child was at an age where he wouldn't know anything. Still the child was gazing at them with combative eyes, and it certainly seemed like he knew something about the situation. The problem was this child was the only son of Dachshund Sr...

The one with the quickest temper, Jindo, tried to pull out his sword.

"Let's kill him. We can resolve this easily by killing him and shutting his mouth up."

However, they all knew that this wasn't an easy problem. The people that were gathered here prided themselves for being the core members of the White Peach sect. If it was revealed to the Murim, that they had killed Dachshund Sr. with a joint attack then their honor would be badly tarnished. Furthermore, and on top of that if it was spread that they killed a child that was barely out of being



breast-fed then they wouldn't even be able to walk around Murim with their heads up. They had to act carefully until they were able to find out the motive of the person who sent the letter. At that moment, the Shaolin monk, who had finished his qi transfer stood up.

“Our Shaolin temple will be in charge of the child.”

Every gaze focused on Harrier(TLN:Hae-jung is the old monk's name-will call him Harrier) after hearing what he said.

“What, what do you mean?”

The Shaolin monk's face was circulating with vitality after the qi transfer.

“Even if we discount the other's gazes(TLN:other meaning their peers-they were worried how they'll look to others), we cannot kill a child this young. I'll take him to the headquarters, and I'll try once to guide him.”

After hearing his words, the members of the White Peach sect was aghast.

“That is too absurd. Even if he is young, that child is the Evil sect magnate's son.”

“Look at his eyes filled with hostility. If he finds out the truth then he would surely want revenge for his father.”

However the Shaolin monk's attitude was transcendent.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 7

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/05/14/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-7/>

TLN: Again I used Martial art but it's actually Mu-gong. Martial arts usually evoke just the physical aspect of the art. Mu-gong trains physical and inner energies. Allows users to do super-human feats.

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It is widely known outside of the Shaolin temple that the holy Shaolin monk was very stubborn.

“No one is born evil. Even if he is Dachshund Sr. child, he can train at the headquarters and inherit our scriptures. I’m sure he would be born as a Buddhist.

“Ha, with due deference.”

“I do not have any idea of training him in any martial arts. I will only teach him scriptures so do not worry.”

However, Jindo could not be easily dismissed.

“With due deference, great Buddhist master Harrier. This situation isn’t easily solved by master’s guarantee. The Bae-sect, who has lost their sect leader, will try everything to steal back that child. One cannot discount the possibility that he could become an unimaginably great demon and show up later. He is of the Dachshund Sr.’s bloodline and his talent may be unrivalled. If the Bae-sect’s queer and different evil(TLN:기괴막측(mean queer + gives off bad feeling) and 사이한 (direct translation is different evil) martial arts is combined with him then what would you do.”

“That is correct. Elder Jindo is quite right.”

Almost all of the experts agreed with Jindo’s meaning. After observing them, the Shaolin monk could only breathe out a long sigh.

‘Why are you trying to end that young child’s life?’

The Shaolin monk's gaze headed toward the child in an instant. The child should be at an age where he was still innocent, but he couldn't find any cuteness from this figure. His eyes were thin and had an upward slant. He had an unsightly pug nose and his back was severely bent. He must have been naturally deformed. It was an unsightly appearance that one wouldn't even want to see in a dream. He was unique in that he hadn't blinked his eyes once while staring daggers at them. The Shaolin monk could feel something akin to murderous energy from the child's gaze.

"He must be a child born with natural murderous energy."

After he finally decided in his heart, he put forth one foot.

"What are you going to do if I do this?"

"..."

"I will personally apply a seal on him. As everyone may have heard, our Shaolin temple has a forbidden technique that could be applied on an evil person. If I use this immutable law in this place then would you spare this child's life?"

From Jindo's mouth, a sound like a scream leaked out.

"Seven, Seven Column Forbidden Technique." (TLN:direct translation with some liberties taken)

There was big wave caused amongst the main force of the Peach sect, who were all surprised.

Seven Column Forbidden Technique. It is a high level Shaolin secret forbidden technique where the blood practitioner's desire to kill is destroyed from the source. It is on par with the edict that forbids killing of life. According to rumors, it was known that the person who receives this technique may never kill again. The Seven Column Forbidden Technique connects directly with the soul of the blood practitioner, and when he decides to kill someone, he would be forced to endure pain that a human could not tolerate. If the blood practitioner ignores the pain and kills a person then the blood vessels in his brain would all burst. He would meet a terrible death. The temple was in a position to prohibit the taking of life so they had no choice but to come up with this forbidden technique. However, there had only been a handful of people who inherited the Seven

Column Forbidden Technique in the thousand-year history of the Shaolin temple... There was a proper reason for this.

“Ho, holy monk. If you perform the Seven Column Forbidden Technique then most of the inner qi you have stored will be used. Is there a need for this?”

The Shaolin holy monk Harrier shook his head.

“I’ve already lived most of my life. In death, my body will return to being a handful of dirt, so I should spare no cost. So don’t worry about it and could you please bring that child?”

The reason as to why the Seven Column Forbidden Technique isn’t widely used is because of this. At the very least the Inner-qi expert(TLN:내가고수 ) has to have 200 years worth of inner qi. The immutable law can only be performed when the user has to gather all the qi in his body. The effectiveness of the sealing rites is increased when the strength of the practitioner is higher. However a fixed amount of qi that the practitioner has gathered all his life is taken as a cost. Currently this holy monk was considered the top Shaolin qi master and he was going to use up his inner qi for this demon spawn.(TLN: 마두 Ma-du: in Buddhist hell, there are two gatekeepers, one of them is red with the head of a horse- usually you call someone who is evil reincarnate-I used demon spawn instead of MaDu’s child) In the eyes of the Murim experts, this act was very nonsensical. Still they couldn’t dissuade the holy monk any more. It has been acknowledged in the Murim that the holy Shaolin monk is very stubborn. Moreover they had no reason to stop one of the Shaolin expert who was touted as the best from voluntarily giving up his strength. If the other faction’s strength decreases then it returns a chance for one’s own party to take over. For a brief moment, Jindo considered the pros and cons and then he smiled.

“Indeed, you are magnanimous enough to be called a holy monk. Great Buddhist master.”

“The great master will forever become the Shaolin temple’s incarnation of Buddha.”

The Shaolin monk could only smile bitterly after watching the false smiles on the experts. He could only quietly walk forward. The child was already taken from the warrior and he was moved in front of the Shaolin monk.

“Child. What is your name?”

The child didn't give any answers after the holy monk asked for his name. His eyes sparkled and it was filled with malice.

“This child's murderous energy pierces the sky. I'm not sure I made the right decision. However everything is judged by the Buddha. This old man is going use an immutable law to get rid of the murderous energy from your base nature. ”

After sighing, the holy monk clapped his hand together and gathered his qi. As advertised he was the Shaolin expert with the most inner qi. He emitted a formless but incredible energy that started spreading away from him. The child didn't even blink while staring daggers at the Shaolin holy monk's face. Indeterminate time had passed.

“Go!”

The shaolin monk gave a shout of concentration and put forth the hands that were together as if in prayer. His two bony hands suddenly grasped the head of the child. The child's eyes that was slanted upwards suddenly opened wide. It was because an unimaginable amount of pain was rising inside his head. The mouth that was resolutely shut before opened and he let out a terrible scream.

“AHHHHHHHK.”

This young child had lost his father this day and even as if that wasn't enough, the child had to receive an infernal procedure.

His fate was very unlucky and his name was Dachshund.

“Huk”

Dachshund rose up immediately. Even if it was a dream, the pain he felt in it was strong enough to banish his sleep. The voice that was locked away suddenly squeezed out of his mouth.

“D, Damn it. I've always experienced it, but I can't get used to that damn pain.”

Dachshund was in a hazy state since he was half asleep, but he started swearing profusely. It was a past that he didn't even like to think about so after he had dreamed about the past, his mood was very foul. When he used to be the

absolute being in the Bae-sect, he had taken out his anger on the numerous underlings or guards, who had to suffer through the bitter insult.

“Where is this place?”

Dachshund opened his eyes and blinked. Light was leaking hazily through his eyelids, but he couldn't differentiate objects. His whole body was throbbing with pain, and a headache rose up as if his head would break. He complained while frowning.

“I guess I'm not in the afterlife since I can still feel pain. ”

He determined that he was still alive since the wounds and pain wouldn't carry over after death. Then Dachshund's brain suddenly thought about the condition of his body.

“Wait...”

Dachshund's complexion suddenly turned white. After waking up, he remember the exit from the Bae-sect headquarters. The Righteous and Evil sects. Moreover the traitorous Bae-sect hunting party and the terrible fight that lasted until moments ago all rose up in his mind clearly. The problem existed there. In the last desperate moments, he had to explode all his inner energy to get rid of the Demon sect's elder Double Hand Devil Wichung and his underlings. Thinking of this, Dachshund's complexion became very white.

“At that time, the core(TLN: Danjeon – where qi is stored-it's located a little below your belly button – i'll just say core ) was half destroyed by Shiba's assassination attempt. In that state, I had exploded my inner energy.”

Dachshund hurriedly tried to gather his inner qi. However from the start, the attempt went nowhere. The most important organ in the body that helps the inner qi circulate had disappeared completely.

“G, gone. I cannot feel my core. ”

The core's existence could not even be felt. It had been ripped into pieces after being repeatedly exploited. It didn't respond one bit through his meridians or pressure points. When his inner energy had exploded, his pressure points and meridians had opened wide and then closed. They had been clogged and then hardened. In other words, Dachshund's body may never have inner qi again.

“Damn it all...”

From ancient times, if one asked a martial artist to pick what was most important to him, then every single time he would pick his martial arts that he had trained until now. For a martial artist, his martial arts is more important than his parents, siblings or children. Of course in the case of Dachshund, this was more evident for him. He had received only contempt from other people since his childhood because of his ugly looks. The only way he had to overcome his reality was to train in martial arts. Therefore he learned it as if his life was on the line. He had passed his important childhood training in martial arts in the Shaolin temple and it was quite pathetic. He had trained at a later age so his path was all the more difficult. He had overcome his disability but now his martial arts was all gone... He felt as if the sky had dimmed. He was at a crossroad between life and death before, so he forcefully tried to cheer himself up. Before he knew it tears of blood were streaming down. Afterwards, he continued to cry.

“Uh-huhuhu.” (TLN: dudes bawlin)

Dachshund cried and then cried some more. However the lost martial arts weren't coming back, but this was the only way to resolve his inner feelings. He looked all around with puffy eyes.

“Where is this place?”

Gradually the objects could be differentiated now. The place he was at was a big room that was decorated very luxuriously. He was laid on top of a big bed where 10 people would have plenty space lying down on it. In a moment, Dachshunds eyes was aroused with suspicion.

“The decoration is very unfamiliar. The shape of the room and the shape of the bed is very...”

When Dachshund was the Bae-sect sect leader, he had lived a luxurious life. However, his past bedrooms were like hovel compared to this room. This room was just too luxurious. Also, he had a weird feeling that this place was very different from Zhongyuan.

Dachshund's gaze fell on the steel person that was placed in the corner of the room.

“Where would one use such item? He has nothing to do. I guess someone made a human figure out of refined steel.”

This was the armor that knights wore. Dachshund shook his head since he couldn't even guess in his dream that this was a full plate mail.

At that moment, the door opened. Instinctively he was about to take a defensive posture, but Dachshund just laughed bitterly. In the current condition of his body, assassination nay even a normal person could beat him up with a club, and he wouldn't be able to overcome it.

Dachshund had learned the Emperor's Blood Demon Art. There weren't any profound forms or elaborate techniques that was needed for this martial art. It was an inner-art that thoroughly followed supremacy. It relied on a powerful inner-qi to hit and destroy everything. It was a demonic art that was very violent. However he had lost his martial arts now. Now he realized that he was more suited for third-rate martial arts that was learned by low-level warriors. He had chosen this attribute to become strong, but from the outset, he didn't have time to learn the basics. (TLN: little bit confusing since we still don't know his whole back story, I think it implies that he took some shortcuts to get strong before- since he started when he was older, he didn't have time to learn the basics thoroughly-even if he tried to relearn third-rate martial arts it would go poorly)

The person that entered through the door was a white bearded old man. Dachshund realized he wasn't from Zhongyuan when he saw the pale green irises and the strange shape of his face. First the flame pattern that was drawn on a robe was different from anything that was from Zhongyuan. Dachshund's head was churning trying to figure out the old man's identity.

‘A foreigner with a flame pattern on his robe... Is he a member of the far distant sister sect of the main sect, Zoroastrianists?’

The old man who had entered was none other than Shrekheimer.

“Oh! You have woken up. You must have slept well.”

Shrekhimer gave a hearty greeting, but there was no way Dachshund could have understood it.

The other person's face had a queer expression, and Shrekhimer could only laugh bitterly when he realized his mistake.



“First I have to solve the communication. I’m not sure if the translation magic would work.”

The strange foreigner that had entered the room started mumbling a spell, and Dachshund became nervous. He had mastered all of Bae-sect’s mysterious dark arts and since he was an advanced practitioner, he could tell how powerful this was. However Dachshund could not use any of the his abundant black arts. One needed to have a certain amount of qi to deploy the black arts. He could not use a single drop of inner-qi, so he was basically a prisoner. So he waited nervously for the other to finish his spell. After finishing the spell, the old man looked at me again. Then the language of Zhongyuan started coming out his mouth.

“Have you slept well?”

Dachshund’s eyes became very wide. At one glance, he knew that this person was not a person from Zhongyuan, yet this foreigner suddenly spoke the language of Zhongyuan eloquently. Even his accent was perfect.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 8

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/05/18/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-8/>

TLN: Author seems to go into flashback a lot. It's pretty obvious in this chapter where that happens but when the transition is abrupt, I'll try to make note that it's a flashback.

Right now I am favoring Dark Mage over Elqueeness. I'm interested to see the MC after his transition to other world.

I've read several comments on the mood of the story. I changed Dachshund into Dok-gosong. I'm sorry to jerk the readers back and forth with the names. I'm trying to satisfy the readers. Some names I changed, I am unwilling to change back like Shaolin/Sorim since its the same thing. I'll try to keep the original name. Remember Korean names are usually have 3 words. Dok is the family name and Go Song is the actual name. I'll just write Dok-gosong. I don't want to shorten the name.

I do read comments. I appreciate the comments. To the readers who leave suggestion, I try my best to accommodate. It just takes me time to process/decide if I should make the change.

Please don't insult me or the readers even if you are dissatisfied. Just leave a well-reasoned comment on why you want something changed. I'll consider it. I can't promise I'll be swift in changing, but I will consider the suggestions.

It is hard to change something when you get into doing something a certain way for 2 month.

Thank you.

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From long ago, the vast Zhongyuan had developed a lot of dialects. They each had developed autonomously, therefore even if they are a person from Zhongyuan it was possible that they would not be able to communicate with each other.

If a person from the south region of Woonnam and a person from the north region of Sanseo was to meet then it was almost impossible for them to speak to each other. Dok-gosong's homeland was in Yangju, so it wouldn't be easy for him to perfectly communicate with someone from the west. This foreigner was speaking the dialect of his homeland, and he was speaking it eloquently.. If he closed his eyes, he would have mistaken him for a native of Dok-gosong's homeland. How baffling. He stuttered while responding back.

“Who, who are you? How can a foreigner (TLN: he says Semu: ethnically diverse people under the mongol-wouldn't be strange to see a green-eye person) know the Yangju dialect?

“Ah! You mean this language.”

Shrekhiemer burst into an ambiguous laugh. He kind of liked the fact that the other world's expert, who had exhibited frightening abilities, was surprised by this continent's magic.

“Please don't be surprised. I am able to speak to you using magic.”

“Ma, magic?” (TLN: he stuttered, said half the word, then said the full word)

“Currently I am using the official language of the Truvania continent to speak to you. The reason you are able to understand it is, because the power of magic.”

“Tru what?”

“The continent of Truvania. The land you are on is the Truvania continent. While you were knocked out, we were able to arrive here safely.”

Shrekheimer's answer had a slight sense of pride in it. He loved the Truvania continent, where he was born. He was especially satisfied with the fact that he was the only one who was able to use the difficult Dimensional transportation. Also, he was the only priest that had grandly succeeded in his mission. However, Dok-gosong's disposition was ill-equipped to believe the explanation that was coming out of Shrekheimer's mouth. Even though Dok-gosong was practitioner that was proficient in using the black arts, he was foremost a being from another world. Dok-gosong's complexion was turning cooler as he couldn't understand what Shrekheimer was saying.

“Don’t fuck with me. I don’t know why you are trying to deceive me, but I won’t fall for it. I’ll ask again. Tell me truthfully where this place is.”

“Didn’t I already tell you? This place is the Truvania continent.”

“I don’t care if it’s Truven or dog shit. If you don’t reveal yourself then I’ll find out. Move.”

Dok-gosong didn’t hesitate to speak down on Shrekheimer. First, he still had the habits he learned when he was the absolute being, but it was also an intentional act since he couldn’t identify the opponent’s identity. Dok-gosong felt the opponent flinch from his angry tirade, so he raised his body while feeling inwardly elated. However his body was in an abnormal state and it didn’t respond to his will.

“Mmmmm.”

Dok-gosong had to give up after trying to raise his body for an extended amount of time. The state of his body was still very broken. Shrekheimer carefully opened his mouth after observing him.

“You shouldn’t be able to move your body yet. The potion and healing was able to cure your superficial injuries, but your insides have already been severely injured.”

“Shut up, you bastard! What do you know?”

Inwardly, Dok-gosong was embarrassed so he bluffed by shouting angrily. Shrekheimer had no choice but to retreat one step after seeing Dok-gosong’s response.

“His temper is unwell. Then I’ll retreat for today. I’ll meet you tomorrow after you have rested well.”

Shrekheimer turned his body without any hesitation. Although he was in a position where he had to beg for help, he had been a high-ranking priest. Therefore, Shrekheimer was not happy being talk down to. After watching the back of Shrekheimer leave through the opened door, Dok-gosong stared with suspicion.

“What is that bastard planning?”

However, his thoughts didn't continue for long. His body was as weak as it could get and sleep crashed down like a tide. Dok-gosong fell asleep immediately. Suddenly, the sound of loud snoring started spreading from the fancily decorated room.

“Will he really accept our request?”

Shrekheimer spoke to himself while walking down the wide hall. The soldiers that were lined up on the corridor politely gave respect, but he walked past like someone who had lost their mind. He had succeeded in Dimension Teleportation. Shrekheimer and his fellow members of the delegation was able to bring the nameless warrior to their homeland of Truvania. They were able to safely return. However the only delegation that had returned was them. They all left at different time, but none returned. Shrekheimer and his companions received a warm reception from each country's king when they had succeeded in their mission. They had brought the hero that would save the continent from danger, and they had brought a ray of hope to their hearts. It spoke to how desperate the situation was in the Truvania continent. It was a situation where after a night of sleep, one kingdom would certainly disappear. He didn't know for sure if the foreign warrior would have a solution, but Shrekheimer couldn't help but see him as the last ray of hope to look forward to.

“If we stay the course then our continent will only be able to walk down the road of destruction. No matter what they had to recover the Tablet of Oath.”

Shrekheimer was mumbling like a mental patient, but he was thinking about the time when the most important treasure of the humans were stolen. Shrekheimer may have felt more guilt, because he had personally witnessed the event.

At that time, the Truvania continent had just over come the second crisis of bloody moon. The order of Belhazel's authority had waned significantly at that time after going through two wars. At that time, Shrekheimer participated in both wars and he was a priest with a lot of experience. He held the important position of educating the order's trainees. He was a priest of the main order that was located in the strongest country on the Truvania continent, Ikarot. The training of future priests were emphasized, but not overemphasized. At the time as a high level priest, he was directly in charge of the education. Shrekheimer

was reminiscing those times, and gradually he started thinking about those times.

“As you probably know, the Truvania continent has many other races that aren’t human. If seen from the other races’ perspective, the existence called humans were a race that was very unreasonable. Don’t you think so?”

In front of Shrekheimer, about 30 trainees were hanging on every one of his words with bright eyes. They were the young talents that would be in charge of church’s future. Shrekheimer briefly smiled when he looked at them before continuing to speak.

“The humans have a very low life expectancy compared to the elves. They live close to a thousand years so how can the human follow them? If you think about it, it is an impossible task.”

The trainees slowly nodded their heads since this was reasonable statement.

“In terms of craftsmanship, humans cannot follow the dwarves. No, it is fair to say that humans can’t even compare. You all know this truth very well. The best human blacksmith cannot make the equipments the dwarves make. Also, it is the same with strength. Ogres and trolls are monsters with low intelligence, but humans are an existence that can’t even compare to them in terms of strength. Our constitution is weaker, and even in terms of procreation and speed of growth, humans markedly loses. This weak existence is called the humans.”

Shrekheimer briefly stopped speaking to look around his surrounding.

“In the conquest war, the main enemy of the humans were the orc race. Differing from the elves that lived in the robust forest or the dwarves that dwell in the mountains, the orcs were a race that occupied the same lands as the humans. Wouldn’t this cause a situation where it was inevitable that the two races would confront each other head on? In the beginning, the war progressed in the favor of the orcs since they were ahead in population and strength. They were stronger than humans and they were natural-born hunters. Humans were in a difficult circumstance when trying to overcome the orcs. However, it was ironic that the situation progressed in reverse. In the beginning, it was thought that was humans would die out. However even when handicapped in several ways, the humans were able to decorate themselves with victories in many

battles. They were able to conquer almost all the different tribes.”

Shrekheimer momentarily paused from speaking and he looked around at the trainees’ faces.

“Does anyone know how the humans achieved victory against the mighty orcs and drive them to the other side of the Felucia mountain range?”

One trainee raised his hand responding to his question.

“Yes, I will answer.”

The trainee calmed his breath for a moment before laying out his lengthy opinion.

“It has never been researched as to why the humans were able to rise to the top. According to normal people, it vaguely happened because of Belhazel-nim’s blessings. However my thoughts on the subject is a bit different. I think it’s because humans have wisdom. It is a wisdom where the previous generation’s experience were passed down to the future generations. I believe we benefited from this and the humans were able to overcome their short life-span. Also, we have a surprising number of different relationship unlike orcs with other tribes. Consequently, the human relationships enable the soldiers to fight with their lives in the battle field. It is to protect the family, also to protect the woman you love..”

As Shrekheimer listened to the trainee’s explanation, he progressively gave himself up to his deep emotions. This trainee’s opinion would have never been tolerated 30 years ago when the religion was in disorder. If it was the past, they would have immediately put the speaker on trial for having impure thoughts. At worst, there would be no trials. The person who made the comment of this nature would have been burned to death. The assertion given right now by the trainee wasn’t that different from the heretics. It was Truvania continent’s worst tragedy and it was the cause of the religious strife. However the extremist Belhazel church’s power did not exist any more. Moreover, this kind of statements weren’t considered sins anymore.

“A lot has changed with the passage of time.”

Shrekheimer quietly reflected on the past situation. It was hard to believe all

these events happened in a mere 100 years. The churches' strife continued to cause a very horrible and dark war.

Moments after the trainee's speech had finished, Shrekheimer stood in silence before telling the student about the situation back then. Today's subject was history, and half of the people alive in this generation had not experience that events back then...

"Let's start the class now."

Shrekheimer started his lecture and he spoke about the second calamity's dark war. He reminisced while unraveling the story. He felt that it was his duty to pass the experience of the previous generations onto the young trainees.

"The skeleton soldier swung their rusty sword while their rotted flesh hung off of them. There were nameless demons of the demon world that boasted a variety of appearances. Also there were an unknown amount of golems and death knights. Dark shades. The soldiers put their life on the line when facing these horrifying army of darkness. Do you know what was the reason?"

Shrekheimer thrust his chest out while looking around at the trainees, who were holding their breaths. One trainee immediately responded. It was the same trainee who had presented his opinions.

"It was the manifestation of self-sacrifice, where they tried to save their family even at the cost of their own lives. They sacrificed themselves so their family members would not die a horrible death."

Shrekheimer's face was a little disappointed, because he thought they would ignorantly answer 'It was because of Belhazel-nim's protection.' However he wasn't disappointed too much. It was fortunate that someone didn't answer that they had won, because Arkadia continent's reinforcements had played a big role. Each kingdoms were still forbidden to talk about the name of Arkadia, because of the religious strife. Still time had passed when the entire people of the kingdom were all devout believers of the Belhazel church. Ironically, it happened because they had participated in the bloody moon and the war between the dark army was the reason.

'In 100 years, it'll be impossible to know what will happen to the church.'

He was shaking his head when he saw the bright gazes of the trainees. He



thought he should end the lecture, so he reached his hand towards the bell. At that moment, he heard a thundering noise.

Boom.

The classroom they were studying in shook. Shrekheimer stood awkwardly, but he almost fell unseemly backwards. Shrekheimer's eyes became round after barely stabilizing his body.

"Wha, What.

This was the main headquarters of the Belhazel church located at the center of the Ikarot kingdom. This kind of noise and trembling should not happen here.

"We'll have to end the lesson here. Dismissed."

After recovering his senses, he instructed the students before heading towards the door. However before he could even arrive at the door, the door was utterly destroyed with a loud noise.

Boom.

The body that appeared was... Shrekheimer's eyes became round with surprise.

"O, orc?"

Couple dozen of the monsters ran into the inner classroom while holding axes covered in blood. Their skins were a gleaming green. Their body was about 1.5m that was pretty small in stature, but they possessed big muscles and at a glance, one could tell they were warriors. They had low-grade armors that looked rough, but sturdy. They had eyes that were bloodshot red. They were orcs.

They fell into disarray after the 1st race wars, and they went into hiding in the Felucia mountain range. Those orcs had suddenly appeared here. They had appeared in the headquarters of the Belhazel church located in the Ikarot kingdom. This was an unexpected event that Shrekheimer could not even imagine. The orcs' mission was revealed. It was named slaughter. They started ruthlessly swinging their axes.

"Ooh-ahh-ahk."

With a horrible scream, the trainees who were just standing was cut down in

place. Blood sprayed out of the site of the axe wound. Shrekheimer recovered his senses after hearing this noise. His mouth reflexively casted a strong incantation.

“Blindness”

The orcs that were sweeping through the deathly pale trainees started floundering and screaming. At a glance, one could tell that they were confused. Shrekheimer succeeded in stopping the orcs from killing the trainees. Now it was time to put them to sleep.

“Burning hands”

Shrekheimer’s two hands emitted a blinding radiance. Burning hands was an attack where the area around the hands radiated with heat, and it was able to give a strong blow to the opponent. He thought he could defeat the orcs easily with this, so Shrekheimer hurried towards the blinded orcs.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 9

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/05/21/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-8-2/>

TLN: Shrekheimer's Flashback continued from last chapter...

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Right at that moment, a fierce shout exploded from behind the orcs.

"Stop the parlor tricks, human. Despell Magic." (TLN: Author wrote it as Despell instead of dispel)

Accompanied by a windy sound, the flames on Shrekheimer's two hands extinguished. After Blindness was dispelled, the orcs were barely able to escape from being blinded. After the orcs escaped danger, they started to glare at Shrekheimer with murderous intent. A low and rough sound came forth.

"Chu-ee-eeek(TLN: sound effect), kill the human!"

Couple dozen battle axes were aimed at Shrekheimer's whole body. Shrekheimer was able to evade using Transfer Space, and he retaliated quickly. He was in such a desperate situation that he didn't even have time to think about the being who dispelled his magic.

"Critical Wounds"

As expected of a high level priest, Shrekheimer instantly casted magic over half the orcs. After the incantation ended, all the orcs threw down their axes and started rolling the ground.

"Kueh-uh-uh." (TLN: orcs going omg that hurts)

The orcs were rolling on the ground while twisting their whole body and blood could be seen slowly seeping out of their bodies. There were a lot of orcs that were not moving, and it seemed like a good number had already died. After breathing a sigh of relief, he motioned towards the frightened trainees to evacuate. He checked to see if the trainees were able to exit through the back door before turning his head towards the location where he thought the

existence who dispelled his magic was.

“Who are you? Could you come out?”

The orcs weren't able to come to their senses until now. The old priest Shrekheimer was too strong a being for them to handle.

“You are very good.”

Accompanying a cold voice, one shadow entered through the door. He was a lad with black hair and he looked very icy. His face looked like it was chipped from ice, but there was a lot of beauty contained in there. The odd thing about the lad was there wasn't any emotion in both his eyes. After watching the emotionless eyes, Shrekheimer was able to know instinctively that he wasn't human.

“Who, who are you?”

The lad did not respond to Shrekheimer's questions. The lad glanced at the orcs squirming on the ground, and he lightly swept his hand out once.

“Kuuuuuuu.”

Accompanying a short moan, the orcs stood up in place. They raised their battle axes toward Shrekheimer, who had given them pain. After watching these figures, Shrekheimer knew why the orcs were called the embodiment of revenge. Orcs were natural-born warriors, and they were not afraid of death. Unexpectedly the lad, who had freed them from the magic, held them back from charging forward.

“Stupid bastards. I'll be this person's opponent. Go confront the other humans.”

“Chu-eeek. Understood.”

The orcs were very afraid of the lad, and they ran out of the class room with their head politely pointed downwards. Shrekheimer could do nothing even after seeing this. He realized the opponent must be formidable since he was able to dispel his magic with a light hand gesture. After the orcs left the room, the lad turned his head toward Shrekheimer.

“You want to know what I am?”

“...”

“I’ll make it easy for you to understand. We came here, because we want to punish the existence called humans.”

“Humans?”

“Yes. They are filled with pride, and their greed causes endless amount of trouble. At every opportunity, they try to conquer other races. We came here to annihilate the race called humans off of Truvania continent”

It was a speech that shouldn’t have come from someone who looked like a human. Shrekheimer, who was listening to him, couldn’t believe it.

“Why? Don’t you have the appearance of a human?”

The lad tilted his head.

“This appearance? It has no meaning except to easily deceive you all. You can say I chose this appearance to hasten the demise of your race?”

“Bastard.”

Shrekheimer couldn’t endure it any more, so he sent a pre-emptive attack. He didn’t know what his purpose was, but under his directions, the orcs had killed countless trainees under him. He couldn’t stand losing his pupils, so Shrekheimer’s rage ignited. His hand flashed with light, a lightning bolt formed on his hand, and flew towards the lad. It happened in a blink of an eye.

Pah-ji-ji-jik. (TLN: Pzzzt/electrical attack sound)

However, Shrekheimer’s great strike disappeared in futility. The moment the lightning bolt hit the lad, his whole body was surrounded by a formless energy and it blocked off the entire attack. After confirming, Shrekheimer could only be surprised.

“Force shield? He exhibited such high level magic without vocalizing an incantation? You, what is your identity?”

Shrekheimer’s face suddenly stiffened. Suddenly, the lad’s figure made him think about a particular being.

It was a being that was said to be the origin of magic. With oppressive strength and wisdom, Dragons boasted the strongest battle ability in this continent. If

only they had a higher population, Dragons would easily be in charge of the Truvania continent. He couldn't confront this strong and intelligent being by himself... If it was a dragon then it could polymorph into human shape easily, and have enough power to do so.

"D, Dragon?"

The lad smiled when he heard the very shocked Shrekheimer stutter.

"You guessed it. Yes."

"H, how? I heard that dragons do not interfere in other race's business..."

Suddenly, the lad's eyes started filling with murderous intent. Shrekheimer's back broke out in cold sweat, who was just looking at him. His gaze was that powerful.

"Humans, I scoff at your shallow self-conceit. It isn't enough for you to struggle to live in those small bodies, but you tried to take the life of a being above you... From now on, humans won't even be able to think about acting recklessly."

"What, What do you mean."

Shrekheimer spoke carefully one word after another. He suspected this lad was a black dragon.

"We didn't care when those in your race called dragon slayers started killing a few of our young ones. We considered those of our race, who were killed, careless and foolish. However, you humans acted with reckless bravado that was boundless. You dared invade our lair and even hunt down Dragon Lord Chronos-nim's hatchling..."

Booom!

Shrekheimer's vision darkened after hearing his words. The event that he was most worried about had happened.

'It finally has happened.'

After the church's power had fallen to the ground, the human world had become very chaotic for a while. Quietly among the skilled knights, there were many past unbelievers that were ready to connect their belief to a goal. They

devoted themselves to grow their skills, and they were impatient to prove their skills. After the war with the Army of Darkness had finished, they tried to show off their skills through hunting monsters. Therefore after the war had ended, most had taken up hunting monsters, and of course this had included dragon hunting. The knights and magicians, who were confident in their own skills, formed parties, and they searched every inch of the Truvani continent to capture a dragon. Shrekheimer knew the situation up until there. However they had killed a Dragon Lord's hatchling...

The devastated Shrekheimer's ears continued to pick up the lad's voice.

"After the hatchling was lost, our Lord Chronos decided to punish the wicked existence called humans. We will start the punishment according to his will. Starting from the main headquarters of the Belhazel church, the war dedicated to destroying the humans will begin. The war will continue until the seed of humanity is dried up on the Truvania continent."

'The water has already been spilled'

Shrekheimer took deep breaths, and he calmed his heart. Looking at the situation, the battle with the dragons could not be avoided. However he wasn't afraid in the least. He deeply believed in the latent energy of the humans, who had destroyed the Army of Darkness. Shrekheimer thought that the dice had already been thrown, so he started gathering mana into his two hands.

"First I will apologize instead of those who had murdered the hatchling. However, I absolutely cannot agree with the idea of drying up the seeds of humanity. "

After mana had gathered, Shrekheimer's hands started burning with flame.

"You probably recruited the trash orcs to fill your ranks, but you guys won't be able to fulfil your dream. The latent energy within the humans is strong, and it was enough to defeat the Army of Darkness called in by the Demon King. You won't be able to win against us by teaming up with the orcs."

A mysterious smile floated up on the lad's face. It was an expression that could definitely be seen as a sneer.

"Foolish. Are you talking about that single battle where you had defeated Naidelhark?"

“It was only one battle, but Naidelhark has never shown his figure afterwards. It is proof that he had lost all his strength.”

The lad started laughing as if Shrekheimer’s confident attitude was dumbfounding.

“You are dumb. The Dark World’s undead army is an existence that does not have a real body. If Nidelhark is able to rest and regain his demonic powers, he can revive the soldiers he had lost at the battle of Ikarot in a blink of an eye. Each races’ scattered burial mounds are able to provide a supply of soldiers of darkness... You, humans, overlooked this and now you have made the mistake of losing Nidelhark. You didn’t even realize what a critical mistake you had made.”

Shrekheimer’s face started to fill with bewilderment.

“What in the world do you mean? ”

The lad’s voice started to change gradually. Accompanying this, his body started expanding rapidly.

“I’ve delayed too much time. I’ll have to speed up my business and return. I’ll just tell you the conclusion.”

The lad that had a somewhat beautiful appearance, but that started disappearing. Instead a large scaly dragon with a black luster started showing up gradually. Shrekheimer could not believe his words, so he stood there dumbly watching the dragon while his expression lost all traces of blood. Finally the full figure of the dragon appeared, and inside Shrekheimer’s brain, one thread of sound resonated.

-Know this one thing. Human. After Nidelhark was defeated, he tried to gather his underlings at the Felucia mountain range. At that moment, it was Lord Chronos-nim, who resisted against him. He managed to capture Nidelhark and seal him. He did this to rescue the Truvania continent from the tide of darkness. However you, shallow humans, committed the sin of killing his hatchling, while being ignorant of his kindness.

The dragon looked squarely at Shrekheimer with his seemingly burning eyes.

-Your destruction has been decided. It is the same with the humans across the ocean at the Arcadia continent. Under the command of the red dragon Belkiss-



nim, we have come here. The first thing we will do is to steal your Tablet of Oath. All the dragons that follow Chronos-nim has come here, so none of you will be able to block us. In the past you had done the same thing to the orcs, so we will steal your Tablet of Oath and return it to the orcs.

Shrekheimer's blood started draining from his face after hearing the dragon's words.

"This is the end! Human."

The black dragon poured acid breath towards him, but Shrekheimer's hands filled with blinding light as if he didn't want to lose yet.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 10

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/05/29/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-10/>

TLN: Didn't read over it. If it's unreadable or poor in quality, let me know so I can make some changes. Low motivation to translate right now. Becoming a translator has made me really appreciate other translator who are able to churn out high volume of translations.

“Ooh-ahhhk!.”

Accompanying a roar, a horrible scream was emitted. An unknown person fell in place and his white beard was soaked with blood. The old man wearing a fanciful outfit died after letting out a short scream. His whole chest had been shattered and the mark that identified the person's rank was barely able to be seen. The crest was an engraving of seven flame cluster. It was evidence that the owner of the engraving was the current Belhazel church's archbishop.

Ku-ru-ru-roong. (TLN: sound of building being demolished)

With a thick cloud of smoke, the stone columns inside the temple crumbled. They were beautiful stone pillars that even 4 people could barely get their arms around, but they all fell lifelessly. It was once a very beautiful temple. However, this place had long since turned into an eyesore. The beautiful stained glass were already broken into pieces. All the priests were lying on the floor and their bodies were cooling off rapidly. On top of everything, there was a blanket of light green fog. Inside the fog, one could still hear the roar. The destruction started from the horribly broken door and the destruction continued on into the temple.

Ooh-ji-jik. (TLN: grinding noise)

It sounded like a bone of a human was being ground up. Accompanying the scream, someone showed up from inside the light green cloud.

Stinking cloud.

Even after the archbishop had used his high level magic when his life was about to end, the opponent had not taken any damage. The person who had entered was a lad with an icy expression. He had bright red hair that was enough to hurt one's eyes and he was a very striking lad. He was the existence who drove the archbishop into death. It was a situation where he was stepping on the archbishop's corpse who was killed with a curse. The lad looked around his surrounding before he lowered his head. His eyes took in the archbishop's corpse that he had killed moments before with his hands. His lips moved in a subtle manner while a sound that was mixed with ridicule came out.

"Of course the humans' strength have become very weak. The Belhazel church's archbishop has only this much skill..."

From behind, several shadows appeared.

"Still we cannot think light of the humans' latent energy. Humans are weak individually, but as a whole, they cannot be considered weak."

The crimson-haired lad's eyes suddenly showed a fierce light. He turned his burning gaze towards the person who just spoke.

"Please, please forgive me. The lowly existence just..."

The existence that was flowing with cold sweat, and bowing his head was not a human. He possessed green colored skin and he had a small but robust build. He was from orc race, and he must have lived a long time. This was evident by his very wrinkled skin. He was a very old orc. Normally amongst the orcs, it was very hard to come across an aged orc. It was like capturing a star from the sky to see a orc age gracefully since the orcs were very war-like. There was only one occasion when one saw an aged orc. He must have enough divine power to suppress the young orcs. Therefore, this orc was an Orc Lord that possessed that divine power. However, even his divine powers couldn't even compare to the crimson-haired youth.

"You know you are a lowly being yet you make such reckless remarks in front of me?"

The aged orc was dripping with cold sweat as he was angrily berated. In truth, he wasn't a being that you could call lowly. Right now they were hiding in the south of the Felucia mountain range after losing strength, but he used to be a

monarch that could take reins of ten thousand orcs with just his hand gesture. His name was Ryuek, the Conqueror of the Setting Sun. He may be hiding in the Felucia mountain range, but when he was young, there were no other orcs that could suppress him and take over his boss status. Even so he wasn't able to move around underneath the thumb of this lad that was in front of his eyes. This was par for the course, since this lad's identity was an existence that was the strongest and grandest in the entire Truvania continent.

"This foolish one has offended the great existence. Please punish me."

His repeated apology must have calmed his heart since the lad retracted his gaze. Then he turned his body and walked towards the central region of the shrine. The orc's monarch Quack(TLN: it's Quee-ack i'll just say quack) and the personal bodyguards were finally able to feel relief inside.

'Damn it, what are should I do? I did it even when I knew his temper... I must be crazy.'

Ryuek, who was hurriedly following the lad, saw the sprawled out corpse of archbishop Efficross. Suddenly a glaze of euphoria came over Ryuek's eyes.

"Bastard! It serves you right."

The identity of the corpse was a direct disciple of the archbishop that had harassed the orcs during the conquest war. Ryuek didn't hesitate to raise his great axe. The orc race was known to be the reincarnation of revenge so he couldn't forgive the dead corpse.

Suhl-kung. (TLN: chopping noise)

With a dull sound of destruction, the neck of Efficorss separated. Since it was a dead corpse not much blood spilled. He told his bodyguard to collect the decapitated head before Ryuek sped up to follow the lad.

The central region of the shrine was structured to be a secret structure. It was a small space that was surrounded by 1 meter thick steel walls. There were all kind of protection magic hanging around the secret location. The reason being the most important treasure of the humans were inside. Mainly, it was the human's Tablet of Oath. It was a priceless treasure that humans cannot live without. Moreover, it also contained the orc's stolen Tablet of Oath inside. The

lad. who was looking at the room. sneered.

“There are a lot of tricks laid out.”

The magicians that were touted as the strongest amongst humans were hand-picked and they had, with long hours and painstaking effort, laid down various type of protection magic. They put double and triple layers of safety devices, but in the eyes of the lad, it was just petty tricks. The reason was the lad was an existence called a dragon that could control magic.

“Unlock.”

The protection magic that had protected the secret room through the years was easily disarmed with one word. The one meter thick steel wall was powerless in front of the lad. He aimed a hellfire towards the thick steel wall and it easily bore through it. The treasure that was well-hidden inside was finally revealed to the lad. He walked into the secret room. Every three square meters held a big iron cage. Of course it also had several anti-theft methods, but it couldn't overcome the lad's hand gesture.

Clank.

After the protection magic unravelled, the iron cage opened. The lad slowly extended his hand towards the inside of the iron cage.

“This is the humans' Tablet of Oath.”

The lad held up a jewel that was emitting a bright orange light. It was the size of a child's fist and it was a beautiful jewel with indescribable light. It differed from the legend that tied this Tablet of Oath to the rise and fall of a race, because it was very beautiful. However, there wasn't even a little bit of unrest in the lad's eyes. He had enough of this kind of jewels piled up like a mountain in his lair... He put the Tablet of Oath deep within his bosom.

“I have completed Chronos-nim's command. The humans' Oath of Tablet will never appear in this world again. Forever...”

At that moment, he heard a desperate voice from behind.

“Belkis-nim. There isn't much time left. Countless number of soldiers from the

human army has surrounded the shrine and they are trying to enter. We are using all our forces to block them, but we are too few in numbers... Looking at the situation, the orcs' troop located at the outer perimeter will be annihilated."

The one who showed up was the black-haired lad who had conversed with Shrekheimer. His icy countenance hadn't changed but several places on his cloth were ripped. It showed that his battle with Shrekheimer must have been difficult.

"R, really?"

Ryuek's expression changed completely after hearing the report that all of his underlings had perished. Even though he knew it would have been hard for them to survive, they were annihilated... However even seeing their desperate attitude, the red-headed youth was not fazed at all.

"You idiots. What happens if Chronos-nim finds out? We are the so-called dragons and wouldn't it be unspeakable for us to be chased by mere humans?"

The black haired youth made an obstinate face.

"The humans from this place are very tenacious. Even if you kill them, they keep coming back without caring about dying."

The red headed youth that was called Belkis nodded his head.

"It should be that way. Their Tablet of Oath is in danger... Ok. I'll prepare a Spatial Relocation so call everyone here."

"Understood."

After the black dragon turned his back, Belkis let out a long sigh. He glanced at the floor once and he waved his hand lightly. Afterwards, a strange shaped magic formation revealed itself on the shrine's floor. The magic formation started glowing brightly after receiving mana from the red headed youth. At that moment, Ryuek's shaky voice came into the youth's ear.

"Great being, we.. We..."

After he turned his head, he was the nervous Ryuek's figure. For a moment, Belkis' eyes were filled with anger.

"We brought some useless bastards. You couldn't even endure a little before

being annihilated...”

“We have done our best. We brought our greatest warriors from each tribe...”

“Shut the hell up.”

Ryuek lowered his head after Belkis’ roar. After watching this figure for a moment, Belkis quietly reached his hand towards the box.

Sue-uk. (TLN: Sliding noise or sound of something being taken out)

His hand revealed a gem emitting a brilliant light that was comparable to the earlier one. As if to complain about not seeing the sun for a long period of time, the gem shone exceptionally bright. Without turning his head, Belkis lazily opened his mouth.

“Is this your Tablet of Oath?”

“Oh. Oh.”

The carelessly lifted face of Ryuek shook violently. Before he could realize it, the wrinkled face was flowing with tears.

It has been 50 years since the despicable humans’ hero Crossen stole the Tablet of Oath. This day was identical to the time when the honorable orc race had submitted to despair. They had yearned and searched for their Tablet of Oath and now it had appeared in front of him this spring.

They had sacrificed immeasurable numbers of warriors to recover this. They had received help from the dragons but after seeing their Oath of Tablet, Ryuek was speechless. However, the cold voice of Belkis was delivered into his ear.

“As promised, we will return this. However there is a catch.”

Ryuek turned his head. His expression indicated that he would agree to any terms presented. However the terms presented to the orcs were too harsh to accept.

“As payment, orcs will have to serve the dragons for a thousand years.”

“T, that is...”

Ryuek couldn’t string together words so he stuttered. It was an unthinkable tribulation to the orcs that they had to serve under the dragons for a thousand years. Behind Ryuek’s eyes, murderous intent emanated after hearing the

dragon's words. It was a pure rage against the humans that drove his race into this situation.

"I intend to put you guys as a vanguard in punishing the humans. We will unite all the races on the Crotria continent and dry the humans' seed. After getting rid of the existence called humans, we are thinking about establishing a new order. What do you guys think about this idea?"

He didn't have to think any longer. Wasn't it Ryuek's dream to take revenge against the humans? Ryuek ground his teeth while shaking his head in assent.

"We will accept the terms presented by the Great One."

"Good."

This was how the alliance formed between the two races who would decide the fate of the humans. After awhile, 7 dragons in the form of humans entered the shrine. Their whole bodies were covered with dust, but none of their numbers were lost. They were gathered on top of the magic formation when their ears heard Belkis' thunderous voice. The human knights, who were outside of the shrine, also heard it clearly.

"My name is Belkis. I have received orders from the might Dragon Lord Chronos-nim. I will leave easily right now. However in 10 years, we will return again. After we have completed preparation to punish the humans..."

Pah-ah-aht. (TLN: flash.)

The magic formation rapidly emitted light. The pillar of light surrounded Belkis, Ryuek and the dragons instantly. The light that illuminated the shrine's interior disappeared in a moments. With the Oath of Tablet... Afterwards, fully equipped knights spilled into this location.

"T, This..."

However, the only thing that was waiting for them was an empty box in the secret room with the lid wide open. After seeing this, the despondent knights started dropping their weapons one by one. Unlike 50 years ago, their Oath of Tablet had been stolen.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 11

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/06/01/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-11/>

TLN: Again I didn't read over it, so there may be spelling/grammar mistakes.

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At the time when he was in a fierce battle with the black dragon, Shrekheimer was barely able to extricate his body during the desperate situation. Even though he was a high ranking priest, he was lacking in ability to face a dragon. He was able to resist because the black dragon was not able to use his full might in an enclosed space. If not, he would have already passed on to the netherworld. Shrekheimer had escaped by a hair's breadth and immediately he headed towards the archbishop Ificross. He was trying to protect the most important Tablet of Oath. However when he arrived, he only saw the cold decapitated corpse of the archbishop Ificross. Because of this, he was able to witness the moment the humans' Tablet of Oath was being stolen. He could only hide without any strength, and he cried bloody tears. Shrekheimer clenched his fists when he thought about that moment.

“We must, we must recover the Tablet of Oath. To do so, it is imperative that I persuade the swordsman from the other world.”

Each kingdom's soldiers already knew that the Tablet of Oath was stolen. The truth had already been spread. They had to recapture the Tablet of Oath to reverse the tide of war.

“We need his abilities to bring back the Tablet of Oath from the hand of the dragons.”

He quietly walked towards his residence. No matter what happens, he resolved to cajole Dok-gosong into recovering the Tablet of Oath..

Shrekheimer treated Dok-gosong with sincerity while his body recovered. Do-

gosong was depressed by the loss of his mu-gong(TLN:martial arts) but he started getting curious about the new world he had arrived in.

“So this, Truvania continent, is unimaginably far from Zhongyuan.”

“Yes. It can’t be judged in mere distance but there is an enormous time, spatial difference between the two continents. We were able to succeed in spatial relocation but if we use the same method, we have no idea if we could return. The art of spatial relocation is a magic with very low success rate.”

“Mmmm.”

Dok-gosong made a sound of deep thought. According to his words, it was almost impossible for him to return to his Zhongyuan.”

‘Even if I return with this messed up body, I’ll have no chance of having revenge against that despicable Sah-joonhwan bastard’

Do-gosong smiled a bitterly and he look straight at Shrekhimer. After becoming conscious, he was being schooled by Shrekheimer.

“What was your purpose in bring me here then. Also, I also want to know why you are treating me with gracious hospitality.”

“There is a long story to be revealed. I will start explaining.”

As a person who had taught trainees in the past, Shrekhemier knew what he should tell the foreigner. Dok-gosong, who was watching the other’s mouth, felt taken aback.

‘Damn. Because of the accent, it feels like I am conversing with an old friend from home. Did he say translation magic? Such a strange spell exists?’

The accent he was hearing was mixed with a genuinely unique inflection that was part of the Yang-Ju region’s dialect. However looking at the shape of Shrekheimer’s mouth, he was sure that the other person was speaking a different language. He was adept at the Lip reading technique(TLN:독순술(讀脣術)) so it wasn’t difficult for Dok-gosong to realize this.

“First, the Truvania continent we live on was made by the main god Belhazel-nim who controls the entire universe.”

The birth myth of Truvania started coming out of Shrekheimer’s mouth. As

expected of a pious priest, Shrekheimer explained it from the perspective of a clergyman. He turned every glory towards the main god Belhazel. As a person from Murim who had put his life on a sword, he was a bit uncomfortable but this person had shown him sincerity. Therefore, Dok-gosong patiently waited while listening to Shrekheimer's explanation.

"So to sum up your words, this Truvania continent has similar races(TLN: different race but humanoid) other than humans living on it. Over a hundred years ago, a similar race called the orcs and the humans fought in a big war that bet life and death of the race."

"Correct."

Dok-gosong was able to understand many things from his explanation. In a word, this place was incomprehensible to a person from the Murim. Both of them were from a radically different world and it wasn't easy for him to comprehend. First, the most incomprehensible thing was the monsters called orcs.

According to Shrekheimer's words, the orcs had a small stature with a pig's head. From the perspective of a person from Murim, they were merely creatures that were monsters. This crowd of creatures fought on equal terms with the humans for a 100 years and this truth was hard for Dok-gosong to comprehend.

"However, you have to believe me. Even though the orcs' strength and stamina is inferior compared to humans, instead they have amazing reproductive ability and growth speed. Most orcs are able to fight and hunt before their 1st year. They grow that fast. For humans, they have to be at least 15 years old before they can hold a weapon, so it can't be compared. "

"This is unbelievable. The existence of creatures that dare to threaten the human's stronghold..."

"This is the truth. Especially the orcs, they have great reproductive abilities where one stomach contains around 10 babies. If they are provided enough food then their numbers would increase exponentially. It is enough to refill the numbers lost in battle."

"..."

"Through the orc's unique attributes, the humans were in danger of being

annihilated at the time. It was a spring where there was a reckless war of attrition going on. The orcs were sufficiently able to reinforce their lost warriors, but humans were hard pressed to expect the same thing. Because of that, the humans lost most of their territories and continued to lose. It was a grim situation that was hard to even think about.”

At the time, Shrekheimer participated in the war as a young teen as a new appointee. Therefore he could clearly explain the brutal situation to Dok-gosong.

“The despicable orcs watched us isolated inside the castle while they partied using the fallen warriors and the prisoners. After watching them cook a person that was alive over the fire, we thought the history of humans were over.”

“You are saying the orcs ate the humans.”

“Yes. During the race wars, they did this to everyone prisoner without caring for their station. In the winters, they would eat even their own race. Therefore, if a human was caught alive then they would be cooked on the fire and used as ration. However, we couldn’t do the same. We couldn’t eat the orcs so we immediately killed those we caught. Still for a brief time when our food situation had worsen to a critical level, the soldiers had no choice but to eat the orc meat.”

Shrekheimer reminiscenced about the old memories and he started becoming farsighted. However Dok-gosong had a different thought at that time.

‘I wonder what the orc meat taste like? At Zhongyuan, the best quality meat was the meat of a baby pig raised eating off of a human’s tits. So an orc that grew up eating human meat...”(TLN: >.<)

An agitated delayed sound was emitted from Shrekheimer and Dok-gosong wasn’t able to think too much on it.

“Right then a savior appeared in front of the humans. In the spring, the strongest being in the continent showed up. He was the Grand Sword Master Crossen.”

“Crossen?”

“Yes. In the past 100 years history of the humans, he was the strongest amongst the humans. He was the most talked about and complicated person. He

was this generation's best soldier of fortune."

At Shrekheimer's voice that was starting to heat up, Dok-gosong could tell how much he worshipped Crossen.

"His activities immediately flipped the tide of war. That person was an extraordinary person that the likes had never showed up in the 1000 year history. He was worthy enough to be called a hero."

"What this did person achieve..."

Dok-gosong glanced at Shrekheimer and he started explaining without keeping silent.

"If you want to know about his achievements, then you have to know this first. This is about each race's Tablet of Oath."

Shrekheimer explained about the Tablet of Oath that was passed on to each race by Belhazel, and he emptied all the secrets about it to Dok-gosong. The mysterious gems that kept the balance between each race was in the hands of each race, and the myth that said the races would eternally be blessed by Belhazel. This wasn't the type of information that Dok-gosong couldn't easily accept.

"That is surprising. There are gems in existence that has that much inner power..."

"The Tablet of Oath was a sublime treasure that each race wouldn't trade anything for. Therefore even though we were being brutally defeated, we gave our lives to protect the Tablet of Oath. However, Crossen Magnus accomplished the feat of stealing orc's Tablet of Oath. He was able to punch through the couple thousand hand-picked orcs that were on security."

"Mmmm."

Dok-gosong murmured to himself. He couldn't believe that the gems were able to control the prosperity of each race, but looking at Shrekheimer's pale face, he couldn't say otherwise.

"At that time, he was the king of Crossena kingdom. Over here, the name of the country becomes the name of the king. Therefore, no one knows his true

name. However, it is true to say that there is no one in Truvania continent that could take him on in terms sword skills. This is something that everyone knows even now.”

At the desperate moment, he took the Crossena kingdom’s elite knights and he was able to infiltrate to the heart of the orc race. He went towards the impregnable fortress that was guarded by couple thousand elite orcs. Soon a desperate fight broke out. Crossen Magus personally led the Crossena kingdom’s elite knights in the desperate struggle, and in the end, the orc’s elite troops were annihilated. Afterwards he was able to steal the well-hidden Tablet of Oath.

“This was the most important incident that decided the progress of the war.”

Under the hero of the century, Crossen Magnus, they were able to steal the orc’s Tablet of Oath. No one can deny that this caused the war, which they were losing, to be overturned. In the case where the Tablet of Oath was stolen, it meant that they couldn’t receive the protection of Belhazel. Just this one act dropped their morale to an unimaginably low level. The orcs had primitive intelligence, so it could be said that their belief in the Tablet of Oath was unconditional. The orcs warriors were very brave and cruel. However the theft of the Oath of Tablet caused them to degenerate into simple monsters. This information was spread on the battle field, and the human’s morale peaked unlike the orcs.

” Oh soldiers. Now Belhazel’s blessing is with us. This grace is something only we can enjoy. Let us dry up the seeds of the orcs who were excluded from Belhazel’s blessing.”

it was Crossen Magnus’ great achievement. Because of him, the human soldiers unlike before were able to overwhelmingly fight back against the orc race. Of course, he and his knights would always fought as the vanguard of the army. The war continued for 20 more years. After the brutal war ended, the humans were able to destroy the orc’s main forces. To survive they had to hide in the corner south of the Felucia mountain range. The humans were finally able to assimilate the land that were governed by the orcs as their new territory. After explaining everything, Shrekheimer’s showing a regretful expression.

“Therefore, the Truvania continent was able to find peace again. However that

peace did not last long. Afterwards, two calamities happened. Those events damaged the human realm and it could be said that the damage was almost fatal.”

According to Shrekheimer’s words, Truvania continent became the sole stage for the humans. To say it again, it wasn’t an exaggeration to say the victory was achieved solely by Crossen Magnus. He was a figure that was great, and he was an existence shrouded in mystery.

“It was never known where Crossen Magnus was born or where he had learned his swordsmanship. According to the people around him, the truth was revealed that he was a figure from a different dimension that had crossed over to this world through a coincidentally opened dimensional door. Except for that, nothing else is known. We had a hunch that he was from where you are from, Zhongyuan.”

Dok-gosong’s forehead started furrowing.

“So this Crossen Magnus is a warrior of Zhongyuan.”

“I believe so. The proof was the fact that there are numerous sword masters existing in the place called Zhongyuan. We were able to confirm it with our eyes.”

“What do you mean by Sword Master?”

“It refers to a martial artist who has trained for a very long time and has the ability to condense the mana onto the sword and armor. Aura Blade. To say it again, a sword imbued with mana can slice steel like daikon. The practitioner that could perform this ultimate skill are called Sword Masters.”

‘I have no idea if he is talking about Gum-gi or Gum-gang’(TLN: 검기 Gum-gi or maybe 검 = sword 기 = qi is imbuing various items with your qi, 검강 Gum-gang is a form of gum-gi that makes the qi really sharp)

Dok-gosong fell into his thoughts for moment. Soon he was interested in the hero from 50 years ago, Crossen Magnus. After hearing that he might be a gosu(TLN: expert) from Zhongyuan, he couldn’t help his curiosity that abruptly increased.



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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 12

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/06/03/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-12/>

TLN: I went over it once...punctuation is not my strong suit. :<

Dokgosong turned his curious gaze towards Shrekheimer.

“I want to know everything about him.”

“I’ll start explaining then.”

According to Shrekheimer’s explanation, the Crossen Magnus at that time was an unbeatable person with strong swordsmanship. At that time, no other Sword Masters in the Truvania could beat the Crossen Magnus, but they were able to grasp the extent of his skills.

“The people thought he was a lion sent by Belhazel-nim. They couldn’t believe that a human could have that much skill in swordsmanship.”

Of course at the beginning when Crossen Magnus arrived, he wasn’t able to communicate with the people of this place. This cultural difference bred a lot of misunderstanding. Eventually even though he possessed strong swordsmanship, he had to become a mercenary to continue on living. Moreover, his days were filled with request for duels from each country’s knights, who was looking for fame. He fought countless battles, but it was spread that he had never lost a match. It resulted in him being regarded with jealousy from each country’s knights. Isn’t there an old saying that say the outstanding person will be regarded with jealousy first rather than envy? He was a lowly mercenary with no titles, so the result couldn’t be too surprising. However, his fate changed drastically when he had a coincidental meeting.

“When he was living in the capital of the Ikarot Kingdom, the monarch of the surrounding country Crossenna was staying there. At that time, the Crossenna kingdom had been wiped out by the orc’s attack. The royal family barely escaped and with their knights, they had entrusted their bodies to the Ikarot Kingdom.

Crossena's monarch lived the life of an exile, when he coincidentally witnessed Crossen Magnus' fight."

Crossen Magnus possessed an inhuman amount of sword skills. In those days, it has been told that the Crossena's monarch was rapt by Crossen Magnus' swordsmanship.

"He is the only person who can revive our ruined country."

The Crossena's old monarch made a resolute decision to revive his kingdom that was conquered by the orcs. He transferred his seat as the kingdom's monarch alongside his beautiful daughter to Crossen Magnus. The senior statesman of the Ikarot Kingdom thought this was shocking, and they could only be very appalled by this decision. Even if he had extraordinary skill, he was just a lowly mercenary. He was given the seat as a monarch of a country alongside a queen... Even though this was a collapsed kingdom, this had never happened in history. However the Crossena's monarch didn't blink an eye and he went forth with it. The result being Crossen Magnus officially inherited the Crossena kingdom. The name Crossen was made during that time.

"I bet no one on Truvania knows the Magnus' real name."

In those days, everyone mocked the decision, but it wasn't long before it was revealed that the decision of the monarch was excellent. The true worth of Crossen Magnus was revealed when he learned the language of this place.(TLN: idk why they didn't use the translation magic...or maybe this is referring to that?) His leadership to command the knights were on par with his swordsmanship. The exiled Crossena retained about 500 knights. Of course they weren't paid properly so their morale was at their lowest. What was worse was there were some knights that ran away under the cover of darkness...

In those days, Crossen Magnus displayed his extraordinary abilities, and he immediately was able to win the hearts of the 500 knights. Then what continued was a somewhat unique training method that was passed onto the knights. He promised to fulfill the goal of rebuilding the ruined Crossena kingdom.

"On our Truvania continent, it was known at the time that the Sword Masters were an existence considered to be a gift from god. It was that difficult to become a Sword Master. Countless knights trained with their lives on the line,

but only a few were able to succeed in becoming a Sword Master. Crossen Magnus broke that stereotype.

In those days, the strongest country Ikarot had a total of 200 Sword Masters. With only their strengths, they boasted that they could sufficiently exterminate a kingdom. Using this the Ikarot Kingdom was able to be adhere to the seat of strongest kingdom for a very long time. However Crossen Magnus, a single man, was able to crumble the sturdy impregnable fortress. About half of knights who trained following Crossen Magnus' secret method rose to the level of Sword Master in 10 years.

“At that time, Ikarot and the other kingdoms were shocked at this news. Even though the knights of Crossena kingdom had a reputation for swordsmanship, it was considered a miracle that they were able to grow 250 Sword Masters in just 10 years.”

In one breath, Crossen Magnus was able to attain knights whose strength exceeded the Ikarot kingdom. Finally he was able to gather all the knights under him and he dragged them into war. The number of soldiers he had was low, but the knights he had was on a level where they could annihilate a kingdom. This was the spring when we were in midst of an all-out war against the orcs. From all over the place, the war that risked life and death broke out. In that war, Crossen Magnus' knights showed power that couldn't be demonstrated by others.

“The power of the knights that were trained by Crossen Magnus were beyond imagination. In a week, they were able to kill twenty thousand orcs and they had recovered the all the territories of the fallen kingdom of Crossena...”

Afterwards, Crossen Magnus' path in life was robust. After his skills and wartime accomplishments were spread, all the hot-blooded lads who were hiding from the orcs in the Crossena kingdom signed up for his army. However, this wasn't an isolated incident that happened in the Crossena kingdom. At the time, the defeated soldiers and knights from the numerous fallen kingdoms all came forth. They all decided to make serving Crossen Magus as their only objective. He was the only person who would be able to take revenge against the orcs, that had destroyed their family and homeland... After the previous monarch made an excellent choice, Crossenna kingdom stood above the previous strongest Ikarot kingdom as the strongest country.

“The humans were at an overwhelming disadvantage at that time. The orc race’s population were more numerous compared to the humans and after many kingdoms fell, endless humans were being killed. However even during these times, army of the Crossenna kingdom kept achieving victory against the orc race.”

However even though the Crossenna’s army was strong, they couldn’t overcome the numerical inferiority. To turn the tides of war, Crossen Magnus made a brave decision. He would mobilize his hand-picked knights and penetrate into the orc’s military headquarters. He decided to steal their Tablet of Oath.

“As I have told you earlier, Crossen Magnus’ plan succeeded in the end. As he had intended, the soaring morale of the soldiers enabled them to push overwhelmingly against the orcs unlike before. Finally in the end, they were able to be victorious in the flow of the offensive and defensive battle. However, the problem didn’t end there. As a consequence of starting a race war against Belhazel-nim’s will, the humans had to experience unthinkable great calamities. Three of them...”

“What do you mean by great calamities?”

The sun was setting, but the conversation between the two didn’t seem like it would end. It was fortunate that Shrekheimer was a high level priest since he could maintain the translation magic for a long time. (TLN: mystery solved, i thought the language spell stuck after casting it once) Dokgosong forgot about sleeping and he was immersed in Shrekheimer’s story. Although it was the history of a foreign country that was far far away, it had direct implication for him.

“Through the war of conquest, Crossen Magnus rose to become the most powerful hero. However, no one could predict that a problem would arise from this. Even though the war had ended, the disputes continued without an end in sight.”

Shrekheimer thought about what was considered the most hideous conflict in the human history. After the race war had ended, the church of Belhazel’s power was at its zenith. Therefore it was considered to be the highest crime to believe in another god other than Belhazel. If you were found out then you would have

been immediately executed without a trial. Moreover, the people who did not believe in god was also captured.

“The problem arose from Crossen Magnus being an Unbeliever, who didn’t believe in god.”

Unbelievers. They were people who didn’t believe in god and they relied on their own abilities to pave their own path in life. They denied the main god Belhazel and they used only their will to solve everything. The origin of the Unbelievers was Crossen Magnus.

“It was a tremendously stupid situation. We have to carve out our own fate. After that we have to think about the problem of finding god.”

It was an era where everyone relied on the grace of god for everything. Crossen Magnus ridiculed this. His fate did not solely exist (according to his perspective) for god, so he couldn’t understand how he could influence it. (TLN: confusing sentence/wording-in it’s original form it doesn’t really make sense... basically asking how god can influence his actions) Therefore his beliefs were soon spread between the Crossena kingdom’s knights. At that point, they believed more in their king, Crossen Magnus, than Belhazel. With his teachings, the Crossena kingdom’s knight focused on training their swordsmanship and abilities instead of piety. Through him they were able to rapidly increase their skills. Therefore they were able to win the race wars and they played a pivotal role in it.

“No we shan’t be long”

After the race war ended, Crossen Magnus developed confidence and he started revealing his beliefs without hesitation. This was the spring when a person stepped forward and openly proclaimed his disbelief on the Truvania continent.

“I do not believe in the god, Belhazel. I only believe in my ability and hard work.”

At the time, his proclamation created a great sensation. The Belhazel church and the monarchs who were devout could not accept his words and do nothing. This was when the Belhazel church was at its strongest, and it was considered the gravest crime to deny the existence of god. It couldn’t be helped, but

Crossen Magnus' proclamation necessitated a conflict between him and the Belhazel church. Dokgosong could only shake his head in dismay when he heard the situation up until then.

"I cannot understand this. They tried to oust someone who had distinguished himself in war for such a small problem..."

Shrkeheimer laughed bitterly.

"At the time, it wasn't a simple problem."

Despite admiring Crossen Magnus, he was also a devout believer in Belhazel. When he made his proclamation, he couldn't help but feel disappointed at Crossen Magnus... The biggest role in driving out Crossen Magnus was other kingdoms monarchs' jealousy.

"The monarchs during those times were extremely guarded against Crossen Magnus. In the eyes of the lowly soldiers, he was worshipped almost as a being synonymous to god. It was obvious that they would shun him."

He had incredible wartime accomplishments that could not be ignored. Also, their own soldiers were mesmerized by Crossen Magnus' achievements. Each of the monarchs had an unbelievable amount of wariness towards Crossen Magnus. If opinions were to come out that all the kingdoms on the continent should be united and Crossen Magnus should be crowned as the emperor of the united countries then they would be unable to go against that tide. The lowly soldiers already admired Crossen Magnus more than the country's monarch. When Crossen Magnus' explosive proclamation came forth, each country's monarch couldn't say their feelings but it was something that they had wanted in their hearts... (TLN: 불감청고소원(不敢請固所願) ughh another idiom-its something like you want something to happen with all your heart but you don't dare request it ex. you give someone something they wanted or someone received something they really wanted then you would use this phrase) The Belhazel church's judgment came down at last. It could be said that this judgment was strengthened by the sponsorship from each kingdoms' monarch.

"The monarch of Crossena Kingdom, Crossen, committed the grave crime of denying god. Therefore all his accomplishments will be wiped clean and he will be submitted into court."

It was a self-evident truth that if he was submitted into court then they would immediately burn him. Of course Crossen Magnus and the knights that followed him could not accept the judgment. The Crossena kingdom had acquired power that could not be ignored through the race wars. The military strength of the Crossena kingdom easily exceeded the combined might of the strongest country Ikarot. After Crossen Magnus was disobedient, each country's monarch decided to combine the military powers they possessed to confront Crossen Mangus' army. The Truvania continent eventually polarized into the extremes of believers and unbelievers.

Before a war could be initiated, it was imperative for each of them to organize the inside of their home. Therefore each monarch began a large scale cleanup before the confrontation. (TLN: the monarchs will root out the unrest in their country before going to war...)

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 13

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/06/10/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-13/>

TLN: Minor change. I'm changing Tablet of Oath to Oath Gem. Usually the word the author used to name this item is used to indicate granite/stone. Since a god gave it, I thought it was a tablet like in the 12 commandment. In the previous chapters, it was revealed to be a gem. If you cut word in half, you can kind of butcher it into the name the author used. Without context, I went with what it usually means. So I know it's abrupt change but Tablet of Oath => Oath Gem.

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It was an eradication work to get rid of all the knights under their command that would possibly sympathize with Crossen Magnus. They were all bridled with the title of Unbeliever, and they were committed for religious trial. The result was obvious since the monarchs and the religious courthouse was in the same boat.

“Proclaim the burning on the stake.”

Countless number of knights were executed through the religious trial and disappeared. The judgement from the church was extremely strict. Forgiveness was not given to the knights labelled as Unbelievers, and this included the soldiers under their command. This could only be considered a massacre, but the public killings began. This was done by their own monarch, whom they had given all their loyalties to... After the eradication work was done, they focused their blades on Crossen Magnus. The conflict between both sides got out of control as it continued. The conflict between humans was about to detonate in the spring. However at the last moment, Crossen Magnus put forth an appropriate compromise. He would have never thought that his proclamation would cause such unrest. Even in his wildest dream, Crossen Magnus didn't think this would happen.

“Alright. I'll leave if you cannot accept my beliefs. Whether you believe or not

believe in god, I intend to go a separate way to find freedom. At his place, we will protect our beliefs.”

Already the Crossena kingdom’s subjects, men and women of all ages, were ready to step forward for Crossen Magnus. Crossen Magnus was a benevolent ruler that worried about the subjects’ safety more than his body... They had become attached to their homeland where they had lived for a long time, but they didn’t hesitate to pack up their baggage to follow Crossen Magnus. The number grew so fast that it almost approached 10 percent of the entire population on the Truvania continent. Crossen Magnus drew strength from the people who had joined him, and he submitted an opinion that they should immigrate the new continent that was discovered not too long ago.

“We are going to Arcadia.”

Arcadia continent. It was a newly discovered continent that was found only 50 years ago. It was an unknown continent that was very far away from the Truvania continent. They had no idea what the weather was like, what kind of monsters lived there, what kind of crop can be grown *etc.* Every aspect of the continent was veiled. The Arcadia continent was far from Truvania continent, and it would take about 100 days on boat to get there. During the race wars, a sailor accidentally found the place, but not much information was known. It was only known that the land mass was comparable to Truvania continent... Crossen Magnus departed for the new continent with his followers to protect his beliefs.

“At the time, the Belhazel church could only accept his suggestion. It couldn’t be helped. First, the church did not have any knights that could subdue Crossen Magnus. Even if each country gathered the leaders of royal knights, they wouldn’t be able to beat Crossen Magnus. Furthermore, they had already lost many soldier while battling the orcs, and many knights were purged from the religious strife. They didn’t even dare to block him. ”

The negotiation was finally settled. Crossen Magnus hurriedly got ready to depart with the numerous people who were his followers. He wanted to raise a new country where one would be given religious freedom. Many people were mobilized to start building boats. With their ship construction techniques, it wasn’t easy to construct a boat that could sail for 100 days, but the people solely believed in the Magnus. Right after the boats were completed, the

people's bodies were loaded on board and they started sailing towards the distant Arcadia continent. To protect the people, Crossen Magnus and his knights stayed behind in place until the last moment.

"It seemed like Truvania continent finally found peace after Crossen Magnus decided to leave. However even though the seed of conflict disappeared, the problem didn't end there. The reason being most of the knights from each country who held important posts left with him."

The number of knights who followed Crossen Magnus was beyond imagination. The knights with honor was dissatisfied with the self-righteous Belhazel church. The knights that left with Crossen Magnus weren't existences that could be trained in a day or two. Shrekheimer sighed again after he recalled that process again.

"It was like carving your own flesh and eating it. Moreover, no one could have guessed that the Demon King of the Night Nidelhark would arise."

"What do you mean by Demon King of the Night."

Shrekheimer was carried away in his own story, but Dok-gosong's question woke him up. In Truvania's 1000 year history, this was the most turbulent period so he was lost in it. After looking out the window to check the time, Shrekheimer smiled at Dok-gosong.

"I'll tell you the back story tomorrow. I didn't realize this much time had passed."

"I'm ok. So please continue with the story."

Shrekheimer shook his head in denial.

"You are a patient. You need to rest in bed, so please get a good night's sleep tonight. You'll probably hear the reason why you were invited to this place."

"I want to hear about it right now."

Sadly he wasn't receptive to Dok-gosong's suggestions. The effectiveness of the translation magic that Shrekheimer used was diminished. Since the communication method was halted, Dok-gosong had no choice. The history of the Truvania continent was so entertaining that he was anxious(TLN: to hear

more about it). Still he couldn't do anything so he promised to meet again tomorrow.

"Rest well. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

Even though the meaning didn't get transferred, Dok-gosong could guess the intent. After seeing Dok-gosong nod his head, Shrekheimer turned his body without any regret. There were still endless amount of story to tell him.

Next morning. Dok-gosong woke up at the crack of dawn to listen to the unfinished story from yesterday. Shrekheimer, who saw Dok-gosong waiting for him, smiled and casted the translation magic.

"I'll explain about the second calamity that hit the human realm. The situation was as I described yesterday. It was a situation where the human's strength had been extremely reduced. Future historians recorded the battle of darkness as the great calamity of Bloody Moon. The invasion of the Army of Darkness started.

"What do you mean by Army of Darkness?"

"It was an undead army from the demon world. Their invasion started."

Unlike yesterday's story, Dok-gosong had a hard time understanding the content of the story. The subject of discussion was on something he had never seen before. As a person from Murim, he thought the undead were referring to kangshis. (TLN: Asian Zombie, pale undead who hops around which is very different from western zombies, no decay/can be controlled) He couldn't believe a mere kangshi was able to cause more chaos than the orc army. However, he decided not to be anxious and listen to Shrekheimer's explanation attentively. He was someone who could relay the situation on this continent the best. (TLN: He is skeptical b/c kangshi while it has superhuman strength, can be beaten easily by monks)

"The army of darkness was given strength by demon world's demon king Nidelhark, who was in control of death. He incarnated in a necromancer that worshipped him and he revealed himself on this land."

"Necromancer?"

"It's a term used for summoners. They are usually high level black magicians

that can attempt the art of summoning. ”

According to Shrekheimer’s words, the demon king named Nidelhard showed himself to the human realm. Then he extensively gathered the strength of darkness and tried to subjugate the Truvania continent under him. The human realm had already expended a lot of strength in the race wars and the religious disorder, but they had to fight an arduous war once again.

“Due to the war, the Truvania continent had a staggering loss of losing half the population.”

The battle with the Demon King of Darkness Nidelhark. It was brutal enough to sweep away half the population existing on the Truvania continent. Conveniently, it was a period when the humans’ strength was the weakest, and each kingdom’s defending army fell in vain. Nidelhark called in creatures from the demon world and the undead army overwhelmed the weakened human army. They were able to advance easily. The capital of kingdoms, which was soaked in history and tradition, turned into sea of fire overnight and the civilians were slaughtered everywhere. This was the point when the worst danger in the history of Truvania hit.

“We couldn’t stand by and do nothing. ”

Finally all the kingdoms in the Truvania continent merged into one. The coalition, that broke up after Crossen Magnus left, assembled again. That is how the great war that decided the fate of the humans started.

“At the time, Nidelhark was trying to obtain the human’s Oath Gem by any means. In reverse, we tried to protect it until death. There were many battles, advances and retreats achieved and the war continued for a very long time. Many heroes and warriors sprayed blood and countless number of soldiers were killed in battle. However, the combined strength of the humans were very great. At first there seemed to be no hope, but the tide of war was turning. Eventually the demon king NidelHark couldn’t help but get anxious.”

Nidelhark knew better than others that the humans were able to show this much might because of the Oath Gem in the background. So Nidelhard assembled the entire Army of Darkness to flip the tide of battle. After assembling the undead army that numbered in the hundreds of thousands, he headed

toward the Ikarot Kingdom where the Oath gem was kept. His intention was to break the morale of the humans by stealing the Oath Gem.

“Of course at the time, the coalition scraped together all their troops to protect the Oath Gem. At the plain of Ikarot, both army fought a historical battle of single round with the fate of the humans on the line. Numerous humans had to sacrifice themselves in the battle. However, the sacrifices were not in vain. Finally, we were able to break Nidelhark. Of course, it was with the blessing of Belhazel-nim.”

It was a result that one should be proud of. However, Dok-gosong could read the serious expression on Shrekhemier.

“It seems like the backdrop of the victory has some story.”

Shrekheimer formed a bitter smile as if he had hit a bull’s-eye. Somehow he wanted to hide the situation from Dok-gosong, who was a foreigner.

Ironically, Belhazel church’s congregation that numbered into the sky broke during this battle. The undead army killed every humans in the territory they had occupied to bolster their numbers. They even killed children who were still feeding from their mother’s breasts. Corpses would pick up swords to become skeletons and zombie knights then they joined forces with the undead army. It was a disaster that was hard to watch with your eyes open. This was happening in the Truvania continent. However, Belhazel did not give any help towards the humans who were in a desperate battle with the dark army. Countless believers prayed into the night wanting salvation, but god did not return any answers. Instead, countless humans sacrificed their lives to defeat the army of darkness. Countless number of nameless(TLN: it’s not that they don’t have a name, just not known) heroes and soldiers were the catalyst in the opposition and they aided in driving out the Army of Darkness. Eventually Shrekheimer decided to tell the whole truth.

“You are very perceptive. You are right. If there were no aid from the Arcadia continent, then no humans on the Truvania continent would have survived.”

Crossen Magnus and his followers left for Aracadia on a crude boat. Nobody thought they would be able to colonize. According to the sailors, that place was crawling with unimaginably ferocious monsters. However, they were able to

magnificently succeed in colonization. They drove out the monsters that continuously attacked and they succeeded in building a nation. The climate was very suitable to cultivate crops. Moreover, there were plenty rainfall so the new nation was able to build up quickly. Then one day, they received some sad news... One monarch of a fallen kingdom risked his life to cross the sea to tell them about the situation in Truvania continent.

“Currently, the Truvania continent’s fate hangs on by a thread. Please help us. Even at this moment, countless people are getting slaughtered so please...”

After hearing those words, Crossen Magnus gathered his knights at once. These were the knights that created a myth in the battle with the orcs.(TLN: sounds awkward, stories were created after their exploits against the orcs) After hearing their mother country was in a crisis and was hanging by a thread, most of the soldiers who were settling the new continent stepped forward to join the volunteer army. Even though they had been thrown away, they couldn’t look on with indifference when their mother country was about to be ruined. In an instant, a large army of 10 thousand men were assembled. Crossen left a select few to defend the settled city and he commandeered his men onto the boats. That is how the Arkadia’s volunteer army set foot on the Truvania again. This was the time when the Truvania continent was in a crisis of life and death. It was the period when the Ikarot siege was going, which was basically the final showdown. Before the Arcadia volunteer army could recuperate from the long journey, they were inserted into battle. Then the fateful Ikarot siege started.

“At the time, the Aracadia volunteer army took a lot of damage. Amongst the estimated 10 thosand men from the Arcadia volunteer army, only about half survived. The sacrifice they made was large. Even the knights of Crossena, which was mainly composed of sword masters, buried half of their numbers in battle...”

The humans were victorious in the Ikarot siege thanks to their sacrifice. They bore enmity towards those who had driven them out to turbulent new continent, but on the contrary to their feelings, the soldiers of Arcadia put their lives on the line to do them a favor.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 14

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/06/19/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-14/>

TLN: Sorry for the late release. I'm not sure if I have the time/patience to speed the translation up. Thanks for understanding. :)

—————

The reinforcement was unforeseen and after losing all the power he had commanded, Nidelhark could only flee. While grinding his teeth, he hid himself in the rugged Felucia mountain range. He promised he'll be back, but he mysteriously disappeared from that place. Then the second danger that hit the continent was overcome. It happened because of an existence that they had once expelled. However, none of the monarchs of the Truvania continent appreciated his help. Instead the monarchs wanted to preserve their seat as monarchs, so they schemed to slander Crossen Magnus. Finally it was Crossen Magnus who shuddered.

“They are rotten to the bone. I will never set foot on this place again.”

After Crossen Magnus finished with the war, he readied his boat without any regret. He wanted to go back to his new country of Arcadia where such ugly power struggles didn't exist. However, an event that no one could have predicted happened...

“The Aracadia volunteer army came on 50 boats and about 10 thousand soldiers rode on it. The survivors didn't even reach half that number. However when they left for Arcadia, the fleet embarked with 1200 boats. The number of people who rode on the boats exceeded 200,000 people.”

“Huh! How did that happen.”

“The people living on Truvania was already captivated by Crossen Magnus' beliefs. To say it again, the tyranny of the monarch and the Belhazel church was too rampant. It meant those with sense all went across to the Arcadia continent in force.”

Even though Shrekheimer was a highly level cleric of the Belhazel church, he didn't hide the embarrassing parts of the church.

" Crossen Magnus took his new followers and returned to the Arcadia continent. Their participation in the war became a taboo topic. This was done by each country's monarch. To them, the existence called Crossen Magnus had already become a hot potato. "

No matter how much they tried to suppress it, it was impossible to seal all the soldiers' mouths, who fought alongside the volunteer army from talking. Crossen Magnus had saved the Truvania continent again and his tale of heroism spread throughout the Truvania continent by word of mouth.

This caused people to think that this victory was achieved through humans' fighting spirit and the help from Arcadia. This reason caused the Belhazel church's power to drop precipitously. When the continent was faced with a disastrous threat, the god did not give any help so people openly declared that they didn't need god.

Moreover, the fact that the colonists were able to raise a great country in the new continent became known. Afterwards, many people openly spoke about Crossen Magnus' beliefs. However, the Belhazel church could no longer interfere. The situation was radically different from 30 years ago.

"Afterwards, the Belhazel church's congregation steadily decreased. Now a normal person doesn't even attempt to believe in god."

"I can see why that would happen after listening to you."

Dok-gosong had a truly favorable feelings towards the person called Crossen Magnus. As Shrekheimer said, he was a figure that could be called a hero. Also, isn't he suspected as being a person from Zhongyuan?

" It has been 20 years since the War of Darkness, so Crossen must be quite old."

" Yes. At that time, he was already gray-haired so he should be older..."

Dok-gosong watched Shrekheimer drift into thought and he secretly looked at his knitted brows.

"So you still haven't told me the reason why you have brought me here."

Shrekheimer smiled broadly.

” My story hasn’t ended yet. The true danger to the human realm happened afterwards. It was the 3rd disaster.”

Shrekheimer started explaining about the theft of the Oath Gem and his own experience. He explained how he hid after losing strength, and how the dragons stole the most important treasure of the humans. He told Dok-gosong everything. Shrekheimer couldn’t hold back his emotions and tears flowed out. To him it was a really regretful moment.

” Our Truvania continent is in midst of enduring the 3rd catastrophe. It is a fight against the orcs who have allied themselves to the dragons. Orcs and dragons. Those two are hard to handle on their own but the Oath Gem was also stolen. It is like adding insult to injury.”

The event happened exactly 10 years after the Oath Gem was stolen. As Belkis’ boastful talk predicted, the Truvania continent was once again swept up by the fires of war. Even before they could recover from the war with the Army of Darkness, the new war started. The starting point was the Kandooras kingdom, which was closest to the Felucia mountain range. Shrekheimer’s memory, which was stored in a magic gem, was transferred directly into Dok-gosong’s mind. He wanted to ask for aid by letting Dok-gosong experience the desperate situation for himself.

It was around dusk. The moonlight was barely showing in the sky, but the silhouette of the large castle was hazily reflected. The moonlight lit up the castle walls and it also revealed the rigid faces of the soldiers positioned behind the wall. No one opened their mouth so there was a stale desolate air all around. However, the scene in the castle shown under the moonlight was not as smooth as it was shown. Inside Dok-gosong’s mind, the scene was shown as if he was there himself. Even the murmurs amongst the soldiers were transmitted to Dok-gosong.

It was a battle happening in the middle of the night. Every soldier seemed to have forgotten that they were sleepy and they busied themselves while being vigilant. Torches were placed inside the castle and the night was filled with artificial light. On the castle wall’s lookout tower, several people from command were staring hard into the dark.

“Are they ready?”

“The preparation for a siege has been finished. All the soldiers are in place and ready.

“What about the archery and artillery units?”

” They are all defending their positions. The catapults and slings are also ready.”

“Mmm!”

The warrior dressed in extravagant armor let out a sigh. He seemed to doubt that the preparation was all complete. He was wearing a full body armor that water could not even slip through the crack and it was unbecoming for his age. However, the old general showed no sign of wearing down and he stood up straight while checking the fortification of the inner castle. At a glance, he was an gray-haired old man who was impressively armed. There was one old magician in a robe next to him, and several priests were also seen. The magician carefully opened his mouth.

” When will the attack start?”

” Well? The orcs have good night vision, but they have almost never battled in the night before...”

“The old general sharpened his eyes to look into the darkness across the castle wall. There was a heavy layer of darkness, and nothing could be differentiated past the castle wall. As if he was trying to calm his nervous heart, the old general gripped the long sword that was hanging from his waist.

” His name was Iramus pon Rudebeehee.”

The warrior’s name was transferred to Dok-gosong’s mind by Shrekheimer. He was the only warrior from the Kanduras kingdom that had previous experience in battling the orc army. Therefore he was recalled by royal decree from his territory, where he was retired. That is how he became a commander of the West Guard castle’s defence force.

The Kanduras Kingdom had a strong army compared to their population, and they were a pretty strong kingdom. They especially had no choice(TLN:to be strong), because they were on the border of the Felucia mountain range. The

Felucia mountain range was where most of the remnants of the orcs were hiding. The remnant of orcs had a single purpose in trying to take revenge on the humans, so they endlessly incited provocation. Therefore the residents of the Kanduras kingdom was always preparing for war, and they had experienced several dangers up until now.

However the castle had never fallen to the orcs before. First by being in many battle, the Kanduras soldiers were the equals of 100 warriors. They were very skilled. Moreover, the other kingdoms located behind the Kanduras kingdom didn't hesitate to send reinforcements so they didn't have to worry about the logistics(TLN: supply and man power). Each kingdom's monarch knew that a tooth hurts if there is no gum. Instead of their warriors sacrificing themselves, they chose to provide the funds that Kanduras kingdom needs to continue the war. The Kanduras kingdom had a total population of 30 thousand, but they had a strong army numbering in the 15 thousand. They were an abnormal kingdom. To say it again, they received benefit for fighting the war for others. Basically they were a mercenary country. However, even the Kanduras kingdom was in a life and death danger right now. General Iramus heard the news of the defeat yesterday that put the Kanduras kingdom on its head.

" How in the world did the two castles fall? In two days..."

Milton and Harmel castle. These two castles were the closest to the border of the Felucia mountain range and they were basically the Kanduras kingdom's outpost. The kingdom chose the elite of elite warriors to deploy to the castle, and they had precedents of blocking the orc race's incitement up until now. The Kanduras monarch boasted that the castles would never fall under any conditions and that wasn't too far from the truth.

After the orcs lost and hid in the Felucia mountain range, the humans naturally built fortresses on the borders and the capabilities of the kingdoms were all gathered there. At the time, the castles were the ultimate barrier of the humans. If the castle was constructed properly then it would be able to overcome a force 3 times its own size. Therefore a siege warfare was used the most against the orcs, and the human's fortification techniques increased rapidly.

Milton, Harmel and now the one guarded by marquis Iramus called Hartmoose, these 3 castles were built through this process. The greatest fortification engineers were gathered to build the castles. Each kingdom's palace magicians

put various protection magic on the castle walls so these castles wouldn't be damaged from most attacks.

Since all the kingdoms wholeheartedly sponsored the building of the castles, no matter how many times the orcs attacked, they weren't able to overcome the 3 castles. There was even a rumor saying that the spirits of the orcs who died attacking the castle for the past 50 years were endlessly haunting the place. However, the legend of the impregnable fortress was broken in two days. When the news that the orc's large army attacked in the night, the Kanduras kingdom's ministers were confident.

"The stupid orcs is coming to die again."

" Next year, it'll be a good year for the crops. The orcs' corpses will make the land fertile. "

The invading orcs were numerous, but this had happened countless times before. The ministers didn't have any worries. They believed in the myth of the three castles that had repelled countless attacks. However, their prediction was devastatingly off the mark. The Milton castle fell on eday after the declaration of war, and before the news of the defeat could reach the capital, the Harmel castle also fell. The unexpected defeat turned the Kanduras kingdom upside down. However, they didn't have time to investigate what had happened. First, they had to stop the large army of orcs that were coming like rising water. The king of the Kanduras kingdom, Bezalrios the 3rd, hurriedly called in the marquis Iramus. Amongst the warriors in the Kanduras kingdom, he was the only one with ample experience fighting against the orcs. That was how the marquis Iramus became to command the defence force of the Hartmoose castle.

" What kind of methods did those bastards use..."

General Iramus was present when the castle were constructed so he knew the state of the defence of both castles. Therefore, he couldn't understand how the two castles fell. Next to him, his lieutenant wore a worried look. As if he couldn't wait anymore, he forcefully tried to put the marquis Iramus at ease.

"Don't worry too much. Marquis-nim. Those bastards are only the savage orc race. Unless they could fight on top of a sturdy castle as a shield, they won't be able to step on the soil of the Kanduras kingdom."

The old general swiveled his gaze and glanced at his lieutenant. Suddenly a self-deprecating smile formed on his face. He went with the flow and he bluntly spoke.

“The castles that are already in their hands, Milton and Harmel, was fortified as much as this castle. However, they couldn’t even endure for one day before falling, so I cannot jump to that conclusion.”

The lieutenant made a frightened face.

“ We have to stop their invasion here at any cost. If we don’t then the Kanduras and the other kingdoms won’t be safe.”

‘Also, we have to find and bring back the Oath gem.’

Marquis Iramus could not speak that thought out loud. If this truth was spread to the common soldiers then there would be a big commotion. Of course he knew about the human’s Oath gem being stolen. Before he left, the king of Kanduras secretly called for him, and he heard it from the king’s mouth. After learning the truth, Iramus could not help, but be frightened to death.

“How, how can such an event happen...”

“Shhh, this truth must not be heard by the common soldiers. If the truth is known then akin to the orc race 50 years ago, our soldiers’ morale would bottom out. Therefore, please hide the truth and block the advance of those bastards.”

“I, I understand.”

Marquis Iramus let out a deep sigh when he thought about the conversation he had with the king before he left.

“It won’t be easy.”

Fifty years ago, he was a squire in his mid-teens during the race wars. He served under a knight of some renown, so he understood that the orc race was very adept at fighting. If the humans hadn’t stolen their Oath gem, then the race who would have been pushed to the south of the Felucia mountain range would have been the humans. He was sure of that fact, so his worry was very big.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 15

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/06/28/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-14-2/>

Right then an ear-piercing warning noise came into the marquis' ears.

"The bastards are coming!"

The marquis cleared his thought and he moved closer to the castle wall. He stared hard into the darkness.

The magicians and priest that came out for support stuck to his back, and they also watched the preparation going on for the oncoming war.

A groan came out from the marquis' mouth.

"Shit. It's enormous."

From inside the darkness, the orc army pushed forth like flood and at a glance the number was very great.

Even Marquis Iramus, who was raised on the battle field, could not fathom the size of the big army.

However, he wasn't afraid in the least. He knew that the number of soldiers was not important in capturing a castle. First, he checked the enemies siege equipments. After staring into the darkness for a while, a somewhat joyous light showed up on his face.

"At least there is some good news in this misfortune. I don't see any of their catapults...."

After briefly watching them, he couldn't tell that they were mostly orc infantry equipped with a light armors.

In front of the army, there were numerous wolf riders, but marquis Iramus was not worried about the lesser beings.

Wolf riders rode wolves to increase their mobility, and they were most definitely a dangerous existence. However, this was only when they are used on a vast plain. They were pretty much a useless existence in a siege warfare. Instead he

focused on the location of the ogres that was located at the army's rear. Their intelligence was lacking, but they possessed brutal strength. Marquis Iramus knew that they were a threat in a siege warfare.

"If they attack the castle gate then we are in trouble."

Ogres were monsters with low intelligence. In the past, they were the strongest land monster on the Arcadia continent. However, currently they were the preferred hunting quarry for the knights. The surest method to validate one's own skill was to capture an ogre.

Of course numerous knights were killed by the ogres, but on the other hand, numerous ogres were hunted down also.

On this side of the Felucia mountain range, it was almost impossible to spot an ogre. However, he could see Ogres on the outer edges of the orc army..... Marquis Iramus shook his head in dismay.

"They have a grudge against us so they must have allied themselves with the orcs."

Their movement was fairly slow, but ogres had a really tough hide. If they weren't all killed by arrows then there was a worry that even one of them could destroy the castle gate. Anyways just in terms of strength, they were very brutal. The marquis immediately ordered his lieutenant to get ready for an attack.

"If the bastards charge at us then the company of archer should pick out the ogres and pour a concentrated fire on them. Also pick out a considerable number of catapults that'll only aim at the ogres."

"Understood."

The preparation was going well since the Kandura soldiers had participated in battle for a long time. The defenders of Hartmoose were stirred up while getting ready to fight under the orders of the marquis.

"Crossbows to the correct locations!"

According to the lieutenant's orders, the crossbow men that were bound by tradition were dispatched to the castle wall. They hid their bodies behind a shield reinforced with leather, and the crossbow men took aim.

In their background, the catapults and ballistas were readied.

They were prepared to pour large boulders and catapults on the orc's troops. After the preparation was complete, the defenders of the Hartmoose castle held their breath while waiting for the orc's troops to get in range. However, something strange happened.

"Oong?" (TLN: = huh?)

A strange light started spreading across marquis Iramus' face. The orc army that charged as if they were going to immediately ram into the castle wall suddenly stopped in place. This was a strategy that was never seen until now so the defending soldiers were puzzled.

"Those bastards?"

"Why?"

Usually the orc soldiers, who were attacking the castle, would run a long distance and try to gain entry. They would use their momentum from running to place a ladder on the castle wall, and start climbing up. This was their only siege strategy since orcs didn't have any decent siege equipment. As a last minute plan, they would aim their catapult towards the inner castle. But their accuracy rate was pathetic so it wasn't a big threat.

"What are they trying to do....."

The face of marquis Iramus, who was watching the stalled orc horde, suddenly stiffened. This was after confirming that none of the stalled orc soldiers had scaling ladders. He realized something was amiss, but he had no idea what. The orcs who were in a siege warfare was not using the scaling ladders... From behind his back, he heard a sound of shock ring out.

"This, this is?"

As soon as he turned his head, a magician's ghastly pale face came into view. His face had turned white as a sheet of paper, and his body was trembling.

"What is happening."

The magician did not reply even after the marquis had asked a question. He was focused on something with a stiffened face. The marquis was curious so he followed up with another question. As if he had just recovered his wits, the

magician's terror filled eyes turned towards the marquis.

"We are in big trouble."

"Big trouble? What is happening?"

"We have to immediately evacuate all our soldier out of the castle. Right now."  
"

The marquis became spaced out after hearing the unexpected answer.

"Are you out of your mind? You want us to go outside of the castle walls in this situation...."

"However, if we don't, then we will all die en masse. Because..."

The magician could not continue talking. Before he could finish talking, a loud noise reverberated from the sky.

Ku-roo-roo-roong. (TLN: boom or rumble)

Afterwards, the magician's scream was heard.

"It's Meteor Storm(TLN: author made the meteor plural, i'll take it out). No, you can say it is Meteor swarm. Someone has cast a terrifying magic on the Hartmoose castle. Please evacuate all the soldiers. Soon the Hartmoose castle will turn into hell."

Sadly, the magician's warning was one step too late. The attack from Meteor swarm had already started.

Countless number of flaming rocks was descending on the Hartmoose castle as its target. The meteorites were focused on the soldiers, and their short-lasting screams started filling the Hartmoose castle.

"Help me. Ooh-ahhk."

"Ku-ahk." (TLN: dudes dying)

The Hartmoose castle, which had twenty thousand soldiers assembled, descended into chaos in an instant. The castle wall had all types of protection magic spread out, but there was no way it could resist the attack from the meteorites.

Ku-roo-roo-roong.

The castle wall helplessly fell, and the soldiers died en masse. After watching this, marquis Iramus started trembling all over his body. At the tail end of his eyes, tears of blood started flowing out.

“D(TLN:was about to say dragon but stopped himself), it was the Dragons. Those bastards....”

He didn't even have the chance to end his words. One meteorite hit him directly. The old warrior's body disintegrated, and it was hard to even see the shape of his body. The lieutenant barely survived, and he witnessed the old warrior die. He thought it would be impossible to resist anymore so while shedding tears, he yelled as if his throat would burst.

“Abandon the castle and escape. Afterwards, everyone retreat.”

Already the soldiers who were looking for a way to live started jumping off the high castle walls. However, there was no way for them to live.

There was a pair of eyes staring at the Hartmoose castle, which had turned into a ball of fire. It was a pale youth, who didn't even bat an eyelash at the agonizing scene. The person, who had red hair like it was burning, laughed while looking at sea of flame consume the Hartmoose castle.

” It is difficult work. It is a serious challenge to cast Meteor Swarm for four straight days.”

All the orcs that were spectating had a petrified expression after hearing his words.

What kind of castle was the burning Hartmoose castle? It was an impregnable fortress created by humans that had sophisticated understanding of siege warfare, and they had put their heart and soul into building it? Even though Hartmoose castle was taken over, in the past they weren't even able to properly capture the Milton or Harmel castle. During the past 50 years, there were countless siege warfare, but the truth was they weren't even able to destroy a single wall of the castle.

However, now they were able to destroy to castles in two days and now they were even able to demolish the Hartmoose castle... At least to the orcs, this situation was hard to believe. However this was the truth. Also, this was possible because of the great dragon that was standing next to them. That was the

reason. Belkis turned his slightly. Then he coldly yelled at the orc leaders that were standing in place mindlessly.

“What are you doing? Release your underlings so they can subdue the living remnants.”

“I, I understand.”

The orc commanders started moving hurriedly.

“All troops go into battle. Let’s subjugate the humans”

“Rider division. Stop them from escaping. Go block their flank.”

Ku-roo-roo-roo. (TLN: sound of mount(wolves) running off)

After the orders were given, the orc soldiers, who were spectators before, darted off simultaneously. They had to live in the corners of the Felucia mountain range for all these years because of the humans. Now that they had the chance for revenge, their eyes started burning with anger.

“Wah-ah! Destroy them.”

“Ku-roo-rook. Kill the humans.”

The orc army that was known to be unbeaten on the plains started charging forward. The rider division, who had high mobility, was in the front. Dust was lazily forming behind them.

“Huk.”

The survivors that had barely escaped the castle turned pale at the sight. They had mindlessly escaped the situation so there weren’t many who were equipped properly. Eventually, they didn’t even dare to fight them. They turned their body and ran.

However, the wolf riders had already blocked off their escape route. The shadow of death was slowly darkening the human soldier’s faces.

Dok-gosong, who was watching the realistic situation through the magic crystal, could feel his face stiffen. After witnessing the first defeat in the third calamity, he could feel fear rising.

Dok-gosong had many prior battle experiences, so he could tell at a glance that the humans would not easily survive this situation. He was shocked the most at

the dragon who was able to use an incredible sorcery(TLN: sool-bup) called magic. As person from Murim, this Truvania continent was full of questions.

“It is very terrifying. The orcs boasts a numerous population. Also the existence called the dragons has unimaginable destructive powers. They are in a relationship of coexistence that may mend each other’s weakness.”

“That is correct. That is why the Truvia continent is in a danger where they are hanging on by a thread. Half of the continent is already in their hands. We tried to pull together the strength of the left over kingdoms, but it was already not enough.”

Do-gosong suddenly thought about something that didn’t make sense.

“Why didn’t you request help from the Arcadia continent? The one you call Crossen Magnus should be sufficient enough to help....”

Shrekhiemer’s face was suddenly filled with anger. This pure anger was towards each kingdom’s monarchs, who made this mess by trying to preserve their seats. However no matter how shameful it was, he was still his monarch. He couldn’t bad mouth them in front of the Dok-gosong, who was a foreigner.

“Each kingdom’s monarchs objected to it. They couldn’t even allow a shadow of Crossen Magnus to show up. They argued that Crossen Magus would be advanced in age. They used that reason to squash the idea of asking for help.”

Even Dok-gosong’s temper exploded. He simply had a violent personality, and the dirty treatment shown by the each kingdom’s monarch was just the worst.

“Crossen Magnus was right, they are damn bastards.”

Shrekheimer’s eyes widened when the sudden cursing burst forward. Maybe he was mistaken, but somehow it felt like his inside was unblocked?(TLN: he felt good when mc insulted the kings) While looking around carefully, he tried to hold back Dok-gosong.

“Please don’t be like that. The monarchs were the one who took steps to bring you here.”

“Those bastards?”

“Yes. We lost our chance to ask for aid from the Arcadia at the insistence of

the monarchs. The dragons are directing the third calamity. Especially, the sea route is controlled by a silver dragon, who controls water. He wouldn't have looked kindly on us trying to get help from Arcadia. Therefore, the sea route between the two continent is currently cut off."

At those words, Dok-gosong's eyes rapidly grew large.

"Then those bastards are blocking the path between Arcadia and this place."

"Indeed. The silver dragon Chronos happens to be an absolute being that has control over water. He adjusted the tide on the sea route between Truvania and Arcadia. That resulted in whirl pools forming, and not even one boat could pass between the two continents. No matter how big the boat is, it cannot get past the whirl pool. That isn't the only problem. Accompanying the whirl pool, Chronos set up an unimaginable space distorting magic formation on top of the sea. Therefore, we aren't even able to use teleportation to cross towards Arcadia. To say it again, Truvania and Arcadia right now is perfectly separated."

The truth delivered through Shrekheimer's mouth dismayed Dok-gosong .

" It, it is unbelievable. Even though he is a dragon(TLN:용(龍)) he used the term for asian dragon-think dragon ball), he is able to wield that much power..."

Shrekheimer laughed bitterly after seeing Dok-gosong's reaction.

"Probably the dragon(TLN: asian dragon) from your world is a different existence from our continent's dragons. Dragons cannot be beaten by a single entity, and they are a species that boast as being the strongest."

"I would like to know more about the existence called dragons."

"I'll explain."

Shrekheimer didn't hesitate and he started explaining about the dragons.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 16

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/07/06/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-16/>

TLN: Unfortunately author is trying to explain techniques/terms, which complicated the translation. I will have to make some liberties with the translations, since there is no equivalent words. I'll try to explain what the terms means as best as I can.

-----

“The existence called dragon is said to be the strongest living being on the Truvania continent.  
They have an extremely long life span, and they can live up to ten thousand years.”

Dok-gosong's mouth fell open.

“Hyaa!(TLN: whoa!) Ten thousand years? They live for a very long long time.”  
(TLN: he says long twice, not a typo)

“Indeed. They have a tremendous amount of destructive power that is well matched by the dragon's enormous body. It could be said that the dragon's outer skin is harder than any metal in this world. Therefore, armor made from dragon bone is considered to be a high grade item.”

“Bone is called bone here.” (TLN: =.= author said **본**(bone) is called **뼈** – so english translation is bone is called bone...Dok-gosong is speaking so he is equating the other world's term to his world's term)

“Yes. The dragon is an existence that is made out of similar material of bones and hide. If compared to a young dragon then the hide is not that strong. However once it ages to a certain point, the entire hide turns into a substance similar to the bones. Therefore, you cannot face it with a normal method. There is only one way to pierce the hide. If isn't a sword master's aura blade then it's impossible.”

“When you say aura blade...do you mean sword energy?(TLN:검강-gum gang, i'll replace that with sword energy – in this genre, gum gang is like a formless energy that forms around a weapon)

“I do not know what your continent calls it. In this place, aura blade is when a sword master trains and imbues a sword with mana. The formless energy is increased to simultaneously protect the body of the sword, and it pierces through any material, no matter the toughness. It is the ultimate sword art. To say it again, the sword is imbued with mana and it can be made into any shape. Any technique that could do that is titled aura blade. This is the only way to pierce a dragon's skin. There are no other ways.”

“Mmm.”

Dok-gosong cleared his throat. According to his explanation, aura blade is a designation that includes both sword energy and sword spirit.

(TLN: 검기(劍氣) & 검강(劍岡)- I changed it to sword energy and sword spirit. As said before, sword energy covers the weapon and you can change the shape of it. It's more of a reinforcement. What I refer to as sword spirit is more of a sword emitting energy. *i.e.* you take a swipe, energy released from sword, hits distant target )

Of course when his body was whole, he was an expert that could raise his strong qi to the 3rd level in one breath. He was able to extend the 10 steel nails of Hojo to the length of a ladle.

(TLN: Hojo was his weapon, steel gloves with metal claw like extensions – he is saying he could imbue aura blade into the claws and form claws as long as a ladle)

However this was in the past. In his current condition, he wouldn't even dream about using the sword spirit or the sword energy. Dok-gosong could feel his sad emotions rise up so he changed the subject.

“It is very surprising that the organisms called dragons have such strong strength. Of course in Zhongyuan, we also have an existence called dragon(TLN: he used the korean term for dragon) that is comparable to the dragon(TLN: he used the western term for dragon). However in our world, it is common to call a long-lived monster serpent(TLN:이무기 E-moo-gi) a dragon. The monster

serpent has to go through many years of training before he can ascend. Occasionally one would show up in the world and make a mess. The people would call them evil dragons.(TLN:악룡(惡龍)ahk-ryong) Of course I have seen these evil dragons on few occasions, and I had even hunted them before. However, I have never seen a true dragon.”

God dragons(TLN: 신룡(神龍) shin-ryong) are what one would classify as true dragons, and no matter what happens, they do not show up in the human world. Dok-gosong was able to realize from the facts Shrekheimer was telling him that the dragons were an existence that was incomparably stronger than the evil dragons.

‘According to this man, even if it was a god dragon it would be weaker than the dragons here. Not only are there creatures called monsters here, but they also have such fearsome being in existence here...’

Dok-gosong was briefly lost in his thought, then he heard Shrekheimer continue speaking.

“Even if we were to account for everything, the real scary part about a dragon is their magic.”

“Magic?”

Dok-gosong had heard a rough explanation so he had a grasp of what this sorcery(TLN: he is referring his own world’s form of magic. It is different from western form of magic. I’ll just call it sorcery) called magic was. The black arts he had learned was mostly used to trick the eyes, and it was called the Mi-hon technique. Magic was unimaginably more outstanding compared to his sorcery. The black arts that brought him to this place was magic. Dok-gosong already had a deep curiosity about magic.

“You are saying that dragons could use as much magic as the humans?”

Shrekheimer gave a bitter smile as if the words he spoke was absurd.

“Originally, magic was the exclusive property of the dragons.”

“ .....

“In the distant past, a dragon that had befriended the humans broke several

taboos, and taught them magic. That is how the magicians originated in this land. Therefore, the originator of magic was the dragons.”

Dok-gosong was shocked.

“With the stolen magic learned from the dragon, you were able to increase your levels to a point where you were able to cross dimensions?”

“That is correct. Humans have a different advantage compared to the other races. It is the ability to pass down knowledge. The magician that learned magic long ago from the dragon was able to compile his knowledge and his enlightenment. He passed it down to his students. The students also researched the inherited knowledge and they were able to develop it further. Then they were able to pass it down to the later generations. The humans were able to make rapid progress in magic using this method. We were even able to cross dimensions. However even after taking everything into consideration, the humans are no match for the dragons. Of course, in all aspects of magic.”

“That is very surprising.”

Dok-gosong could not hide his surprise. A new world had opened to him before he had realized it. This world had a completely different history and background compared to Zhongyuan..... Shrekheimer’s face hardened when he saw Dok-gosong shake his head.

“From now on, I’ll explain the event that lead to you being invited. I believe it’ll be more helpful if you experience this for yourself through the magic stone.”

Truvania’s human magicians risen to the stage where they were able to store their memories in a magic stone. Shrekheimer used this method to show Dok-gosong the meeting that was held by the monarchs. This was the meeting where they decided they’ll invite a warrior from a different world.

If one would ask the people, which country in Truvania was worthy of being called the strongest then they would definitely pick the country of Ikarot. They had the longest history, and they were also the only country in Truvania that had a vast number of population. Also on par with their lofty reputation, the capital of the Ikarot kingdom called Feldrian was the largest city on the continent. The city housed the most people in the continent, and most of the nobles were concentrated there.

The defensive fortification of Feldrian was beyond one's imagination. It didn't fall in 1st race wars or the following war against the army of darkness. The importance of the city was unimaginable. However, the city's reputation brutally fell not too long ago when a series of event led to a theft in the center of Feldrian. A small number of the orc's special forces and a dragon infiltrated the city and stole the most important treasure of the humans. If the truth was known then the disturbance that would be caused would be beyond imagination.

Of course, this event was kept as a secret from the normal citizens. However, it was an impossible task to seal everyone's mouth from the beginning. It was spread through word of mouth that the human's Oath gem was stolen.

Bang!

"What are we suppose to do about this? Of all the things that could happen, why?"

The person who was yelling with his fist clenched was a gray-haired old man. He wore a fancy cloth trimmed with gold and he had a crown embedded with a lot of gems. One could probably guess the identity of this person.

Rosengart III.

He was the 17th Emperor of the Ikarot kingdom, and he was the most influential man who fought in front against the army of darkness. They were all kings, but they wouldn't dare to raise their heads in front of him. He was that kind of absolute being. The emperor of Ikarot was expressing his anger, which was like fire. The courtiers in front of him couldn't even breath, while casting furtive glances.

"There is no one that can take care of this matter."

Suddenly, he rose up. The end of his white beard was trembling and just by look at him, one could guess what he was feeling. He reiterated the same remark with a groan.

"Why does these events continuously happen during my ruling period?"

In the past, he was a brave general who personally led the soldiers against the army of darkness. From Rosengart III's figure, the vitality, which was seen when

he was commanding in battle, exuded out of him.

“What did I tell you? Didn’t I say we had to kill everyone who knew the secret to shut their mouths?”

“B, But.”

The middle-aged official, who just finished give a report, looked around to gauge the mood before carefully opening his mouth.

“The people who found out about the secret was mostly the holy knights from the Belhazel church. As you know, even the power of the emperor cannot interfere with the ecclesiastical authority. It was unavoidable.”

“Shut up.”

The anger of Rosengart made the middle-aged official close his mouth in fright. The emperor shook his and sighed after seeing this. Even though he angrily scolded them, Rosengart III knew that his orders were orders that couldn’t be carried out from the beginning.

“I don’t want to even see the sight of you. You are dismissed.”

The officials returned with a relieved expression after facing the wrath of the emperor. Even after they were dismissed, Rosengart III panted for a while, because he couldn’t hold back his anger.

“Those church bastards. They are useless free-loaders always asking for meals...”

At the time, there was a major conflict between the emperor and the Belhazel church. Of course if it was 50 years ago even the emperor of the Ikarot kingdom wouldn’t have dared to put those words in his mouth. However, their ecclesiastical authority was severely weakened from the long war with the army of darkness. Belhazel did not save anyone, and that was the first reason why it was weakened.

Inversely, the royal authority became uncontrollably large. The people who felt disappointed towards Belhazel instead chose the route to become loyal to the king.

Therefore, unlike the past, there weren’t many monarchs that were absolutely pious towards Belhazel. This was caused from the pride formed when they

blocked the army of darkness with their own strength, and also from the support of the citizens that refused absolute obedience towards Belhazel. Of course, Emperor Rosengart fell under that category.

“The Oath gem itself isn’t that important. However, the symbolic significance of the Oath gem is more important.”

Emperor Rosengart thought about the race wars that ended 50 years ago. It was a bleak time when they were inferior to the orc army in every aspect. The human soldiers were barely able to persevere using the castle walls. No one thought they would be able to win. However after news that the enemy’s Oath gem was stolen was spread, their attitude was markedly different from what it was up until that time. Every soldier redoubled their courage and fought against the orcs.

It was obvious from just seeing that situation. Even though the ecclesiastical authority fell to a pathetic degree, most of the populace still mentally relied on Belhazel. Only the nobles and the successful citizens were able to escape the ecclesiastical authority. Most of the normal citizens and the low ranked soldiers were still devout believers of Belhazel. Therefore, they had to recover the Oath gem by any means to escape from this crisis.

“It is in the palms of the dragons so how.....”

Rosengart IV(TLN: author shifted to IV instead of III, must be a typo) shook his head as if no answer was coming forth. Right then a hesitant voice of a servant was heard.

“His majesty emperor. The preparation for the meeting has finished. All the monarch of each kingdom is assembled in one place, and they are waiting for his majesty to come.”

After hearing those words, Rosengart IV stood shakily. He had a duty to participate in the meeting where every monarch, who were tasked to defend the fate of human kind, was assembled in one place.

The wide hall was fancily decorated and many people were assembled there. Everyone one of them were wearing a fancy garb. There were some middle-aged men present, but most of them were old men. They were the monarchs of the kingdoms scattered all over the Truvania continent. They were the best leaders

of each region, and they were assembled in one place. Until now, there had only been two meetings of this kind. It happened 50 years ago in the race wars and 10 years ago in the battle with the army of darkness. Other than that they had no reason to come to the Ikarot kingdom. However, the human realm was facing a desperate danger. Once they had pulled together each kingdom's military strength, they would be able to resist against the newly active orc race. They had decided to band together once again to fight in the battle that will decide the destiny of the humans.

“The emperor of Ikarot kingdom, Rosengart IV, has arrived.”

After the servant's words rang out signaling the entrance of the emperor, all the monarch hurried to their seats. Rosengart IV and a middle-aged man with a striking gaze entered the hall together.

“It's been awhile. Has it been 10 years?”

“Yes. It's the first time we've met since the darkness war.”

The monarch of Dispania kingdom, which was fairly close to the Ikarot kingdom, gave a polite greeting.

Rosengart IV gave an informal reply before he took his seat.

“Let us start the meeting”

Before Rosengard IV's words could end, someone came forth and opened a chart.

It was the middle aged man with a striking gaze. It was the person who came in with Rosengart IV.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP. 17

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/07/22/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-17/>

He was the newly appointed prime minister of the Ikarot kingdom. His name was Serge, and he was a person who had the wholehearted support of the emperor. He became a duke at a young age and he was an outstanding individual with a lot of ability.

After seeing him manage the affair of the Ikarot kingdom instead of the emperor, one could already guess at his ability. Duke Serge spread the chart out and he started explaining the situation.

“Every monarch here should already know that the current situation is very dire. Including the Kanduras kingdom, 10 kingdoms have already fallen by the hands of the orc’s allied forces.

Those bastards’ forces are very frightening. The siege warfare we used during the 1st race wars do not work any more. From the available information, we know that they use meteor swarm to destroy the castle then they insert their army. This is how they carried out their attack. It seems to be the doings of the dragons. It is not possible to delay their advance with siege warfare because of them.”

The monarchs’ faces turned dark after hearing the explanation. It had only been 30 years since the Bloody Moon incident, so they hadn’t expected that the human realm would face danger so soon. Looking at the current situation, we are in a more perilous danger that can’t even be compared to the other two. It is the strongest existence on the Truvania continent. Dragons, who provoke fear just from imagining them, are participating in this war. Duke Serge continued on explaining.

“We have to especially focus on the fact that there is a lot of monster in the orc’s invasion force. There are a lot of monsters including trolls and ogres. Even

the Wyverns have joined forces with them. Therefore, our army in facing an extraordinary amount of difficulty. The effectiveness of the knights against the orc bastards have strikingly declined.”

He spoke the truth. Ogres and trolls have superior statures and they could easily face off against a mounted knight. Originally, the orc race did have a cavalry. The orcs had wolf riders, whose mobility was on par with the cavalry. However, wolf riders were light armored cavalry so it was hard to expect them to handle the knights equipped with heavy armors. The castles and the knights on horses had a big role in the humans being able to last in the 1st war. However, this advantage had all but disappeared.

One shocked monarch suddenly stood up from his seat. It was the Karnatic kingdom’s monarch.

“How, how are these orcs able to rope in all these savage monsters? I am having a hard time comprehending it.”

“According to the analysis of our intelligence department, it could be surmised that it was the influence of the dragons intervening. As you probably know, doesn’t a lot of monsters take residence in the dragon’s lair? They are the guardians of the lair. Moreover, the knights’ frequent hunting in the past may also have had a role in it. Everyone should know about this. Numerous amount of monsters fled towards the Felucia mountain range to avoid being hunted. The dragons probably rounded them up to join with the orc’s forces.”

“Mmmm.”

All the monarchs maintained the silence. If you got down to it, it was their fault that the monsters were joining the orcs. The monarchs were extremely guarded against Crossen Magnus, but his influence on the Truvania continent was large. One of them was that he opened a path that increased the chance of a knight becoming a sword master. He was a mythical figure that trained 250 sword master in mere 10 years.

He spread his own systematic approach to training mana to the entire continent. Of course, it was less effective than studying under their own knights, but it still caused a huge ripple. The knights, who learned this method, redoubled their efforts to become a master. Since they had already taken up the sword, they harbored the ambition of becoming a master.

There was a line of knights who wanted to learn the training method that had originated from Crossen Magnus. Ironically, the life of the middle-sized monsters like ogres and trolls were threatened by them.

Since the dawn of time, the most effective training method was to hunt. Of course, dragon hunting was the most effective method, but the danger to their life was enormous. Therefore, the knights didn't even attempt it. (Occasionally there were over zealous knights) Instead, the knights chose to hunt the mid-sized monsters.

The knights wanted to help their training while increasing their reputation. Every knight started hunting monsters, and it caused the seed of trolls and ogres to almost dry up on the Truvania continent. The mid-sized monsters had no choice but to escaped en masse across the Felucia mountain range. For the sake of their survival, they had to go to a place where humans hadn't touched. Across the rough Felucia mountain range, the dragon lair was densely populated and there were vast forests that was sufficient enough to hide them.

The knights desire for glory caused the mass exodus of the mid-sized monsters. However, the price had returned right now as a formidable danger.

“No matter how low the intelligence of monsters is, they won't forget their animosity towards the humans. In my opinion even if the dragons didn't pressure them, they would have participated in the orc's army on their own.”

Serge had suspected this truth. However, it was too late to regret over a hundred times. The only thing they could do was to raise a fall back plan.

“We have to gather the strength of all the kingdoms to get over the danger.”

No one objected to the suggestion. They had used the same method to overcome the two previous events that threatened the existence of humans. The ability of humans being able to work together was their best attributes. If all the armies of the kingdoms existing on Truvania was assembled in one place as an allied force, then they could act synergistically.

Therefore, all the monarchs tacitly agreed with the suggestion. At that moment, someone's voice resonated in the hall.

“That is not enough. The danger that is about to unfold is unimaginably more critical. I can guarantee that it'll be hard for us to handle everything with just Truvania's powers.”

Every monarchs' gaze fell on one person. The person, who yelled out, deliberately walked to the side of Serge. A bewildered sound came out from Serge's mouth.

“High Priest Shrekheimer.”

The person who stepped forward was Shrekheimer. He was the interim High priest of the current church and at the most decisive moment, he put on the brakes.

When the Oath gem was stolen, every holy men inside the main Belhazel headquarters lost their lives. However, there was an exception and the only person to survive was Shrekheimer.

The previous High Priest Ificross was dead and he was promoted to become the church's interim high priest. He was participating in this meeting as the representative of the Belhazel church. He was the only surviving senior-level priest...

While looking at the faces of the monarchs, Shrekheimer revealed the reason why he stepped forward.

“The Truvania continent is already unimaginably weakened. It is illogical for us to block the mighty dragons and the orc's allied forces in our current situation. Moreover, did they not steal our race's treasure, the oath gem? The current danger cannot be solved by combining our strengths. If we are to overcome this threat then we need an urgent plan that is one step above our current one.”

The eyebrows of Rosengard IV, who was quietly listening, trembled. Of course, most of the monarchs thought that Shrekheimer wasn't qualified to participate in this meeting in the first place. The glory of the Belhazel church had been buried forever in the past. He was participating on a formality, but he impertinently stepped forward. Soon, his angry voice spread.

“What is more important than forming an allied force in this situation? The only plan that'll allow us to overcome this threat is to combine all our strengths. The proof is in how endured the previous two calamities.”

“The current coalition cannot be called a coalition in its truest meaning. Your Highnesses have forgotten the greatest strength that the humans have.”

“.....”

Shrekheimer spat out each word while watching the monarchs' faces gradually stiffen.

"There is only one way we, the humans, will be able to overcome this threat. We have to grasp hands with Arcadia's Crossen Magnus. Please request for help."

Suddenly the hall became silent. Crossen Magnus. It was the name of the person that each kingdom's monarch was guarded against, and he was finally mentioned. Shrekheimer's statement stirred up the kings' wrath. Rosengard IV, who couldn't hold back his anger, stood up violently.

Bang.

The majestic beard was trembling and looking at this, one could guess how angry he was. His gaze seemed like it wanted to devour Shrekheimer, but he didn't pay any attention to it.

"Please think about it. What would have happened in the previous two threats if he wasn't there. In my opinion, we definitely would not have been able to overcome a single calamity. At the very least, we cannot deny that his deeds changed the course of history. It is unthinkable to ignore him when a calamitous situation that will determine the fate of human is happening."

Emperor Rosengard could not even open his mouth because he was angry. Even after seeing this, Shrekheimer continued on speaking.

"Especially this war, we are in a situation where we do not have the Oath gem. This truth has already been spread by gossip, and everyone knows about it. In one word, this threat is not something that Truvania can overcome by itself. Therefore, your highness! Please bend your pride, and ask Arcadia for help."

After his speech ended, Shrekheimer turned his head to look at the face of the monarchs. As predicted, the faces of the monarchs were plainly displaying anger. Crossen Magnus. He was a psychological pillar for the entire population of the Truvania continent, and it could not be denied that he was the de facto hero. Unfortunately, this did not apply to each of the kingdom's monarch. He started as a lowly mercenary, but he was a self-made man who became a hero admired by the people of Truvania. However to the monarchs, he was only a dangerous figure that threatens their power. Isn't that why they had cooperated with the

Belhazel church to drive him to the Arcadia continent? Of course, Rosengart IV feeling amongst the monarchs were unrivalled.

“Shit. Why did he have to bring that bastard’s name up in this situation? Crossen. When will that bastard be satisfied blanketing the Truvania continent with his shadow?”

The race war happened 50 years ago. Rosengart IV was an energetic emperor in his late teens.

He was in middle of a war. Believing in his youthful follies and his personal knights, he ventured deep into the enemy lines and got himself in trouble. He was in a life and death situation. The personal knights, who were protecting him, was dying by the fierce attack of the orcs. The main army was far away and they didn’t dare try a rescue attempt. At that moment, Rosengart IV almost gave up on life. This was the oft heard of fierce fighting ability of the orc race. Moreover, his courage disappeared when he witnessed the cruelty of the orcs, in which they didn’t even forgive the corpses. If he was spared as a prisoner of the orc race, then he wouldn’t have hesitated in declaring a surrender. At that time, he was in such a frightened state.

At that moment, an unexpected savior arrived.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 18

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/08/20/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-18/>

He appeared like a sky god, and he broke the impenetrable encircling net of the orc race. What followed was a one-sided massacre. His talents were so fearsome that it gave one chills just by looking at him. One wouldn't hesitate to say that the knights he commanded was invincible..... His identity was Crossen Magnus.

The strongest country in Truvania was the Ikarot kingdom. The personal knights that guarded the heir to the throne was picked meticulously, and only the experts were chosen.

The personal knight troop were made out of elite troops that was comparable to the order of royal guard knights. The personal knights were hopelessly helpless against the explosive attack by the orc army. They ran about in confusion while being thrust at by spears. They couldn't even last 10 minutes. However, Crossen Magnus' knights were a different story since over half of them were sword masters. When the swords flashed, an orc would always be chopped into pieces. The knight's individual prowess was exceptional. One other difference was their disposition when entering battle. They didn't lose their cool under any circumstance and took action. Even if a comrade fell beside them, the next man would fill the position without any hesitation.

They advanced in a triangular formation with Crossen Magnus in the middle, and they were able to break the orc's encircling net in a breath. They were like a hawk's extended wing pushing against the orcs. In a breath, the orc's great army was put in disarray and the rout started.

“What, what in the world....”

Rosengart IV was rescued from the desperately dangerous situation, but he didn't have the wit to express his thanks. He witnessed the well-ordered movement of Crossen Magnus' knights as they broke the encircling net. Their movements could be almost described as artistic. Even the crown prince was

mesmerized in awe of Crossen Magnus.

However after he had returned to himself, his feelings changed immediately. Crossen Magnus' name was passed around the soldiers as if he was a legend after he jumped into the enemy line and gained accomplishments. Conversely, Rosengart IV suffered a loss of prestige when his reckless behavior resulted in him losing all of his knights.

While he was being treated in the barracks, he heard praises for Crossen Magnus until his ears hurt. It was natural that he would become jealous of someone, whom he could never measure up in skills.

Especially amongst the gossips exchanged between the soldiers, he coincidentally heard about the kingdoms in Truvania uniting, and crowning Crossen Magnus as the emperor. Afterwards, he was extremely guarded against Crossen Magnus. That was the reason why he held ill feelings towards the name Crossen. Of course, all of the other monarchs held almost identical feelings of jealousy towards him. The hostility Rosengart IV felt grew quickly.

Not long after the aged emperor died, Rosengart IV finally became the emperor of the Ikarot kingdom. After he obtained power, he carried out the plans he made in his heart. Fortunately unbeknownst to him, every other kingdom's monarch felt what Rosengart IV was feeling, so they were naturally able to organize a united front. It was a group with a united front against Crossen Magnus. The monarchs felt threatened that they would lose their monarch seat if they didn't do anything.

During this time, Crossen Magnus' explosive statement was said. (TLN: Men make their own destiny not god.) It was the incident where he revealed his disbelief of the main god Belhazel. Rosengart and the other monarchs wouldn't lose out on this golden opportunity. They sent a messenger to the Belhazel church, who was wondering how they were going to deal with this situation, their full support. In the worst case scenario, they would even start a war.

Finally, the situation came under control. The church and the monarchs pressured Crossen Magnus and his followers to cross the ocean to the Arcadia continent. Although the number of people who went across were numerous, the monarchs felt relieved that it was all over.

The population would naturally replenish with time. Emperor Rosengart and the other monarchs were satisfied with just preserving their seats. Meanwhile, this



was when the second calamity, the war with the army of darkness, happened. Once again Rosengart IV had to hear the name of Crossen Magnus. It was true that he was the main cause of victory in the battle of darkness, but Crossen was a figure that was very dangerous to him.

The monarchs' thoughts were all in agreement. According to their will, Crossen had no choice but to leave this land. They finally felt relief when the boat carrying him and his followers disappeared below the horizon. However the threat didn't end there, and the cursed name had been brought up a third time in this meeting where all the monarchs were present. For this reason, the Truvania continent's monarchs ill feelings toward the name Crossen defied imagination.

Emperor Rosengart was silent, while deep in thoughts, so Serge stepped forward instead.

He felt like he needed to salvage the situation.

"Of course, I acknowledge Crossen Magnus' achievements. However, he is old now. To say it again, he won't be able to command like he did in the past."

"Of course since time had passed, he would have lost some power. However, you should think about the knights he groomed. In the 1st race wars and the 2nd battle of darkness, the Crossena's (TLN: remember they renamed the country after him) knights were unrivalled. Even if one was to wash one's eyes, one can't find knights on the Truvania continent that rivals their might. That is the reason why we have to ask for assistance from the Arcadia continent. After we make them recover the Oath gem, the two continents has to combine strength to overcome the threat."

The hall fell into silence. Of course, the monarchs knew that was the most ideal strategy. However, they worried about the influence Crossen will have on this land again. Moreover in the background of the refusal, their pride was rustled. Rosengart IV, who kept silent for a while, finally opened his mouth.

"We won't ask for assistance."

"....."

"Truvania is the main continent and we don't need to request help from such as Arcadia. If the problem worsens then we'll discuss it again. Presently, we have

to gather all the kingdom's armies in one place, and repel the enemies' invasion."

After he finished speaking, he looked around at the other monarchs while avoiding Shrekheimer.

"Let's show those bastards the might of our army. We don't need Arcadia's help. Our soldiers are plenty strong and even if we do not have the Oath gem, we can win."

"You are right."

"We agree with your highness' proposal."

The monarchs, who were silently agreeing with the emperor's will, uniformly stepped forward in agreement. They agreed without any doubt that they could go ahead with the war without the help of the Arcadia continent. They ridiculed the amazed Shrekhemier.

"So what happened?"

Shrekehimer looked at Dok-gosong's face with sorrow.

"It resulted in them losing miserably in all fronts. Especially at the great battle that developed on the Plains of Tranbore, we lost a staggering 10 thousand troops. Half of Truvania continent fell into those bastards' hands as a result. Half of the monarchs who attended the previous meeting lost their lives in this battle."

'It's was an inevitable result.'

Dok-gosong smiled bitterly while shaking his head in dismay. Didn't he body already experience the futility of power? To maintain their so-called power,

"They had no choice, but to open another meeting. This time the monarchs were unable to oppose asking for assistance from Arcadia. The decision was made and the delegation was created. However, in the end, we weren't able to ask for assistance. No. We couldn't even attempt it."

"....."

"The route between the two continents were perfectly sealed off. The silver dragon Chronos was an ultimate being in charge of water. He had us strictly

quarantined so we weren't able to use magic to teleport between the continents. The monarchs' decision was made too late. We had no way to contact the Arcadia continent."

One could hear the disappointment in Shrekheimer's voice towards the monarchs, who failed to assess the situation on time. Eventually the monarchs held a final meeting to decide the fate of the humans.

All the faces of the monarchs, who were sitting in the wide hall, was hardened. They had lost so bad that it was almost comical. Most of them were seriously worried that they had made the wrong decision. It was evident that if they had allied themselves with Arcadia then they wouldn't have lost to this extent. However no matter how fast the regret was felt, it was already too late. They had to take responsibility for their authority, and the fate of the people, which was hanging on by a thread.

Unlike the monarchs, who held grief-stricken gaze, Rosengart IV had a blank expression. One could say that it was a face that didn't regret his decision no matter what. As if he was trying to dispel the awkward atmosphere, Serge's clear voice rang out.

"Let us start the conference."

His voice was very bright as if he was expecting something. He looked around at the various monarch's face, while putting away the opened charts.

"Every monarch here already knows the situation, so I won't give any explanation. Also, the request for help we sent to Arcadia continent was all for naught. However, we were fortunate enough to find out one fact."

All the monarch's gaze fell on Serge, who ended his words on a trailing note. Serge started explaining after he gulped once.

"As you already know, the Arcadia continent and our continent is almost perfectly sealed off from each other. The silver dragon Chronos installed whirlpools in various places making it impossible for even a large boat to cross, and the large-scale magical field prevents any teleportation. We are cut off. However, that isn't the only place we can ask for help."

"Aren't humans only located in our Truvania continent and Arcadia continent?"

“To the best of our knowledge, that is true. However, it is possible to find places with humans. For instance, there are other dimensions. Those places definitely has humans.”

A light of expectation started appearing on the monarch’s faces. Serge continued talking, while feeling their gaze.

“Originally the person we are trying to get help from, Crossen Magnus, is a figure from a different dimension. Your Highnesses should know that he isn’t from here. Moreover according to the people who spoke to him, he told them that he wasn’t even considered the strongest expert in the continent he lived on. This is a fact that was revealed directly by him.”

“T, then.”

The monarchs’ eyes narrowed as they understood the intent of Serge’s speech. Serge shook his head in assent as if to say they were right.

“It is so. Our backup plan is to find someone from his dimension. Then we have to invite the top expert using every possible method. If we succeed in this plan then we might be able to overcome this dangerous situation. If one looks at Crossen Magnus’ skill, the strongest expert should have an unimaginably strong swordsmanship. Our hope is for this person to infiltrate the orcs and recover the Oath gem. If he succeeds then our soldiers’ morale will burst through the heavens. If that happens then it might not be impossible for us to overcome this crisis.”

“However, it isn’t easy to move to a different dimension and no one have ever succeeded in doing it.”

The monarch of Turbia spoke as if the suggestion was too ludicrous. Serge smiled and he replied back while laughing.

“Have you ever heard of the name Acrofont?”

Sever monarch nodded their heads in assent as if to say they knew him. He was Ikarot’s previous palace archmage.

Acrofont von Nesbald. He was an expert in teleportation magic, and he suddenly disappeared one day. He was a figure shrouded in mystery that attracted the curiosity of the public. Most importantly he was the only magician to reach the

level of 8th circle in the entire Truvania continent. However, no one knew why Serge brought up Acrofont in this discussion.

“For a long time, his disappearance was left as a mystery. His corpse was never found. Coincidentally, we found his research facility in a dungeon located underground. Moreover, we were able to find data that is applicable to our situation.”

“What is it?”

“It was Acrofont’s book that contained the vast research result on moving through dimensions. According to the book, he was responsible for his own disappearance. He moved to a different dimension using dimensional shift.”

“Then he succeeded in the dimensional shift?”

All the monarchs that were listening were amazed. It was news to them that dimensional shifts had succeeded.

Dimensional shift. One could move around in the third dimension, and an advance form of the magic allows one to move in the 4th dimension. However, dimensional shifts are a very difficult magic to use. Until now, there has been no news regarding anyone succeeding in using the dimensional shift.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 19

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Usually the teleportation magic consumes a staggering amount of mana. A normal magician wouldn't even dare to attempt it.

However, the amount of mana needed to cast dimensional shift could not even be compared to teleportation magic. Therefore even the archmages, who proclaim that they had overcome the limit of magic, shake their head in advance when they are asked about dimensional shift. This very same dimensional shift was succeeded by Acrofont.....

“According to his logic, dimensional shift can sufficiently overcome space. In other words, one could go to a chosen destination and come back from there. However, there is an essential requisite element. One needs a source that'll provide vast amount of mana. According to Acrofont's notes, the mana needed to return from the other dimension is 10 times the amount needed to get there. Our Research Bureau suspects that he wasn't able to come back, because he lacked mana.”

“Isn't there an infinite amount of dimensions? Isn't the probability of him moving to the place Crossen Magnus lived very low?”

Serge smiled as if to say not to worry.

“Acrofont had already finished the research dealing with this subject. If you follow his work on dimensional shift, one just needs an item that originated from that dimension to move there.

To say it again, we just need to obtain a personal item that belonged to Crossen Magnus then this problem may work out. We have already secretly solved this problem.”

After Serge finished speaking, he clapped his hands. One knight stepped

forward and put down a box. As soon as the lid of the box was opened, the monarch's gazes were focused on the box's interior.

"This is Crossen Mangus' person effects. He brought these from the dimension he lived in. Our Intelligence department had to suffer a lot to acquire this. However, the problem doesn't end there. "

After ordering the knight to shut the lid of the box, Serge turned around.

"If we are to succeed in the dimensional shift then we need numerous high tier magician over the 6th circle and a dragon heart. The dragon heart is the only item that can supply the mana needed for the dimensional shift."

After hearing his words, all the monarch's faces turned stiff. Dragon heart. Literally, the dragon heart is an item that contains an unfathomable amount of mana. It was a brilliant gem of five cardinal colors, and it was priceless.

It was a great reagent in magic training, and its value exceeded that of diamonds. It stands to follow that no matter if you were a monarch of a developed country one would only have one, because it was rare. It was something that a less developed small countries would never get a chance to even view.....

Each kingdom, who had a dragon heart, kept it as a tight secret.

However, every monarch here knew that one of the kingdom's monarch that was present here had multiple dragon hearts.

"Then, then(TLN:he stutters and repeats it twice) You want us to hand over all our dragon hearts?"

After all the monarch's gazes were fixed on him, the targeted monarch opened his mouth with a stutter. It was the monarch of the wealthy mercantile nation of Tranbell. He was fanatical in his love for gems, and it was rumored that his collection of gems would be enough to buy a nation. The incredible amount of tax that was collected by the wealthy Tranbell was used to support his hobby. It was a forgone conclusion that he would want a dragon heart. Occasionally, very occasionally, if he heard a rumor about a baby dragon being hunted down then he didn't hesitate to use his gold to acquire the dragon heart.

This resulted in the monarch of Tranbell acquiring several dragon hearts. If it

ended there then it wouldn't have been a problem, but the monarch of Tranbell was a strong exhibitionist.

Normally every chance he had, he would boast to the other monarchs about the dragon hearts. Now it was the source of his trouble. (TLN: came back to bite him in the ass)

“How, however.” (TLN: another stutter)

He gave various excuses as to not give up the dragon hearts. This caused Rosengart IV's eyes to suddenly turn cold.

“If we don't overcome the current crisis then Tranbell's wealth will cease to exist. If all the human countries fall then do you think a dragon heart will retain its value as a treasure? I will turn over the dragon heart I have without holding anything back. If I think of it as the fate of humans being on the line, then I would give up even more valuable treasures.”

Each kingdom's monarchs were speechless, so they kept silent. Acquiring dragon hearts were a problem, but it wasn't an easy task to acquire mages over the 6th circle.

If one was at the 6th circle, then the person would be an expert that would be able to become a palace magician in any kingdom. Therefore the monarchs were a bit hesitant to offer them up. However, the immediate reality was too urgent so eventually the Tranbell's monarch, while crying, gave up the dragon hearts. The plan to invite a person from a different dimension to overcome the crisis was formed.

Shrekheimer did not oppose the plan, but he offered up a suggestion.

“I would like to be included in one of the delegations.”

The monarchs assented to the suggestion without complaining. If one was to consider the holy magic he wielded, Shrekeimer was at the very least better than a 6th circle magician. They were quick to make a decision since losing even one magician was a loss.

Afterwards, Serge explained the last problem.

“Acrofont's method of dimensional shift has a problem where time isn't applicable. To say it again, we are able to pinpoint the location in space, but we can only rely on luck to arrive at the right time period. If we are lucky then we



will arrive at the time period where Crossen Magnus existed. We will try to rope in the top expert from the time period he lived in. However, we have to prepare for failure. To say it again, we have to make at most 5 parties to send as a delegation.”

They had a total of 5 personal effect that belonged to Crossen Magnus. Each magicians selected by the kingdoms were formed into 5 parties, and each were given a dragon heart. The decision to travel to a different dimension was made.

“Please pick your magicians with haste. We have to pass down the dimensional shift magic so it would be best if you could hurry it up. Also I will send my special personal knights with Tranbel and Estell. So please let them hold on to the dragon hearts you possess.”

“I, I understand.”

After Rosengart IV finished speaking, he took a peek at Shrekheimer.

“We’ll put you, Archbishop, with our Ikarot kingdom’s palace magician Benitez. So please carry out the mission without any errors.”

“I understand.”

The gathering of monarchs ended this way. Each monarchs stood up to prepare their chosen magicians, and treasures.

After Shrekheimer explained all the procedures, he gave Dokgosong a melancholy gaze.

“These were the events that led us to traveling to Zhongyuan.”

“So that is what happened.”

Dokgosong gave out a long sigh after finishing his words. At that moment, Dokgosong finally understood the whole situation. Their attempts were completely irreproachable.

They went to a different dimension and they were going to ask for help from the strongest human.

However, at the end, they picked the wrong person so they make an enormous mistake.

Dokgosong wanted to help them, but he didn’t have enough power. Currently,

he was just a middle-aged man without any strength. He erased the sad thoughts, and he bluntly spat out the next words.

“Why did you decide to bring me to this place?”

“That is.”

Shrekheimer gave a detailed account of what happened after he arrived at Zhongyuan.

“The dimensional shift happened in an instant. A mysterious light surrounded us and at the same time, we were instantly transported to another place. In preparation for the teleportation, we had prepared a spell called Aviation, but it wasn’t necessary. Unlike teleportation, the dimensional shift was exact in swapping the space above the magic formation with the other dimension. After the instantaneous swap, the delegation was somewhat surprised, but everyone was fine.”

Shrekheimer continued speaking while watching Dokgosong.

“As soon as we arrived, we broadly scanned the distribution of mana. We did it to find a strong expert. As a result, we were able to find a location that had a surprising number of masters. It was too easy. We thought we were blessed by Belhazel-nim, so we held no suspicion. We were beside ourselves with joy so we headed toward that location.”

The people, who found Shrekheimer, at that time was the Sa-hwang sect’s hunting party.

This was when Sa-joonhwan mobilized most of the experts to track down Dokgosong, who had escaped from the headquarters.

After hearing the description of the warriors’ attire, Dokgosong was able to deduce that they were the Bae-sect’s hunting party.

“We were very surprised at that time. We had never seen that many masters before.”

“Then you are able to sense experts from a long distance.”

“That is correct. The magic we use is called Seek Mana Force. It can sense the quantity of mana in a master’s body so it wasn’t too hard to find them.”

However, our task did not proceed as planned. After finding them, Shrekheimer sent five magicians to initiate a conversation. The magician unraveled their concealment magic and approached them. Of course the opposing warriors were very guarded. The magicians casted a translation magic so they would be able to communicate. However, that was their critical mistake.....

“When the magicians started casting magic, the opposing warrior’s faces became rough. Before we could even finish our spell, they attacked us first. Surprisingly, they threw short swords and daggers from distance, and two magicians were killed on the spot.”

Dokgosong thought internally.

‘They threw hidden weapons. If you look at it from the Bae-sect warriors’ perspective, it would be a critical mistake to let your opponent finish a spell.’

“One surprised magician spread a shield, but the power of the dagger was overpowering. The thrown dagger easily pierced through the shield and it gave the magician a fatal wound. The remaining two magicians were able to cast concealment magic, and fortunately, they were fine.

When they approached the fallen magician, we still hadn’t thrown away our hope to communicate with them. However, we were fundamentally mistaken.

Shrekhemier’s voice was filled with some form of regret.

“They seemed to ask the magician a question, but he probably couldn’t have answered back. The translation magic takes a while to cast, and he had sustained a major injury. They couldn’t understand each other but they....”

Shrekheimer momentarily paused at that part.

“The magician’s head was ruthlessly cut off. There wasn’t any hesitation.”

“It’s possible. Those bastards are capable of doing something like that.”

Shrekheimer’s eyes became round.

“Really? Then you know who those people were?”

“Yes. Originally, they were my underlings.... That bastard Sa-joonhwan instigated a rebellion and took over my seat. If that wasn’t enough, he

persistently hunted me down to kill me.”

Shrekheimer finally found out why Dokgosong was chased endlessly. However, there were parts he couldn’t understand....

“Then...then your und...underling rebelled against you? They wanted to usurp your position?”

“Yes. That bastard was despicable enough to turn many underlings against me. It was something I couldn’t have imagined, so I lost badly.”

“Oh. God.”

Shrekheimer forgot what to say. He was a figure from Truvania that had his mind filled with chivalry. Therefore, he couldn’t understand the concept of stealing a monarch’s seat through rebellion. Even though he had engaged in each monarch’s affairs, he didn’t even dare think about rebelling against them. In this place, loyalty to the monarch was seen as a virtue.

“How can that happen..... I’m having a hard time believing it.”

“It’s not surprising. Strength is the law in the world I lived in.....”

“Th..then these kind of event happens regularly?”

“Yes. Countless amount of times.....”

Shrekheimer kept silent for a while. If one looked at it from another view, he might have made a mistake in picking him. The existence of someone with this kind of ideology was a very huge risk.....

However, Shrekhimer had no choice after he thought about the dangerous situation the Truvania continent was in.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 20

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Right now Shrekheimer needed his unconditional support, so he resolutely stared at Dok-gosong's face.

"Hero-nim."

"I am not a hero. You can call me Ma-in.(TLN: 魔人, Majin or demon. Usually a label that is given to evil experts/experts that practice nefarious arts that kind of went over the edge)

I think that name is more suitable for me....."

Shrekheimer jumped in surprise.

"Your, your name is Demon?"

"No, it isn't. To be correct, my name is Dok-gosong. Dok-go(獨孤) Song(成).

Truvania's translation magic allowed them to perfectly overcome the discrepancy between the two languages. Therefore, the exact meaning of Dok-gosong's words were transferred to Shrekheimer. The ideogram of Han-ja's(TLN: korean name for chinese characters) underlying meaning was also delivered.

"Alone(獨) solitary(孤) to accomplish(成). It's a strange name. If you are going to stay here then I will make up a name that befits this place."

For a moment, Shrekheimer was lost in thought, but soon he was able to come up with a first and last name.

"Solo. What do you think about that? It is the most akin to the name Dok-go(獨孤). Also I don't think you could use the name demon here. Instead how about Damon....."

Dok-gosong didn't really care.

"I have no problem with it. If it's easier to call me that then do so."

Damon Solo. This was how Dok-gosong's name in Truvania was made.

"Then Damon. Do you understand why we had to invite you here?"

"I understand."

"Then you will most definitely help us out."

Shrekheimer looked at Dok-gosong with eyes filled with anticipation. For a moment, Dok-gosong made a conflicted expression, but he silently shook his head.

"Sadly, I won't be able to help out."

Shrekheimer's gaze suddenly shook. His expression was of absolute disbelief.

"W, why..... You heard about the plight of our continent? Even if this is a different world, we are all humans."

"Of course, my heart strongly wishes to help. Sadly, I won't be able to help. In the end, you guys chose the wrong person. The reason being..."

Without realizing it, Dok-gosong's voice was soaked in sorrow.

"I have already lost all my power. To say it again, I'm no different from a normal person. Moreover, I've become a cripple that can't even use a sword properly."

Of course, Shrekheimer had a hard time understanding the situation.

"What, what are you talking about?"

Dok-gosong's complexion hardened, and he started explaining the reason.

"I don't know how the warriors in this place trains, but in the world I lived in, we learn to train our Nae-ga-qigong.(TLN: using qi to reinforce physical attributes) To learn this, the most important part of the body is an organ called dantian. You have to have this to be able to use gum-gahng and gum-qi.(TLN: Sword techniques gum==sword) In this world's term, it is when one initiates the aura blade. However, I have lost this. In the desperate battle, while escaping, I lost all my body's inner-qi or in your terms I lost all my mana. Do you understand now? Even if I wanted to help, I wouldn't be able to....."

Shrekheimer's complexion was stiff with shock. While watching this, Dok-

gosong talked bluntly.

“I remember hearing that you have a method to detect a master. If you use that method then you will easily be able to see the state of my body. Please cast it once. You will be able to confirm that I am telling the truth....”

After observing Dok-gosong’s face for a moment, Shrekheimer immediately went into casting. He initiated the Seek Mana Force to observe Dok-gosong’s state. It didn’t take long to finish the search.

“How, how can this be....”

Shrekheimer’s mouth dropped open. Dok-gosong’s words was absolutely true. The mana in his body was less than a normal person. To say it again, they hadn’t invited a master, but someone who was even worse than a normal soldier. All of a sudden, he felt despair spread all over his entire body. A sound of despair leaked out of his lips.

“We succeeded in dimensional shift after experiencing hardship...”

“I really regret that I am unable to be of any help.”

After Dok-gosong finished speaking, he turned his body away while in the lotus position. He didn’t want to show the tears in his eyes, and moreover he was too embarrassed to look at him. Of course it wasn’t his fault. Still it made his chest hurt when he let down Shrekheimer’s expectation of him. Shrekheimer, who was behind his back, kept silent for a while. Not long after, he heard a tight voice.

“First I have to report this to monarch Rosengart. Then....”

As if he was mourning by himself, Shrekheimer’s voice was moist.

“I would like to thank you for taking interest in my story. Since I have failed the mission, I won’t be able to see you, Damon. I have to go....”

Dok-gosong felt Shrekheimer turn around behind his back. However, Dok-gosong never turned his body around. Even after Shrekheimer left the room, he stayed in place, while not moving his body.

Afterwards, Dok-goson wasn’t able to see Shrekheimer for a while. His days continued on without seeing anyone except one female maid that was attending him. That woman was extremely afraid of him. She would bring in dishes while

trembling and she left while avoiding him. He didn't even have the chance to ask her anything.

“Damn. Am I a human eating ghost?”

Dok-gosong failed to realize that the only person able to converse with him was limited to a magician who could cast the translation magic. This kind of tranquil days continued for a day or two. Before he knew it, he had visitors.

Dul-kuk.(TLN:sound of door opening)

Dok-gosong turned his head in reflex when he heard the door open. There were couple ethnic people, who wore fancy clothes, standing in the wide open doorway. Among them, one middle-age man came into focus in Dok-gosong's eyes. He was a middle-aged man with a majestic beard and blue eyes. His head turned in puzzlement.

“I'm pretty sure I've seen that face somewhere?”

He was magician Benitez, who had rescued him from the cliff. Dok-gosong didn't recognize him, so he could only tilt his head in puzzlement.

The ethnic(TLN:ethnically diverse, basically different hair color/eyes) people started talking to each other after staring at Dok-gosong's face.

They didn't have any reason to cast the translation magic so of course Dok-gosong did not understand their conversations. However, Dok-gosong was able to discern a familiar reaction from them when they started stealing glances at his figure. Their scornful gaze held an extreme amount of disdain.

“These bastards?”

Even though he was infuriated, he could do nothing. While he was looking at them, the foreigners'(TLN: is foreigners better than ethnic people?) conversations continued.

“Is this the person?”

Benitez shook his head in assent.

“Yes. At the time, I was barely able to rescue him falling off the cliff.”

Once again Serge grimaced, while gazing at Dok-gosong.

“He really looks hideous.(TLN: remember he is disfigured) I'm terrified that I



might see him in my dreams again. You are saying this person is very strong?”

Benitez didn't hesitate to nod his head.

“Yes. By our count, his hands were responsible for killing over 50 sword masters. At the time, we even thought that he was a reincarnation of a god of war. ”

At these words, Duke Serge felt a great amount of shock.

“That story doesn't make any sense. How can a single person kill 50 sword masters....”

“It is the truth. All the sword masters were using aura blade, which we could identify at a glance. However, that person was a cut above the others. The claw(TLN: direct translation is finger nail – like vega from street fighter but with 5 blades) like object that was equipped by him was entirely surrounded by aura blade.”

“Hmmm.”

Serge nodded his head, while his chin rested on his hand. No matter how he looked at the other person, he couldn't feel any strength. He merely looked like a hideous and undersized(TLN: dwarf, he has a hunchback so he is short) foreigner. However, he had no choice, but to believe. Benitez was someone who had difficulty lying. Hee had a very open and direct personality. He knew this very well. Serge tilted his head, while being momentarily immersed in his thoughts.

“Then why did the high priest suddenly say he lost his power?”

“He is probably telling the truth. As soon as we arrived here, I checked the amount of mana this man has. It was concluded that what high priest Shrekheimer said was the truth. This person has less mana than a normal person.”

“Ho oh. What is the cause?”

Benitez made a tortured expression.

“I don't know why. Maybe it is because he changed dimension.....”

Serge stopped speaking after shaking his head.

“That makes no sense. If he can’t use his power because he is in a different dimension then how can you explain Crossen Magnus? I think he is lying to us.”

“What? You think he is lying to us?”

“That’s right. He came here at the end of a bumpy ride, so he probably doesn’t want to help us without any compensation.”

“That, that can’t be?”

Serge spoke as if he was confirming his rant, while observing Dok-gosong’s face.

“His body has recovered no matter how severe his wounds were. I have never heard of a wound causing a sword master’s mana to disappear. Surely, we are using the wrong method to deal with him. I am talking about high priest Shrekheimer’s method. Look here, Benitez.”

“Yes.”

“Please cast the translation magic. I would like to have a conversation....”

“Do you understand my words?”

Amongst the group of talking men, Dok-gosong was able to understand the voice of one person and his eyes widened. He didn’t realize he would be so happy to have a conversation no matter who it was.

“I am listening.”

“I’ll formally introduce myself. I am the prime minister of the Ikarot kingdom, Serge von Nerman. It is nice to meet you.”

“The feeling is mutual.”

Unlike the conversations with Shrekheimer, the conversation between the two was very dry. It may be because Damon learned about the monarchs’ situation through history, but a big contributing factor was that Serge’s personality was very linear. (TLN: I know it’s a bit awkward Q\_Q Damon learning situation through story + Serge straight personality == boring/dry conversation) “You probably heard from high priest Shrekheimer that this continent is in an extremely precarious state.”

“Of course I know it since I have heard about it.”

“Then the conversation should be easy.”

Serge looked straight into Dok-gosong’s eyes.

“How much will it take?”

“.....”

“For you to help us, tell me how much we have to compensate you.”

Dok-gosong’s face gradually started to stiffen.

“As a compensation for me to help you, you are going to give me money?”

“That is correct. Since we are in a war, we cannot guarantee too much money. At the very least, we would consider giving you enough riches that you could be well off living in this place. Ah. If you want, we could acquire any number of women. It will be according to your wish.”

A smile started spreading across Serge’s face. He didn’t care how much the foreigner wanted. The probability of him returning alive was very low after he was dispatched....

Even if he could finish the mission unscathed, it was all the same. By looking at the precedent Crossen Magnus set, the mere existence of a person from a different dimension was a huge risk. Once the oath gem is in our hands, it would mark the end of his life.

Of course he won’t be disposed in a frontal attack. We would use poison or other methods.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 21

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TLN: I'm slowly working on Elqueeness. I'm not sure when the next part of the chapter will be done. I haven't worked on it much. Thanks for understanding

—————

While waiting for an answer, Serge thoroughly looked over the other's face. His face wrinkled automatically.

'His appearance is really hideous. It's hard to think of him as a person with that countenance....

It's a problem. If I have to acquire a woman for him then I have no choice but to look around the slave market.'

His thought was broken by the other's cold answer.

"You are worse in every aspect to Shrekheimer from before."

Serge's eyes widened rapidly.

"What, what did you say?"

Dok-gosong's voice was very stern.

"At least Shrekheimer allowed a person to move around according to their own will. He is different from you, who only evaluate a person based on finance. I only have one answer. My body does not have any ability left to help you. Even if I did have it, I would refuse. I don't like the look of your mug(TLN: face) so I won't help you."

Serge's mind went blank after hearing the unexpected insults. He was someone who had fulfilled the role of prime minister of Ikarot kingdom until now, so would he ever had the chance to hear such a harsh abuse before?(TLN: I know its awkward but it was phrased in a question – basically he's never been insulted this way before because of his station in life) Profanity came out again

from the opponent's mouth.

"Now I understand how this place came to be this way after seeing the country's prime minister. Stupid bastards. If you have the time then cross over to Arcadia with your life on the line. Then kneel and beg at the foot of Crossen Magnus. Ask him to save your country's people."

"What did you say?"

"Why? Are you getting angry from my words?"

Dok-goson continued to taunt Serge, whose face turned alternately pale and red from anger.

Benitez couldn't watch it anymore so he wrapped up the situation.

"Sleep."

The sleeping magic casted by Benitez caused Dok-gosong to fall upon the top of the bed asleep.

"This bastard?"

Benitez tried to soothe Serge, who was quivering in anger.

"Be patient. As I see it, he purposely tried to scorn you, Duke."

"On purpose?"

"Yes. This person was surrounded by countless warriors before we rescued him. At that point, he didn't hesitate to choose his own fate."

"What did he do?"

"He immediately jumped off the cliff. To say it again, his spirit doesn't easily crumble. If you take that into account then he purposely made you, Duke, angry to achieve his goal." (TLN:Not sure what he means. Dok-gosong tried to dictate his terms by making him angry? Feels like they keep overestimating him.)

"Hmm! I guess that could happen."

Serge was barely able to cool his anger. However, it looked like his anger hadn't fully dissolved. He looked sharply at the sleeping Dok-gosong.

"Let's test this bastard."

“Huh? What are you saying?”

Serge glared at Dok-gosong’s face, while smiling a terrible smile.

“Put him in the sturdiest underground prison. Then put a captured orc or troll in with him. It has to be alive and fully equipped. If it fits the occasion, it could also be an ogre. If he doesn’t want to die then he would have to show his skills. We will find out if the bastard is hiding his skill or not.”

After looking at the fallen Dok-gosong once again, the smile on Serge’s face deepened.

“Even if he was telling the truth, it doesn’t matter. The monsters will settle the affair.....”

Dok-gosong continued sleeping without realizing his fate was already chosen. His consciousness fell towards the past towards the incomprehensibly far Zhongyuan.

(TLN: Another Flashback weeeeeeee)

Deng. Deng. Deng.

In the quiet mountain temple, the bell signalling the evening Buddhist service rang out.

The monks busily filed into the main temple, and they increased their foot speed to prepare the incense.

The engravings that were line up endlessly revealed that the temple had a long history and it gave off a feeling of antiquity.

This would still be true even if one didn’t find out that this was the famous Seung Sahn Shaolin Monastery.

After the monks headed into the main temple to burn incense, the temple fell silent again.

However, in the back garden of the temple, an event that should never have happened was happening on the small field of grass.....

At a glance, one could tell that it was the sound of fists hitting each other.

A half a dozen figures were having a group fight.

Of course it was unimaginable for a group fight to happen at the temple.

However, the problem was the group fight was held by youths that were barely over 10 year old.....

Moreover, the group fight that was happening was a majority striking their fists against one. The 5 youths surrounded one youth, and they were ruthlessly attacking as a mob.

Puk Puk. (TLN: sound of fist hitting *i.e.* pow/bam)

Even though the youth was being hit by numerous fists and kicks, he wasn't dejected. His eyes were emitting poisonous energy, and he seemed to be waiting for a certain opportunity. He was doing this while continuously taking on the punches and kicks.

If one looked at the youth closely then his appearance was uncommon. He had slitted eyes, and his nose was a curved beak that shouldn't belong on a youth. Moreover, the youth was a hunchback, whose back couldn't straighten. He was still young so it wasn't that noticeable, but when he grew up his back would rise harshly. Luckily, his body fell in front of one youth.

Dul-kuk. (TLN: sound of his mouth shutting from the punch)

The hunchback youth was hit directly on the jaw, and it caused him to fall over. That youth gave a smile of satisfaction, and he raised his leg to kick. At that moment, a desperate warning rang out.

"Be careful. You might get bitten by that bastard....."

The youth that was about to kick the hunchback youth flinched before retreating. However, his reaction was slow by a hair's breadth.

"Ahhk."

The youth that was about to retreat gave out a despairing scream. The fallen hunchback youth rushed towards the youth and bit his shin. He must have bitten really hard since blood started dripping out of his mouth. The youths ran in to try to open the hunchback youth's mouth.

"This, what a brute."

The youths desperately tried to open the hunchback youth's mouth. They randomly struck him and also stomped on him. However, it was of no use. The hunchback was using all of his strength.

"Koo-ooh-ooh....."

The bitten youth was almost unconscious from the pain. The youth in blue cloth couldn't look on any longer so he unsheathed his formal dress sword. He was the youth that gave the warning. The sword was very fancy and it was made to fit his frame. One could tell that his background was not ordinary.

"Move away. I'll cut off his jaw...."

The youths' face turned white when they heard those words.

"Is, is that really, really ok?"

"It's fine. He is the son of a Madu(TLN: devil). No one will care if we cut off one arm or a leg."

The youth in blue said it confidently, and he aimed the sword at the hunchback youth's chin.

"If you don't stop biting him then I'll cut off your jaw."

However, the hunchback youth didn't care in the least. As if to say do what you will, he closed his eyes and bit harder on the leg. The pained youth fainted immediately. In a moment, the blue cloth youth's eyes were filled with murderous energy.

"Bastard."

He shoved the sword into the hunchback youth's mouth. As the lips were cut, a great amount of blood gushed forth. Still the hunchback youth's jaw didn't lose any strength. He was daring them to kill him.

Eventually, the one who was in a quagmire was the youth in blue.

He boasted that he'll cut the jaw, but it wasn't that easy of a problem. If he did do it then the strict Shaolin temple rules would not look over it easily. He might be kicked out of the Shaolin temple, where he had great difficulty getting into. At that moment, the hunchback youth's eyes opened wide. After opening his mouth, the hunchback youth spat the pooled blood in his mouth onto the face of the blue clothed youth.

"Huk."

The youth in blue cloth turned pale from astonishment when he was sprayed



with blood. He was from one of the great families of Murim so how could he have encountered such a situation before? He clumsily took a step backwards, and covered his face with one hand. In doing so, he dropped his formal dress sword. The hunchback youth let go of the leg he was biting on then he quickly stood up.

The formal dress sword that was in the hand of the blue clothed youth was somehow in the hand of the hunchback youth. It was raised and emitting light.

“I’m going to kill you.”

The hunchback youth ran toward the blue clothed youth, while making a sound dripping with killing intent.

Puk.

The hunchback youth pushed the blue clothed youth, who turned pale, to the ground. In front of him, the formal dress sword was emitting light in front of his eyes.....

The hunchback youth didn’t hesitate to try to put the sword through the other’s chest. Normally, he was bullied numerous times by the blue clothed youth, so his action held no hesitation. The surrounding youths’ face turned black in an instant.

“You cannot do that.”

From somewhere, they heard a thick voice. After hearing the timbre of the voice, one could tell that it wasn’t emitted by a youth.

From not too far away, several bodies were running towards them. After seeing them, one could clearly see the seal affixed atop their head. One could tell they were Shaolin monks.

They were monks from the Shaolin disciplinary division. They were the protector of the hunchback youth in name only.

However, once the situation flipped, they didn’t hesitate to interfere. Still if one looked at the situation, it could be said that they were very late in interrupting. The formal dress sword had already reached the chest of the blue clothed youth. However, the monks’ face was filled with leisure as if they weren’t really in a hurry. Afterwards, a despairing scream rang out.

“Ah Ah ahk.”

Surprisingly, the scream wasn't emitted by the blue clothed youth. The hunchback youth that was about to stab with the sword was the one screaming in pain. The formal dress word fell without any strength, and the hunchback youth rolled around on the ground with his hands on his head. Looking at the youth's continuous screams, one could tell that an extreme amount of pain was being felt by the youth.

The blue clothed youth, who had barely escaped with his life, gave out a long sigh of relief. Then anger started surging up in his eyes.

The youth was surrounded. The blue clothed youth was secretly acting as the boss of this group, so he was angry that such a surprise attack was allowed to happen.(TLN: he expected his underlings-the other kids-to intervene) Soon his anger was directed at the hunch back youth.

He used a roll to stand up, and the blue clothed youth didn't hesitate to approach the hunchback youth. He started to ruthlessly attack the hunch back youth, who was rolling around on the ground. After seeing this, several frightened youth started to join in. The disciplinary monks had already arrived on the scene. (TLN: they aren't doing anything to stop the kids)

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# **[Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.**

## **22**

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They didn't even think about stopping the one-sided beating. They just started talking to each other.

"He really is a poisonous bastard. He didn't miss that opportunity....."

"You are right. The eldest son of the San-dong Mo-Young family almost lost his life?"

Amongst those who had the seal imprinted on their forehead, the Dharmapala, who seemed to be the head, made an admiring expression.

"The Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique is very impressive. If not for it, that tenacious bastard would have taken several lives by now. Right at the moment he decides to murder someone, the restriction never fails to activate. It really lives up to its name since the Shaolin high priest directly applied it."

One disciplinary monk made an unsatisfactory expression.

"I'm really unhappy about that. The high priest, who possessed the strongest Nae-gong(TLN:like a qi reservoir) in the entire Shaolin, consumed all his Nae-gong for a child of a Madu..... I cannot comprehend it."

"Phew! Who can go against his stubbornness? His stubbornness is known inside and outside of the Shaolin temple..."

The leader of the disciplinary monks turned his head for a moment. The hunchback youth was barely conscious, and he was being brutally beaten by the group. The disciplinary monk spat out his words as if he was unsatisfied.

"We should stop the fight soon. That tenacious bastard might die."

"Should we?"

The disciplinary monks put an end to the group beating. As if he had his fill of revenge, one youth backed away and started dusting himself off. However, the

youth in blue with the surname of Mo-Young looked like his anger hadn't dissolved yet. He stopped himself from turning away then he kicked the squirming hunchback youth in the stomach.

Puk.

"You turtle like bastard. How dare you get blood on my face..."

From his sleeve, the youth in blue brought out a silk handkerchief to wipe his face. Then he turned to the other youths with a bright face.

"Let's go."

As the youths moved away en masse, the disciplinary monks made a bitter smile.

"He has a great temper. He possesses great talent, but with that personality..... It's a shame that he is an inner disciple."

"Hey. Hey. Stop gossiping and help me treat this guy. If the high priest finds out about this then we will be scolded a lot....."

"Ok."

The sun was setting, and a small figure was shakily walking down a path. He had a severe limp, and he was barely able to walk. It was none other than the hunchback youth. The face was swollen so much that one couldn't tell what he looked like. However, his uniquely poisonous gaze had not retreated.

"Ook."

The hunchback youth fell in place after tripping on a rock. A string of poison-laden sound came forth from his mouth.

"Cheap bastards. Attacking me in a group. Ooh ook."

Blood continuously flowed from his lips that was cut from the blade. He spat out spit mixed with blood, and the hunchback youth was barely able to stand back up. Usually, his lodging was far away, but today it seemed farther away since his body was injured.

One had to cross over a mountain to see the shabby thatched hut. This is where the hunchback youth resided. Also, the hunchback youth already knew

something. Even though he couldn't see them, he knew that the disciplinary monks followed him back. The youth's mouth explode with swear words.

"Those sons of bitches. They are all alike."

He was gasping for air, but the youth used more strength to walk onward. His name was Dokgosong. The hunchback youth thought about the reason why his life became this way.

The experts from the White Peach sect combined their forces to kill the Sa-pa sect's supreme being. Even though he was a young child that couldn't comprehend deep thoughts, Dokgosong never forgot about that event. At the time, he didn't know that the person was his father, but Dokgosong at the very least remembered that the person loved him fiercely.

At the location where his father was killed, the Shaolin monk applied the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique on Dokgosong. He fainted from the pain caused by the technique, and before he knew it he was relocated to the Shaolin temple.

That was the background on how he became to live at the Shaolin temple. Surprisingly, the Bae-sect knew about the Shaolin temple having Dokgosong, but they didn't even attempt to rescue him, even though he was the sole heir to the previous sect leader Dok-go-moogi.

Originally, the Shaolin temple had a plan. Since they had obtained the previous sect leader's son, they wanted to trade him for the captured Jappa(TLN: the righteous/good sects) disciples. The Shaolin high priest couldn't go against the idea of rescuing the disciples. The Shaolin chief priest wrote all of his intentions on a letter and sent it to the Bae-sect.

At the time, the Bae-sect was being restructured by Sah-joonhwan. After the death of Dok-go-moogi, he quickly settled the initial confusion then he rose to become the new conqueror of the Bae-sect. However unlike their expectation, he didn't respond in any ways regarding Dokgosong. They had receive the letter, but there weren't any answers.

The Shaolin temple was very taken aback by this news. The restrictive technique was already used on Dokgosong, so they didn't really have a future plan on what to do with him.

Moreover, the Bae-sect didn't want to take back Dokgosong. Dokgosong didn't

have anywhere to go, so he had no choice but to live at the Shaolin Temple. In a word, he became a nuisance.

The problem arose when he was old enough to understand what he heard. It was about his ugly appearance and the fact that his background arose from him being the son of a Sa-pa's leader. At spring time, the White peach and Sado's power struggle was at its peak. Neither the Shaolin monks or the training students looked at Dokgosong with kind eyes.

"That dirty mutt hunchback bastard."

"The spawn of a Madu who killed countless number of people."

After he was able to comprehend complex thoughts, he was bombarded with unimaginable amount of disdain and contempt. Amongst the disdain, there was zero possibility for Dokgosong to grow up to be normal. It was impossible. His father was Dok-go-moogi, the amazingly skilled Sapa expert. Countless White Peach sect warriors died by his hands. This increased the disdain and poor treatment against Dokgosong. From inside this ill-treatment, Dokgosong's personality gradually became crooked.

These were the reasons why the group lynching happened today.

He was walking without speaking when Dokgosong's eyes picked up a small snake crawling towards somewhere. While smiling a cold smile, Dokgosong went towards where the snake was.

Oo-jik.(TLN: sound of someone stepping on something)

The snake's head was crushed underneath Dokgosong's foot. This reflectively caused pain to be sent to his brain. Of course, this was the pain caused by the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique. This pain was very mild compared to the earlier one. Dokgosong could easily wait it out. Suddenly, swear words exploded out of his mouth. These were harsh swear words that shouldn't come out from a youth's mouth.

"Shit. If it wasn't for this fucking restrictive method, that Mo-young-jin wouldn't have survived."

The Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique. It was a powerful restrictive technique that was only second to the Sal-gae(殺戒) technique. It was a prohibitive technique that killed the murderous intent of a blood user. After

receiving this technique, It was impossible for someone to kill. Dokgosong had already received the technique directly from the Shaolin high monk. This was the reason why he wasn't able to end Mo-young-jin's life today.

“Shit. No matter what I can't persevere through that pain.....”

The Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique activated when murderous intent was directed toward a living being. Dokgosong killed countless bugs and animal to experiment on this. It resulted in him knowing that killing an animal would give a comparably weaker pain. It was something he could endure. However, if his murderous intent was directed toward a person then an unimaginable pain would be applied to his brain. It felt as if his brain was burning. Therefore, he had failed several times to complete his actions. As he thought about this, Dokgosong's eyes were rapidly filled with murderous energy.

“The day when this restrictive technique is lifted, I'll kill every...Ah ahk.”

Before he could finish his words he fell on the floor.

He was so emotional that he had momentarily forgotten about the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique. He used all his strength to try to forget about his murderous thoughts. He prided himself in having a high tolerance, but he couldn't endure this pain at all.

After a while, he raised his unsightly body, and Dokgosong walked onward while saying nothing.

The only thing left behind was the corpse of the snake, which had its head horribly smashed.

After some time, an extremely angry voice was heard from the darkness.

“I really can't stand him. I get nauseous just by looking at that bastard. How can our elders allow him to live at our headquarters? I don't understand the reason.”

“Shh. Your voice is too loud.”

“Don't worry about it. Even though it is an insignificant creature, he cruelly stepped on the snake. He really is the son of a Madu. I don't understand why we have to lose several days of sleep just to protect him?”

**“It’s an order from the elder, so what can we do? We can only follow it.”**

**“I feel like just killing him.”**

**Suddenly a cold voice came out of the darkness.**

**“Do you dare go against Sal-gae(TLN: 殺戒 or 살생계(殺生戒) – basically rule saying one can’t kill a living creature.)? We are monks. Even though our opponent may be unimaginably evil, we cannot rashly kill him.”**

**As if he was fed up with his senior’s rebuke, one couldn’t hear the voice from the darkness any more. After the speech ended, the night deepened in the mountain.**

**(TLN: end of flashback)**

**“Shit. Did I have another nightmare?”**

**Dokgosong woke up complaining. These were memories he didn’t want to remember or think about, but the dreams about the past would seek him out like fate. After waking up from his sleep, Dokgosong’s mood wasn’t that great. If this was Zhongyuan, then he would have found someone to take his anger out on. To erase that idea, he started looking around his surrounding. In his eyes, a suspicious light rose up.**

**“Where is this place?”**

**The previous place was a very fancy bedroom. It was more luxurious than his place in Zhongyuan. However, this place was totally different from that place. It was constituted very differently from that bedroom. At a glance, he could tell this was a prison where they locked up felons. After staring at the door made out of strong steel lattice, Dokgosong started mumbling.**

**“I guess they lost interest in me. They even sent me to jail....”**

**After looking at the structure, one could be certain that this was a jail. However, the place he was locked up in had enough space to lock up about 100 people. Immediately, Dokgosong started going over the surrounding scenery.**

**The most eye-catching thing was that there was one long sword place on the floor. There was a shield next to it, but Dokgosong ignored it to pick up the**



sword. He flicked his finger against the blade, and a dull sound was heard. The quality wasn't that great. Moreover, the thickness and length was too uncouth. There was a long hole at the center, so it may have been a longsword used to stab.

“The sword is ignorantly thick. Why did those bastards put this here?”

It didn't make sense to give a sword to a prisoner inside a jail. This caused Dokgosong to worry about the intention of his captors. On the other side of the steel-barred window, he suddenly heard a strange wild animal growl-like sound.

Ku-rrrrrr.

Dokgosong turned his head in reflex, and he could see 4 lantern-sized light across the steel-barred window. He had already realized that these were the pupils of a beast. However, it was buried in darkness, so he couldn't guess at its figure.

Afterwards, the steel lattice door started going up. Dokgosong was finally able to realize the captor's intention. After realizing his situation, he gritted his teeth.

“Are they trying to test me?”

During the time he was dumbly standing around, the latticed door had completely opened. Green-hued things shot out from inside and they ruthlessly attacked Dokgosong.

“Ooh-huk.”

Dokgosong used all his effort to move his body.

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# **[Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.**

## **23**

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/09/20/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-23/>

The things with green skin had a surprisingly nimble body control. To his surprise, they held weapons. To say it again, they weren't the normally seen wild animals. They held strangely shaped weapons, and streams of energy was flowing out of it. In an instant, Dok-gosong assessed the shape of the weapon.

“Is it a Cham-mah-do(TLN: great sword/field sword)? It might be a Chung-ryong-do(TLN:Chinese war sword).”

At a glance, one could tell it was a pole with a sharp blade. The existences in question was hiding in the darkness, and they started attacking again. It was a polearm with a blade attached to it. In this place, it was a weapon called a glaive. It passed by Dok-gosong, while cutting the hair on his head. He avoided it by a hair's breadth, but he wasn't in a situation where he could relax. It was a situation where another glaive was extended and it was aiming for his neck.

“There are two.”

He used all his effort to grasp the long sword, and he straightened it.

Gga-ggang. (TLN:까깡 it's not ka or ga. The best one could characterize it in english is gga, but that isn't correct either, but it's the closest sound.)

He was barely able to block it, but the impact gave him no choice but to step back several steps.

His body had lost its balance and Dok-gosong was barely able to put his back onto the castle wall. When fighting multiple opponents, he knew it was best to fight with his back against the wall. His body already knew this fact. The shadow of the two figures buried in darkness came towards him.

He put the long sword at an angle to assume a defensive posture, and Dok-gosong used his sleeve to wipe the sweat off his brows.

“What, what are those things? Their strength is incredible.”

The shapes gradually revealed themselves from the darkness. The opponents were monsters that had a short, but sturdy body build. They walked upright like humans, and they had a lot of short green fur covering them. The monsters' head shape resembled a pig. They were the orc warriors. Dok-gosong had already heard this place's history from Shrekheimer, so he could guess at the identity of these bastards.

“Of course. These bastards are called orcs. Then their plan is this? Good. I could roll over and die, but I would like to take out my anger from having that nightmare...”

He didn't have long to think. The orcs had a deep seeded hatred for humans, so they fiercely attacked while swinging their weapons in the air. Several sword strikes were made. He was barely able to block, and Dok-gosong could feel his strength weaken.

“Shit. These mere insignificant creatures.....”

First, the long sword he held in his hand was a very new weapon for him. Once he started learning martial arts, he had only trained with Ho-Jo.(TLN:his gauntlet with blade) It was a situation where he was a blank page regarding sword play. Moreover, the source of his overwhelming destructive power was from the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, and he didn't have deep profound understanding of the fundamental styles. Moreover, he hadn't recovered fully from the heavy injury, so the battle with the 2 orcs couldn't be that easy. However, he gritted his teeth and swung the sword. In Zhongyuan, he was an expert that could be picked within 10 fingers,(TLN: he's in the top 10) so it was inconceivable to him that he'll lose to these insignificant creatures. It was a battle where he couldn't use any Nae-ryuk.(TLN: his qi reservoir) This was a monster that he had never met before in his entire fighting experience. The battle with the orc continued on.

On the top part of the prison, two figures were watching Dok-gosong fight with the orcs. There was a faint magical formations surrounding them, and no one was able to detect them. One of the figure suddenly sighed.

“He is clumsily swing the sword? At a glance, he isn't much. The plan was a failure.”

**“That isn’t the case. Even though his swordsmanship is a bit clumsy, I believe his body movement is first-rate. Especially his dodges are very precise and exquisite as if measured by a ruler. The man had a handsome and young-looking face. However, Benitez was an old magician, who was over 60 years old. He was a War mage that has spent long years in the battlefield. Basically, he was a fighting mage that had refined his battle magic in the battle field. Benitez had more fighting experience than any other person, so he was able to exactly understand the situation. Serge trusted this, so he looked towards the prison again.**

**“So he didn’t use a sword, but a different weapon? “**

**“Yes. When I first saw that person, he had a strange weapon that looked like a gauntlet with knives. With those two weapons, he was able to battle with several dozen master level swordsman.”**

**“Are you talking about a spiked gauntlet? That is surprising. However, he must have told the truth about losing all his mana. He can’t even block the orc’s attack properly....”**

**“I believe so. However at that place, he was able to use enough aura blade to cover the gauntlets. I don’t know if you will believe me.”**

**During the time they were looking at him, the battle within the prison was slowly coming to an end. At first, it felt like Dok-gosong was able to hold his ground.**

**However, the two orcs relentlessly attacked after fully sensing the chance for victory. They were bleeding all over their body from multiple cuts. The prison floor was dyed with both their bloods. Dok-gosong’s entire body was bloody, but he was moving around like an evil spirit.**

**Ki-ri-rick.**

**As if it was overwhelmed by his spirit, one orc took a step back. Dok-gosong didn’t let this chance go to waste. The retreating orc stuck his glaive out as if to ward him off, but Dok-gosong disregarded it and rushed in. The glaive went into Dok-gosong’s thigh with pinpoint accuracy.**

**Poo-shuk. (TLN: sfx flesh being pierced)**

While having the glaive stuck in his thigh, Dok-gosong thrust his sword into the orc's chest. Accompanying the horrifying sound of destruction, the orc's bulky body started shaking. Dok-gosong's whole body paused for a moment before he unhesitatingly ran toward his second target. The orc was senseless from Dok-gosong's fighting spirit, so it kept retreating. The orc warrior, who were the symbol of bravery and tenaciousness, was instead scared. However, Dok-gosong didn't hesitate in the slightest before repeatedly attacking the orc's body. He already realized that the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique didn't activate when he killed an orc, so he didn't have any hesitation.

"Chue-eh-eh-ehk." (TLN: orc death scream)

Accompanying a short scream, its lifeblood fountained forth. However, Dok-gosong's movement didn't stop. He kept stabbing the long sword into the orc until it's life was ended. This was how the winner and loser was chosen between the Murim expert and the monsters.

"He's pretty good at fighting."

After watching the progress of the fight, Serge laughed bitterly. The foreigner had an instinct of a wild animal. He looked like a vampire who couldn't hold back after seeing blood. In his ears, he heard Benitez's voice.

"What do you want to do. Do you want to test him again against a monster?"

"Do we really need to? What we need is a sword master with skills over a hundred.(TLN: equivalent to 100 people or some form of measurement... author didn't specify) Although his fighting spirit is high, we do not need someone who became thoroughly injured fighting just two orcs. Even a mercenary can sufficiently do what he just did."

"Then should we get rid of him?"

Serge thought about something for a moment before he shook his head.

"No, that's not it either. First, it should be better to test him further? After treating him, let's put him against a troll. Trolls have outstanding regeneration, so even an experience soldier shakes their head in dismay when fighting against it. It should be a good fight."

"I understand."

**“Also wouldn’t it be better if we gave him a weapon similar to the one he uses? I’m talking about the weapons you saw last time. I’m curious. How does this bastard use a spiked gauntlet?”**

**“All right, sir.”**

**Dok-gosong stood dumbly in midst of fallen blood and scraps of flesh. His gaze was fixed on the corpses of the orcs he had killed. The two ferocious orcs was now turned into pieces of meat. However, Dok-gosong received numerous injuries to his whole body as the cost. The fault may lie in the fact that he was unfamiliar with the weapon, but he also had a habit of concentrating on Nae-ga-qigong instead of his profound Nae-gong. (TLN: korean murim jargon incoming D:)**

**During the time he was able to use Emperor’s Blood Demon Art, Dok-gosong raised his Kang-qi(TLN: strong qi i think) into his Hojo. It had the Man-byung’s(萬兵) Moo-ryuk(無力). (TLN: he was able to raise strong amount of energy into his weapon and it had the power of ten thousand soldiers) Even if he was to fight against a protected weapon(the original word usually indicates a new recruit/soldier-I’m not aware of any other definition-so I broke the word up and made an educated guess), it would break without a doubt. However, those days were long gone. His body had completely lost all of his Nae-ryuk. He had to desperately hold on to the sword to block the orc’s glaive. After experiencing it, their attack were strange, but their fighting power was less than that of the humans. Of course, it couldn’t even be compared to a Murim expert. It was unimaginable that he had trouble against the two orcs if one reflected on his experiences. Dok-gosong looked at the orc’s remains, whose eyes were out of focus. Fortunately, the Seven Sect’s Beating Gold Technique didn’t activate, but another reason made him suffer.**

**‘Why do I have to become bloody fighting against these mere insignificant creature?’**

**In Zhongyuan, he lived a very calculated life. He was directed by another’s agenda, not his own. He had come to an unimaginably far away land with different time and space, but he still had to move according to someone else’s agenda..... Dok-gosong couldn’t understand why he had such an unlucky fate.**

**“Did I do the right thing?”**

All of a sudden, a feeling of regret poured in. If he let the orcs kill him, then he wouldn't have to worry about these thoughts or regretful feelings. While standing dumbly in place, he heard the latticed door open. However, Dok-gosong didn't even move, and he just stayed in place.

"Whew. That's incredible."

"You diced them up nicely."

He heard an unfamiliar voice from his back. Of course, the soldiers spoke in the Truvania's official language, so Dok-gosong wasn't offended when he heard it. He felt through his senses that someone different had come into the prison, but this was only a conjecture.

As he had predicted, the soldiers came into the prison first. They all wore metal helmets and chain mails. It was a simple armor that covered only the critical parts of the body, so their station couldn't be that high.

They were avoiding Dok-gosong to the extreme. They took a ready stance with their swords and shields. However, Dok-gosong didn't show any reaction. He stayed silent as if they didn't even exist in the first place. After seeing this, the soldiers showed some courage and they started cleaning the inside of the prison. The 4 soldiers recovered the orc's corpses. Afterwards, the soldier, who looked like he had the highest rank, approached Dok-gosong and put his sword against him.

"Follow me."

Of course, Dok-gosong didn't show any reaction.

"Didn't they say he couldn't understand our words?"

After hitting his forehead, the soldier stood in front of Dok-gosong. In an instant, the soldier's face furrowed terribly.

"He really has an ugly face. An ogre would be better than this bastard."

Even in Zhongyuan, Dok-gosong had many fingers pointed at him for his ugly surface. Even though the shape of his face was distinctly different from the people of Truvania, they showed the same response. No, the feeling felt by them toward Dok-gosong's face was beyond imagination. First, they had never seen eyes slit upwards, which was a special feature of a person from

Zhongyuan. Dok-gosong’s eyes were degrees sharper. He possessed thinly slit eyes, and a hunched back. One could guess the feeling felt by the soldiers. This caused a scornful look to pass momentarily on the soldier’s face.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 24

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/10/07/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-24/>

Even if one is from a different ethnicity, there is a degree of similarity to one's expression of emotion. Dok-gosong saw an emotion on the soldier's face, which he was very familiar with. He was able to perceive the expression of disgust aimed at him. Gradually, some emotion started rising up into his eyes.

"Even you despise me?"

He was thinking hard about his fate, but the scornful expression directed at him made Dok-gosong lose his reason. He was already at a point where if his emotions were about to explode if provoked. The soldier's expression lit the fuse..... Dok-gosong launched his body like a wild animal. His target was the soldier who made the expression of disgust.

"Huk"

The soldier hurriedly tried to get into a defensive position. However, the opponent's movement was beyond his expectation. Even though he had lost his Nae-ryuk(TLN: his reservoir of qi), the body movement he had trained in the battlefield could not be overcome by a normal soldier.

Dok-gosong slipped by the clumsy sword thrust like flowing water. Then he arrived behind the soldier and grasped his face. He pulled his hand up and the throat that was hidden was revealed. Dok-gosong placed his sword on his neck.

"What, What's going on?"

The astonished soldiers, who were gathering the orc's corpses, rushed forth, but the officer was perfectly captured.

"You bastard. Why don't you let go of me?"

The soldier, who abruptly became a prisoner, yelled out in fear. Dok-gosong gave out a cold smile. In the first place, he didn't understand what was being said, but even if he understood it, he didn't really care.

“No matter what you say, I don’t really care. Just think of this as your bad luck. Let us go to our last home together. (TLN: Last home = death)”

Dok-gosong unhesitatingly cut the throat with his sword. No, that was only his wish.

“Kuh-uh-uhk” (TLN: painful gasps)

The instant he put strength into his hand, an extreme amount of pain was sent to his brain. It was the pain caused by the Seven Sect’s Beating Gold Technique. It never failed to activate in the moment when he wanted to murder someone. It was a despicable restrictive technique that was very precise. The pain came as if he was hit on top of the head, and his mind became white.

Zzhang-gu-rung. (TL: sound of sword hitting the floor. Korean sound effect differs a lot from American sound effect.)

The sword fell from his hands, which was sapped of strength. Dok-gosong was shaking on the floor after releasing the soldier’s neck.

The soldier was able to preserve his life after it seemed like he was fated to have his neck cut off. As if he couldn’t believe what had happened, he rubbed his nearly severed neck, while having a shell-shocked expression. After he regained his thoughts, the only thing that he could think of was anger against the person who had almost killed him.

“You son of a bitch.”

He drove the edge of his shield towards the top of Dok-gosong’s head.

Puk. (TLN: sound of shield hitting head)

With one blow, Dok-gosong was freed from the pain that was burrowing into his brain. He instantly lost consciousness. As if his anger hadn’t been satisfied, the soldier held up his shield to drive it down again. The surrounding soldiers ran in and held him back.

“Please hold back, captain. The higher-ups gave orders to transfer him to a different cell and treat him.”

“If you kill him then there would most definitely be a punishment.”

He was barely able to hold back after hearing there might be a punishment.

The soldier angrily glared at Dok-gosong. The rules must have been strict since the soldier ended his tirade.

“My neck was almost separated. Thank god. However, why did this bastard not kill me?”

He thought hard about it, but he couldn't come up with any reasons. Eventually, the soldiers followed orders and they moved Dok-gosong. The underling soldiers ran to Dok-gosong's small body and they lifted him up. During all this, they got a look at Dok-gosong's face again, and they automatically frowned.

“No matter how I look at him, he is an ugly bastard. Maybe he is half ogre? No, his physique would be sturdier if that was the case. Isn't he a bit bigger than an orc?”

For a moment, he speculated this idea, but soon he erased that thought and followed his subordinates out of the prison. The spacious prison only held pools of blood from Dok-gosong and the orcs.

“So. Did the bastard try to kill the guard?”

“Yes. However, at the last moment he wasn't able to do it and he fell to the floor. The soldiers that witnessed it said he looked like he was experiencing an extreme amount of pain.”

“Is that right?”

Serge was somewhat curious about the foreigner, who had become his experimental subject. He had many facets that was hard to understand. First, he was an amazing sword master at his peak (Benitez had testified that the foreigner was a sword master, so he knew it to be the truth.), but he had mysteriously become a normal person. He was an enigma since this had never happened before in Truvania.

Sword masters are able to handle mana through the blessing of god, so no matter what, one couldn't lose this ability. That was the case in Truvania.

“That's really strange. Surprising. It is something that is worthy enough for me to research once.”

“How should we deal with him?”

Serge turned after hearing Benitez speak.

“First, heal him then lock him up in a secure location. After the situation stabilizes, carry on what we discussed before...”

“I understand.”

The cell was filled with darkness. At the location where the moonlight was barely shining, one puppet was absent-mindedly sitting there. It was a cell that was measured to be 3 squared meter, and it was facing towards the moonlight so it was easy to differentiate the shape of the face. The person who was locked up was Dok-gosong. His face was buried deep between his knees as if he had lost the will to live, and he looked very desolate. By looking at his outer appearance, one could see how much damage he had received from fighting with the orcs. When looking at his swollen body, one could guess that he also had internal injuries.

He stayed silent with his head down. However, he lifted his gaze after a while. In between the bars, he felt the lonely moonlight. After a while, the sound that was locked tightly between his lips came out.

“The moonlight is the same, whether it is here or Zhongyuan.”

He didn't really have any attachment to his homeland. Instead, he had bad memories of Zhongyuan that he didn't want to remember. Dok-gosong thought that he preferred the unfathomably far Truvania. Suddenly the face of Sah-joonhwan, who was the cause of his predicament, rose up in his brain.

That person was a despicable hypocrite, who had used him thoroughly, and then threw him away without any hesitation when he didn't have any use for Dok-gosong. The thought of this person made him angry enough that it felt like his blood was flowing backwards. However, there weren't any expression of rage on Dok-gosong's face, rather he had a self-deprecating expression.

“Ku-Ku-kuk. This useless body won't be able to approach that bastard.”

He thought it might be better for him that he was in Truvania. If he lived under the same sky as him while having a body unable to take revenge then it would be a humiliation that was worse than dying.

He put his head between his knees again, and he started thinking about the first

meeting with the person who he had considered the most important person in his life.

(TLN: Flash back music~~~~)

“Who, who are you?”

The youth stuttered the words out, and his face was filled with confusion. He looked very hideous so it was hard to tell what his age was. If one looked at his skin, one could guess that he was in his late 20s. His back protruded up as if clothes were bunched up beneath. One could see that this youth was a hunchback. He was clad in rags with dust covering his whole body. He looked like he had come back from an arduous work.

The Shaolin temple gave him every kind of odd jobs, so he was returning home with a tired body. However in front of him, something that he didn't understand was happening. Suddenly, couple dozen people appeared in front of the youth and prostrated themselves.

Looking at their appearances, they were people of the Murim. Even practitioners that could be considered experts were there. These kind of people were in a submissive position with their whole body towards the lowest ranked person in the Shaolin temple. It was par for the course that the youth would be confused. The first thing that caught his eyes were the Asura symbol on their chest. The youth had no knowledge of the Murim world, so he had no idea that they were the members of the Bae-sect. The youth instinctively became guarded, so he took a step back.

“Why, why are you being this way?”

Amongst the prostrating forms, the one who looked like the leader slowly raised his head.

He raised his body while showing the utmost respect. The middle-aged man had a black complexion. His face was black as the bottom of an iron pot.

“Please kill us. It was only now that we are able to meet you, young sect leader. (TLN: it's not actually young...hard to decipher these position in the sect)

“Young sect leader?”

This was totally unexpected, so the youth's ugly face was filled with confusion.

“Maybe you found the wrong person?”

“That isn’t the case. We came here to find the previous leader’s son, Dok-gosong Kongzi.” (TLN: Kongzi is a title, he is kind of using it as young master.)

“I’m Dok-gosong?” (TLN: he is saying he is dok-gosong, and at the same time asking a question. It makes more sense in Korean.)

After the black middle-aged man glanced at the confused Dok-gosong, he started to politely explain the situation.

“I understand. The fucking monks didn’t tell you anything about your origin.”

“The secret to my birth?”

The dark middle-aged man nodded his head before continuing speaking.

“That is correct. Kongzi-nim is the only son of the 18th leader and commander of Bae-sect, mighty Dok-go-moogi-nim, who was prided as being the apostle of the heavens.”

“Bae, Bae-sect? Then my father was?”

“Yes. Kongzi-nim has the highest of backgrounds. Also, I was his most loyal servant, the Black Yama Do-wichung.”

After he repeated himself, he looked over Dok-gosong and Do-wichung’s eyes were filled with murderous energy. At a glance, he was able to guess the current predicament of Dok-gosong.

“Those despicable monks..... They dare to treat our sect’s Kongzi-nim like this?”

However, Dok-gosong still couldn’t grasp the situation. With an expression filled with doubt, he asked the middle-aged man, who named himself Do-wichung.

“I’m sorry, but explain the general circumstances in detail for me.”

“Of course I will explain. As I have explained previously, your honored father, no, I guess I should call him your late father now. The proud late father of Kongzi-nim was our sect’s 18th sect leader named Dok-gomoogi. He was a recognized magnate that was a great anti-hero, and an apostle of the heavens.

After his only son was born, he headed out to assess the world’s affair. Unfortunately, he fell into a trap set by the Shaolin monks. He and his subordinates lost their lives.”

As his explanation continued, the middle-aged man was filled with sorrowful indignation. He continued speaking while gazing directly at Dok-gosong’s face.

“You are his only son, Kongzi-nim. Since we were short on strength, only now have we come to save Kongzi-nim.”

Dok-gosong was silent for a moment. It was because he needed time to process his unexpectedly revealed birth secret. His current age was 28 years old. He had lived in the Shaolin temple since his childhood, and he had become the Shaolin temple’s manual laborer. Moreover, he had become resigned to his familiar situation.

‘I’m the Bae sect’s young sect leader?’

While he was deep in thought, the various moments of scorn and disdain that was directed at him passed by his brain.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 25

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/10/18/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-25/>

Son of the Sa-Pa Madu. (TLN: Sapa=evil sect, madu=demonic leader)  
The various hardship he had endured was rooted in this fact. Of course his unbending upright personality and his ugly looks were also reasons, but it wouldn't explain the long-term cold treatment he had endured. After thinking about all the facts, Dok-gosong's gaze started to calm down. However, his rage against everyone who despised him grew steadily. The experience was so intense that he would never forget about it. After finishing his thoughts, Dok-gosong spoke in a low tone.

"So? Are you sure that I am the Bae-sect's young sect leader?"

Do-wichung replied without any hesitation.

"It is the absolute truth. Kongzinim can return to our sect now. You will return as the heir of the Sa-pa's absolute being. "

After hearing those words, Dok-gosong let out a long sigh. After finding out about his identity, Dok-gosong felt very bitter about the humiliations he had to endure everyday. Suddenly, a sound mixed with sadness escaped his lips.

"Too late. You are too late. If only you had come a little bit earlier....."

As if he had expected this response, Do-wichung lowered his head.

"Please forgive us. We weren't in a situation where we could help you. After the previous sect leader died, various faction within the sect revolted to aim for a promotion. If it wasn't for Sa-joonhwan Chongsa-nim(TLN: Chongsa is a title, like the person who oversees a group), the internal strife would have already ruined the sect. Not only were we tied up, even if we were to bring Kongzinim, please understand that we could not guarantee your safety. We were able to excise out the malaise not too long ago, and we were able to restructure the organization. Therefore, we were able to come here to retrieve you, Kongzinim."



After hearing Do-wichung's explanation, Dok-gosong nodded his head as if it made sense.

"Currently, Sa-joonhwan Chongsa was able to unify the Bae-sect?"

"That is correct. That person is only filled with loyalty to the Dok-go family. To say it again, he made preparations to welcome back Kongzinim. After Kongzinim returns to your own sect, you will be able to learn an unsurpassed Moo-gong. (TL:similar to martial arts) Then in the future, you will be able to climb up to become the sect leader."

After hearing Do-wichung's words, Dok-gosong's pulse became untangled. (TLN:when you have a lot of grievance, there is a phrase that says your pulse becomes clogged...this is in reverse.) With expectation that he could escape the Shaolin temple, he looked towards the heavens. This caused Dok-gosong to be unable to see through the uncertain expression that showed within Do-wichung's eyes. Dok-gosong looked at the sky for a while. Unbeknownst to him, after seeing the sky, tears started flowing.

"My wish has come true."

The goal he made when he was a child started coming back. He wanted to somehow learn Moo-gong, and give a bitter taste to those who had humiliated him. The amount of disdain he had received, because of his ugly looks was numerous.

Even the household workers, whom he worked with, shunned him. No one wanted to eat food with him. While he was in such a situation, he had suddenly met people who treated him with respect for the first time in his life. Moreover, they were his father's underlings. It made him lose half of his reasons. He had a hard time facing reality and accepting it.

Right then Dok-gosong's mind woke up. It was only then that he thought about the guardian monks, so he urgently went to Do-wichung.

"Near by, there are Shaolin monks monitoring me. If they find out about this then wouldn't it be a disaster?"

Do-wichung smiled and waved his hand as if to say not to worry. Several masked people stood up, and put forth something. Dok-gosong's eyes were filled with surprise. It was the severed head of the guardian monks that watched over

him.

“These, these are?”

“We got rid of them. They had already sinned multiple times against young sect master, so I decided that they had no worth living. If my judgement was in error, then please discipline me in an appropriate manner.”

“No. No.”

Dok-gosong had a dazed expression. The guardian monks, who kept watch over him, were considered to be experts amongst the Shaolin temple’s fighting monks. They were dispatched once they decided that the Bae-sect’s only son deserved close watching. Those guardian monks were dispatched so easily..... Still it was true that they despised him, so he felt a sense of release. Moreover, he became extremely fond of the Bae-sect. They had sent experts, who could easily get rid of the Shaolin guardian monks. This was the sect that was dominated by his father, whom he couldn’t even remember what he looked like. He didn’t have to think over it any longer. He stepped towards Do-wichung.

“Then let’s leave for Bae-sect without any delay. I don’t have any possessions to pack. I’ll just leave as it is.”

However, Do-wichung didn’t easily nod his head in assent. Instead, he made a sorrowful face, while shaking his head from side to side.

“I’m very sorry, but we can’t leave like this.”

Dok-gosong’s eyes widened rapidly .

“Why? What, what is the reason?”

“Even though we got rid of those guarding Kongzinim, it’ll be impossible for us to escape. There is an absolute expert living nearby, and not even we could handle him.”

“Who, who is this person?”

Do-wichung continued speaking, while staring into Dok-gosong’s eyes.

“It is the person, who had brutally murdered Kongzinim’s honored father. Have you heard of a Shaolin holy monk named Hae-jung?”

At those words, Dok-gosong was struck dumb. Of course, he knew about the Shaolin holy monk.

Dok-gosong had a reputation of being mistreated in the Shaolin temple. However, there was one person who showed interest in him, and that person was the Shaolin holy monk Hae-jung. Of course he was the person who applied the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique on him, but he was also the only one that had recognized Dok-gosong's exceptional talent. Dok-gosong had excellent talent when it came to Mu-gong. The Shaolin holy monk was the first to realize this, and when he did, he sighed as if the sky was falling.

"Huh. He really has excellent talent. This child has qualities that isn't inferior to the current Shaolin's genius child(Young-ho-myung). It is very unfortunate that this child is from the Sa-pa."

Of course, he couldn't teach Mu-gong to the son of a Sa-pa's leader even if he had excellent talent. That is why the Shaolin holy monk decided to teach him the law of Buddha. He arranged Dok-gosong to visit him once a day to learn the law of Buddha. This was why Dok-gosong was somewhat close to the Shaolin holy monk. However, that was the reason why he was able to learn the law of Buddha.

The law of Buddha taught to a person to live with mercy as the first virtue. Dok-gosong's bones were seeped with hatred caused by numerous people despising him, so such words didn't register with him. However, the Shaolin holy monk never gave up, and put aside some time daily to guide Dok-gosong. Even though he had become the Shaolin temple's household worker, he still received lessons. Therefore, the shock caused to Dok-gosong was unimaginable.

"That, that person killed my father?"

"That is correct. Even if they kept it a secret, this truth have been already been spread to the corner of Murim."

After hearing those words, Dok-gosong became seriously agonized. The Shaolin holy monk was the only person who had treated him like a human. He had been despised since his childhood, so Dok-gosong's personality was very crooked. There weren't anyone that he felt good feelings toward. Instead, it would be fortunate if he refrained from despising and spitting on others.

Amongst these people, there was one exception and that was the Shaolin high monk. He was the only person to show interest in him and he always treated him with unwavering consistency. He always looked over him with unending benevolence.

This was the cause of Dok-gosong's inner conflict.

'The person who sired me was Dok-gomoogi, but I don't even know what my father looks like. Even though he was my father's enemy, he was the only one in this Shaolin temple that treated me like a human.'

Do-wichung's voice continued coming into his ears while he was deep in thought.

"If he blocks our path, then neither Kongzinim or us could escape this mountain. We do not have the ability to go against him. Therefore, if Kongzinim wants to return to our sect with us then you have to get rid of the Shaolin holy monk first."

Dok-gosong's face reacted as if surprised.

"So, so I have to kill him." (TLN: he stutters/repeats the word)

Do-wichung put his head down with a distressed expression when he heard Dok-gosong's reply.

Dok-gosong viewed it as guilt for not having the ability to rescue him.

"We have no confidence that we can prevail over the Shaolin holy monk. The Shaolin holy monk's mu-gong is very profound. Moreover, no one in our group can approach the Shaolin holy monk without arousing suspicion. Only Kongzinim can do this. Please discipline us, who is asking for such a difficult request."

After he heard those words, Dok-gosong realized that the Bae-sect had meticulously researched him.

"In the end, they want me to kill the Shaolin holy monk. However, I don't know any mu-gong, so how..."

Do-wichun, while having his head down, took something out from inside his sleeve. It was a paper pouch that was carefully folded. (TLN: doctors used to fold a single dose of medicine/powder into paper-similar to origami)

“You have to somehow administer this to the Shaolin holy monk. That is the only solution for us to safely leave the mountain with Kongzinim.”

After receiving the paper bag, Dok-gosong’s face was filled with distress. It is a matter of course for him to revenge his father, who was unfairly murdered. However, why did it have to be the Shaolin holy monk, who was the only person that had treated him well.....

There was one essential rule he had followed since his childhood. It was to return as much as you have received. If he was ridiculed and humiliated, then he’ll use the same method to get back at them. Although he didn’t have the strength yet, Dok-gosong had imprinted in his brain who held him in contempt and the content of their scorn.

At the same time, he won’t forget the kindness he had received. The people who had shown him kindness was almost non-existent, but the only exception was the Shaolin holy monk.

However, he had to face the reality that he had to betray the holy monk.....

‘It is something I cannot do.’

As if Dok-gosong had decided on something, a light of determination rose up on his face. While forming a distressed expression, he pushed the paper bag toward Do-wichung.

“I am sorry, but I cannot kill him. Even though he is the mortal enemy, who had killed my father, he was the only one who had treated me humanely. There is no way I can betray him.”

The person who was surprised by Dok-gosong’s response was Do-wichung. He stumbled on his words as if he couldn’t believe it.

“He, he is the mortal enemy, who killed your father. How can you.....”

“Even if I have to spend all my life in the Shaolin temple, I don’t care. I don’t even know what my father looks like. However, I can never forget the benevolence shown to me by the Shaolin holy monk.”

Dok-gosong turned his body away from Do-wichung, who was endlessly shocked. He walked towards his hut that was close to falling over. Although the desire to escape the Shaolin temple was through the roof, Dok-gosong could not betray the Shaolin holy monk.

‘What the hell.’

Do-wichung stared at Dok-gosong with an expression that indicated he could not understand it. This caused him to grit his teeth.

He had received a secret order that had led him into the jaws of death, but his mission was delayed by an unexpected reason. The target he came to rescue was being outrageously stubborn in this situation.....

However, he had to carry out his mission in any way possible even if it cost him his life.

In a moment, he hit upon an idea. Do-wichung hurriedly called after Dok-gosong.

“Kongzinim. I think you have misunderstood my intentions. Please wait.”

Dok-gosong came to a stop.

“What is it?”

Do-wichung approached in a grave manner towards Dok-gosong.

“I think you might have misunderstood something. You had decided that the medicine in here is a poison, but in the end, it is not a poison. If a person was to take this, it doesn’t necessarily lead to death.”

“.....”

“The identity of this medicine is a strong sedative. If taken, it is strong enough to knock a person out for a minimum of 4 days.”

“If, if that is so.”

Dok-gosong’s eyes were filled with certain expectation. He had a chance to escape without betraying the kindness of the Shaolin holy monk. As if he guessed his intentions, Do-wichung nodded his head.

“If Kongzinim succeeds, then the odd is ten to one that the Shaolin holy monk will fall into a deep sleep. Around the time we successfully arrive at the Bae-sect, he’ll safely awake in exactly 4 days.”

“Are, are you certain about that?”

“It is the absolute truth. I guarantee it on my honor.”

After hearing Do-wichung’s answer, Dok-gosong’s face had a light of

happiness. He had already resigned to live here, but now he had a way to escape this horrible Shaolin temple. He took the paper bag without any hesitation.

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# **[Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.**

## **26**

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/10/20/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-26/>

(TLN: Korean Mu-hyup novels are more like wuxia instead of xianxia. They can do superhuman feats, but there is a limit. The top experts are about the same level, and new villains do not continuously pop up. There is usually one main antagonist. I have to say this was my favorite chapter so far. I expected this to be a fast paced novel, but I guess I was wrong. I hope it picks up once he regains some power. )

Even though he felt sorry towards the holy monk, Dok-gosong thought that he would be able to get over it. Just in case, Dok-gosong opened the paper bag. There were several black medicinal pellets nestled inside.

“These are the sleeping pills.”

“Yes. It has the strength to make one sleep for 4 days and 4 nights, even if it was a bull.”

Dok-gosong looked inside the bag with suspicion in his eyes. He even took one out and put it in his mouth. He wanted to see if the other person was telling the truth. Do-wichung was surprised, but he didn’t make any move to stop Dok-gosong. Instead, he started speaking to him with a smile on his face.

“Young sect master. I don’t mind if you eat the medicine, but we are strapped for time. If you are curious about the taste, then it is fine for you to take a dose of medicine with the Shaolin holy monk. While both of you are asleep, we could take Kongzi-nim and escape the mountain.”

Dok-gosong was able to finally let go of his suspicion about the medicine, because of the other’s attitude.

If it was a poison then he would have tried to stop Dok-gosong from taking it. Of course, he was basing it on an assumption that he was the young sect leader of the Bae-sect. Dok-gosong smiled after spitting out the medicinal



pellet. He had only put the medicinal pellet inside his mouth. He hadn't swallowed it.

"How much should I use?"

"Use one pellet each. It dissolves well in water, so he wouldn't suspect it if you put it in some tea."

"I understand. I'll go immediately. All of you should wait here."

"We will carry out your order without failing."

Dok-gosong left the place immediately with hope of finding a new life. However, he didn't realize Do-wichung's gaze, which was looking at his back with sharp eyes.

"What is your business for coming in the middle of the night?"

"I merely wanted to see you, holy monk. Hue hue hue." (TLN: ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ creepy laugh)

After watching Dok-gosong, who was leaking a grotesque sound, the Shaolin high monk Hae-jung smiled benevolently. Even though he was a child of a Madu, he had warmed up to Dok-gosong. Therefore, the holy monk's attitude toward Dok-gosong was very warm. He was like this even though Dok-gosong's grotesque appearance made people crinkle their eyes automatically.

"Go back to your sleeping place. The night is already very deep."

"I don't really sleep a lot in the night. Therefore, I wanted to come and have a cup of tea with the holy monk...."

"This guy(TLN:there isn't an accurate translation but he is saying this affectionately)... What is up with you? You are usually distant, but you came for tea...."

Even at a glance, one could tell that the Shaolin holy monk Hae-jung was an old monk filled with compassion. Even though he had lost a good portion of his nae-ryuk(TLN:his qi reservoir) after using the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique on Dok-gosong, he was a matchless existence in the Shaolin temple. He had lived for 120 years, and he was a holymonk that had high accomplishment in mu-gong and deeds.

After the Shaolin high monk watched Dok-gosong put the tray down, he made an ambiguous expression.

“Since you are insisting tea during the late-night, you must have put poison in it?” (TLN: ouch joke cut close to the truth)

Dok-gosong smiled at those words.

“Of course. I put a great amount of strong poison in it. Hue hue hue.”

The tray that Dok-gosong put down had two tea cups with steam emanating from them.

“Which one do you want to drink?”

“I don’t know? I have no idea which tea-cup has the poison in it?”

Even though he said this, the Shaolin high monk picked a tea-cup with a wide smile on his face. He didn’t have an ounce of hesitation. Afterwards, Dok-gosong quickly lifted up the other tea-cup.

“Should I test the tea to see if there is any poison in it?”

After finishing his words, Dok-gosong drank all the tea in one gulp. After seeing this, the Shaolin high monks wrinkled his brows.

“Have you ever seen a guy like this? You have to slowly sip the tea while enjoying the fragrance....”

Even though he was scolding, the warmth in eyes never left the eyes. Dok-gosong made an embarrassed expression.

“You already know that I have quick disposition.”

“Then should I start drinking the tea you have made?”

The Shaolin high monk lifted the tea-cup to his mouth, while watching the smiling Dok-gosong. Truthfully, he already had a slight suspicion that Dok-gosong was acting this way to erase his suspicion. However, the Shaolin high priest did not doubt Dok-gosong not in the least.

He already had a deep understanding about Dok-gosong’s nature. According to his assessment, Dok-gosong was very single-minded. He would never forget a grudge, but he would never betray someone who had shown him kindness.

The Shaolin holy monk deeply recognized this through his experience up until now.

‘This guy doesn’t have the disposition required to poison me no matter what.’

After concluding his thoughts, the Shaolin holy monk slowly drank his tea. After emptying the cup of tea, the holy monk wiped his mouth with his sleeve and smiled.

“The taste of the teas was better than I thought. Your skill is pretty great?”

“Well, don’t mention it.... This child will leave now.”

“So be it.”

The Shaolin holy monk felt love(TLN: more like familial love) after watching Dok-gosong get up quickly and turn around.

‘Poor child. If only you hadn’t been born the son of Dok-gomoogi, no, only if you had looked normal then you would have become an excellent Buddhist....’

After Dok-gosong left, he shed his stray thoughts and he started his Zen meditation. He had practiced Zen meditation for over 100 years, so he was able to attain a spiritual state of perfect selflessness. However in his surrounding, there was a disturbance that intruded...

There was a faint sound that was heard outside of his residence. The Shaolin holy monk broke out of his Zen meditation. Since the Shaolin holy monk had a profound nae-gong, he was able to identify the sound as something falling down.

“The only person who had left this place was that child? Oong? This life signature?”

The life signature felt outside changed the Shaolin holy monk’s complexion. He got out of the Lotus position, and stood up.

Bbi-guk. (TLN:creak)

The Shaolin holy monk came out after opening the door, and he could see the small body of Dok-gosong crumpled near the entrance. There were 10 unidentifiable masked men surrounding him....

First, the Shaolin holy monk checked the status of Dok-gosong. The Shaolin high monk realized that he was sleeping after his blood flow was suppressed. He called out the name of Buddha in a low voice.

” Amitabha.(TLN:아미타불 阿彌陀佛) What brings the member of the Bae-sect to our headquarters.”

The people who had suppressed Dok-gosong’s blood flow was none other than the experts from Bae-sect. They had an asura shape engraved on their chest, so any person of the Murim could recognize them. After seeing the Shaolin holy monk, they busily got into a defensive position. Amongst them, the black-faced middle aged man called Do-wichung stepped forward.

“We have come to look for someone, our little lord. “

The Shaolin high monk’s expression could only be discerned as shock.

“This old man doesn’t understand. You refused our letter, so why are you invading our headquarters to rescue him at this time.....”

Do-wichung cut off his words with a sharp tone.

“That was then and now is now. I have already received an order from Chong-sa-nim to rescue the young sect leader.”

“Amitabha.” (TLN: in korean it sounds like Ah-Mi-Ta-Bul)

The Shaolin holy monk quickly recited the name of Buddha. To be honest, he didn’t understand Sa-joonhwan’s(TLN:guy who betrays Dok-gosong in the early part of the book) motive. He had already grasped the entire Bae-sect in his hand. In that situation, he had no reason to take Dok-gosong. However, it wasn’t a situation where he could just be a spectator. Even though he had gotten somewhat attached to Dok-gosong, he couldn’t return him to the Bae-sect. After deciding this in his mind, the Shaolin holy monk clipped his words.

“This old man cannot allow that. It would be best if you all left.”

As if they had guessed what the Shaolin holy monk’s response would be, the Bae-sect warriors hurriedly initiated their sword formation.

Do-wichung took out his own weapon and coldly smiled.

“If you won’t send him then we have no choice but to fight and snatch him

away...”

The Shaolin holy monk couldn't believe what he was hearing. Even though, the Black Yama Do-wichung was a top expert in the Bae-sect with a formidable mu-gong, he didn't have the qualification to be thoughtless with his words. Whether it is from the ranking in the murim or skills, there was a large gap between them.

Still he is showing so much confidence..... After he calmed his mind, the Shaolin holy monk continued speaking as if giving admonishment.

“I'm warning you to leave. I beg of you. If you continue to be stubborn, then this old man will abandon my merciful heart out of necessity .”

Do-wichung didn't pay attention to the advice. Instead, he ordered his underlings to attack the Shaolin holy monk, who was surrounded by them.

“Initiate the Thousand Years Sword Formation. Attack in accordance to Article 1.”

After receiving the order, the men dressed in black moved without hesitation. Up down left right. They blocked every direction that the Shaolin holy monk could evade towards, and they approached while quickly unsheathing dozens of blue-hued sword.

Thousand Years Sword Formation. It was an attack that ignored defense and only focused on attacking. It was Bae-sect's unique attack type sword formation that only focused on killing the opponent. After seeing these figures, the Shaolin holy monk realized that he had no choice.

“Amitabha. This old man has no choice anymore.”

He didn't hesitate to pull his nae-ryuk up. He would initiate the Ho-shin-gang-gi(TLN: circulate qi to make force field/armor) to block the initial attack then he decided to use his strength to counter attack. However right before he could pull his nae-ryuk up, he felt pain roll over him as if his intestine were being severed. The Shaolin holy monk could only open his mouth after feeling the extreme pain. He was in so much pain that he wasn't even able to use Yungong. (TLN: another jargon of this genre, technique allows free control over qi)

“This, this is.”

He had no way of pulling up his nae-ryuk. His whole body wasn't responsive, because he was feeling pain as if he being cut into pieces. The blue blades skimmed by the frozen Shaolin holy monk. HE was defenseless, but none of the swords hit its mark. It seemed like their objective wasn't to kill him. Next he heard a sudden sound from one side.

"Ku-hahaha. We succeeded."

The Shaolin holy monk's face had an expression as if he couldn't believe it.

"This, this is. That, that can't be right....."

Do-wichung's face started smiling.

"Believe it. Holy monk has already taken the Seven Step Dispelling Heart. (TLN: 칠보단장산 Chil-bo-Dan-Jang-San... I rearranged the name and made some part up)

It is the most potent Power Scattering Poison(TLN: 산공독(散功毒)) we have made so far.

Even if your nae-ryuk is profound, you won't be able to pull up your nae-ryuk for 15 mins."

"How, how were you able to make this old man eat p..poison?"

He spoke haltingly as if he was feeling a lot of pain, and the Shaolin holy monk's complexion changed drastically. His expression indicated he had realized something. His gaze fell upon Dok-gosong, who had fallen far away.

'The ch..child gave me poison?' (TLN: single quotation = what he is thinking)

No matter how he thought about it, he couldn't believe it. Looking at his understanding of Dok-gosong's nature, he couldn't even think about Dok-gosong betraying him. Do-wichung continued speaking while approaching the Shaolin holy monk, who was standing dazedly in place with a hint of distrust on his face.

"You'll have to die now. Holy monk. You, honored sir, is an existence that is the biggest stumbling stone in our sect's plan"

Do-wichung held a somewhat black knife, which didn't look like a weapon. It was not something most people of the Murim would use. It was a blunt

cleaver used to cut meat or fish.

Do-wichung had found this knife from Dok-gosong's sleeping place.

Do-wichung was meticulously following Sa-joonhwan's secret orders. No matter what happened, he was supposed to make it look like Dok-gosong had killed the Shaolin holy monk.

The Shaolin monk, who was at the precipice of death, found peace. The Shaolin holy monk watched Do-wichung raise the knife before he started speaking in a low tone.

"In the end, it was all your doing."

"....."

"The child is a person who would not harm me. You probably tricked the child into feeding me the Power Scattering Poison."

There was a nervous light that passed through Do-wichung's eyes. Do-wichung feared the Shaolin holy monk's insight, which he had used to clearly see through the plot. However, he was someone who never forgot about his mission. The cleaver in his hand headed towards the neck of the Shaolin holy monk at a frightening speed. Of course, he didn't insert any nae-ryuk into the cleaver. (TLN: no nae-ryuk since he is trying to make it look like Dok-gosong did it)

The gruesome corpse of the Shaolin high monk was found a full day after this event. A young monk found the body of the Shaolin holy monk, and this event turned the Shaolin temple upside down. The Shaolin holy monk was touted as the Shaolin's top expert. His limbs were brutally detached and it was done with a blunt knife. Moreover, it didn't look like the limbs were cut, but it looked like it was ripped off. This discovery about the corpse shocked the entire Shaolin temple.

The elders and leaders all went out on a fact-finding mission. However, it wasn't necessary for them to investigate about the villain.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 27 Part 1

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/10/26/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-27-part-1/>

(TLN: Long chapter. I divided into 2 parts.)

The Shaolin temple pointed out Dok-gosong as the villain, who had assassinated the Shaolin holy monk.

He had disappeared without a trace after the incident, and the used weapon was reported to be his. Moreover, they found a trace of Power Scattering Poison on the Shaolin holy monk's corpse, and there weren't any trace of nae-ryuk on the wound. The culprit didn't have any nae-ryuk, and it was also a person who was deeply trusted by the Shaolin holy monk.

Of course, all these conditions coincided with Dok-gosong. Besides, they found the headless corpse of the guardian monks, who were watching over Dok-gosong. The investigation of the affair didn't go any further and it was concluded.

The Shaolin temple firmly decided that Dok-gosong was the perpetrator, and they ordered a public bounty.

Then the news was spread to each Murim's sects.

"The Shaolin temple was protecting the Bae-sect's young sect leader Dok-gosong, and he assassinated the Shaolin holy monk. He cheated by using the Power Scattering Poison, so the Shaolin holy monk and the guardian monks were neutralized. They were brutally murdered. It was so bad that I couldn't bear looking at it with open eyes. Our Shaolin temple declared a public bounty for the villain Dok-gosong. This bounty will be effective until his life has ended."

At that time, Dok-gosong had already entered deeply into the Bae-sect headquarters. He was currently in a deep sleep after his pressure point was pinched. After they arrived at a safe place, Do-wichung released Dok-gosong's pressure point. The youth woke up and the first thing he saw was a handsome

middle-aged man wearing a long-crane-white gown.(TLN: academic robe those old guys where in martial arts movie) This person was the Bae-sect's Chongsa(TLN: name of a position) Sa-joonhwan.

(TLN: abrupt time shift)

"Ku-ook."

Dok-gosong's small body was thrown against the wall without any care. Blood sprayed out like a fountain, and he tried to pull his body up. He was barely able to stand up, but his limp left arm didn't move at all. It seemed like the bones in his arms were thoroughly broken.

While Dok-gosong put the wall to his back, he glanced at the approaching green silhouette.

There was a green monster heading toward him at a fast speed. It had a bell-like head with canines protruding from its mouth. It was a very imposing monster with patchy green fur. Its height was about 3 meters, and it had a similar in shape to a human. The monster possessed an incredible amount of strength. Moreover, the monster was freely handling an axe with two hands that was longer than Dok-gosong's height. However, the thing that puzzled Dok-gosong the most was the monster's skin. He was fighting a bloody fight for about an hour and Dok-gosong was able to give it numerous injuries. However, there wasn't a single trace of a wound visible now. This meant that the monster's regenerative abilities was outstanding. Before he was thrown to the wall, he had wounded its lower stomach, but even that was in the midst of healing.

It was regenerating while being encased by roiling bubbles. After seeing this, Dok-gosong was about to go mad.

"Shit. If only I had Nae-gong."

After he stared at the monster, Dok-gosong lowered his gaze to look at the weapon mounted on his right hand. It was a blackish iron glove with steel nodes attached to it.

The weapon was called a spiked gauntlet in this place. There were 4 long blades at the fist area, but the tips were hopelessly crushed. There was at least one fresh blade left. The rest was all broken during the fight with the monster.

This was the weapon he had received when he entered this place. It was similarly made to Hojo, which he had used in Zhongyuan. However, Dok-gosong was still unfamiliar with it.

Unlike this one, Hojo had blades on the finger tips. Moreover, Hojo naturally required a vast amount of nae-gong to use. As the monster plodded towards him, Dok-gosong suddenly threw his body.

Kwa-Kwang. (TLN: boom)

The enormous axe exploded where he used to be. The wall was deformed, and one could tell that if hit directly bones would be obliterated. Until now, he hadn't dared to block the monster's attack. If he blocked it with the equipped gauntlet, then he was sure his arm would be destroyed....

Still, it was fortunate that the monster's movement was comparably slow. That was why Dok-gosong was able to last for one hour. Dok-gosong's eyes suddenly filled with fighting spirit.

"You bastard. Do you think I'll just roll over?"

When he was killing the orcs, Dok-gosong had thrown away his will to live. However, he had remembered the events from Zhongyuan. Specifically, he thought about his meeting with Sa-joonhwan and his thirst for revenge rose up. He didn't want to die a pointless death, so he decided to live.

To achieve this, he had to pass the test given by the people of Truvania. He was healed within a couple of days, but he was entered into another test again. This time he was faced off against a monster called a Troll.

Troll. It had a substantially larger body and power compared to a human. Trolls also possessed a fearsome regenerative ability. If one was asked to name a typical mid-tier monster from Truvania then troll would be a handful of monsters picked. Of course, an experienced knight could easily battle one on one with a troll. However, it was a fearful existence for a normal soldier or a mercenary. Dok-gosong was fighting a long bloody battle that had lasted over one hour.

"Even if it is strong, there must be a weak point since it is a living organism. It is not possible for it to not have a weakness." (TLN: I could have made that last sentence less awkward, but this is the closest translation in terms of structure/how author worded it.)

Dok-gosong decided the troll's weakness was its head. Even if it was a creature with strong regenerative capability, it won't be able to live after its head was smashed. However, it wasn't an easy task to attack the head.

First, the body was about 3 meters tall. The biggest stumbling block was approaching its head. Of course, if he had retained his mu-gong then it wouldn't have been a problem.

Still, it was almost impossible for him to jump towards the smoothly moving troll.

However, Dok-gosong didn't become anxious, and he tenaciously waited for an opportunity to come. But Dok-gosong couldn't have known that the troll was more cunning than he thought....

Once the troll was unable to catch Dok-gosong quickly, it became really mad. It started swing its axe, while bending its waist forward. The trolls head was within reach if he jumped. He was waiting for this chance, so Dok-gosong didn't miss this opportunity. After dodging the axe, Dok-gosong didn't hesitate to jump. He did this to drive the gauntlet into the troll's head.

However, this was Dok-gosong's mistake..... Something sped towards Dok-gosong's airborne body.

This was the Troll's left arm, which it had kept hidden behind its back. He couldn't avoid the arm since he was airborne. The greatly startled Dok-gosong could only raise his arm to block it.

Ooh-ji-jeek. (TLN: sfx of something getting crushed)

The bones in his arms was hopelessly broken, and Dok-gosong was thrown hard against the wall. Now he was in a situation where he had only one arm to fight against the monster.

Kwang. (TLN: boom)

Dok-gosong barely avoided getting chopped by the axe, and he hurriedly went towards the troll's back. He was out of breath, and the pain from his left arm made him dizzy. Still, Dok-gosong used all his energy to move his body.

The troll saw the food escape towards its back, so it started turning its body while roaring. At that moment, Dok-gosong's eyes saw the monster's heel. A good idea came to Dok-gosong. He unhesitatingly ran forward and swung the spiked gauntlet he had on.

If it was a human, it would be called the Achilles tendon. Accompanying an uncanny sound, it was cut along with the muscle. The muscle was cut when the troll was about to turn, so its body suddenly swayed.

The very angry troll used his sound leg to kick backwards. The thick leg that looked like a pillar approached him, while making destructive sounds. He realized he couldn't avoid it, so Dok-gosong used his sound arm to hug the incoming leg. This was the most appropriate action to be taken according to his years of experience.

Kwang. (TLN: boom)

Accompanying the heavy impact, Dok-gosong spat out a mouthful of blood. However, he was barely able to hold on to his target.

After the food had attached itself to its leg, the troll shook its leg to dislodge it. However, he held on for dear life. Dok-gosong would not fall off easily.

“Eh-it.” (TLN: it's like a frustrated sound/phrase you say)

While dangling, Dok-gosong used this chance to extend his gauntlet with all his might. The target this time was the leg's muscle. The regenerative ability of the creature was so strong that he didn't have time to hesitate. Accompanying green colored blood, he unhesitatingly cut the other Achilles tendon. Dok-gosong's small body was kicked away, and he fell a good distance away.

“Ki-roo-roo-roo.” (TLN: growling sfx)

After seeing the food fall away, the troll didn't hesitate to run towards it. The troll was starved for a very long time, so it had only one thing on its mind. It wanted to split the food's body into two, and chew on it. However, the troll hadn't realized in its mind that all of its leg muscles were severed.

The troll tried to run with force, but its legs got tangled. It couldn't hold out after having its muscles severed. The 3 meter tall troll lost its balance, and it started to fall over. Unluckily, it fell towards the Dok-gosong's direction.

After seeing the incredibly big body falling towards him as target, Dok-gosong used all his strength to roll his body away. The knife fragment that fell from the gauntlet pierced through his back, but he didn't feel the pain. He just moved his body on pure instinct. Soon his body was covered entirely by a cloud of dust.

Koong. (TLN: sfx heavy body falling)

After barely avoiding getting squashed, Dok-gosong hurriedly stood up. He felt no sensation from his broken left arm, and the blood loss clouded his mind. His back was hotly saturated, so the wound on his back must be pretty deep. Without any regard for his wounds, Dok-gosong ran towards the troll, who was struggling to get up. It's head was very large, but Dok-gosong drove the gauntlet into the troll's head without any mercy.

Zzong. (TLN: another sfx blade breaking)

The remaining knife helplessly broke. The troll's skull was unexpectedly hard.

"What the heck." (TLN:이런 was used. It usually is used when you are disappointed)

It was the last weapon attached to the gauntlet, so Dok-gosong tried to grab the broken blade fragment with his extended arm. However, as if it was mocking him, the blade fragment escaped his hands and flew off to a far distance. Once the pain from the head was transmitted to the troll, it roared. Then it put forth its hands and grabbed Dok-gosong's body. It was the moment of life or death. However, Dok-gosong did not panic in the slightest. He used his sound right arm to grasp the blade fragment embedded in his back.

Shoo-gak. (TLN: SFX blade being freed)

Accompanying a horrifying destructive sound, the some-what long blade fragment came free with flesh attached to it. It was a situation where the troll had already grabbed Dok-gosong's waist firmly.

No matter how hard the skull was there is always an empty space where the eyes were. The bloodshot pupil was pierced without resistance, and the blade fragment buried deep inside the troll's brain. The troll's body started shaking as if it had been struck by lightning. The shock made its strength automatically enter its hand. Dok-gosong suddenly felt his waist being crushed. The troll already had his waist in a tight hold. The pain was almost unbearable, so Dok-gosong shouted out a wretched scream.

"Ooh-ah-ah-ahk."

Thankfully, the pain didn't last too long. Since the troll's brain was destroyed, the strength to its extremities were drained. Dok-gosong was barely able to escape from its hands.

Tul-suk. (TLN:sfx body hitting floor)

While sprawled on the floor, Dok-gosong panted in short breaths. He didn't even have the strength to move a single finger. With his blurred vision, he looked over the state of his opponent. The troll had fallen over and it was intermittently twitching. Even that happened only for a moment before the troll's big body went limp.

In the second battle, he was victorious against a troll. A dry sound squeezed out of his bloody lips.

"That was difficult."

As if he had used his body's strength to exhaustion, fatigue came flowing in. Dok-gosong fell asleep in place with his body fallen face forward. Soon the prison's door opened and a squad of soldiers rushed in. They recovered Dok-gosong's body and they started transporting him to an unknown location.

"What was the result?"

"Surprisingly, the foreigner was victorious. The troll we inserted had his brain pierced and it is completely dead."

"Really?"

Serge made an expression as if he was having a lot of fun. The troll was a mid-tier monster that most soldiers avoided fighting. He had fought the troll one on one and won..... Moreover, he had used a spiked gauntlet, a short ranged weapon, to do so.

"So how did the fight progress? Did he fight well after we gave him the spiked gauntlet?"

The question from Serge made Benitez hesitate for a moment from giving his report.

"That, that is....."

"Is there a problem?"

Eventually, as if Benitez didn't have a choice, he started summarizing how the fight progressed.

"To tell you the truth, he is barely alive right now. His left ribs and the bones in

his arms are all fractured. Other than that I don't even need to mention how many bruises he has. In my observation, I think the troll is his limit."

"Is that right?"

Serge made an expression as if he was having a lot of fun.

"How should we get rid of him?"

"I don't know? What should I do? What is your thought?"

Benitez hesitated for a moment before finally letting out his inner thoughts. No matter what, he had risked his life to bring that person from another dimension. Therefore he didn't welcome the idea of just getting rid of him.

"As Duke, you probably know that there is a shortage of soldiers. We are sending every young man who could fight to the front-lines. I think we should heal him up and then make him do labor. If not that then I think it is desirable for us to use him as a sentry on the castle wall. If you do not want that, then we could send him to the battlefield. He probably could cover the share of a single soldier.(TLN: he is at least worth a single soldier)"

Serge smiled and nodded. Not long after, he dropped a command.

"First, heal that bastard."

"Yes? You are going to accept my suggestion?"

However, Serge shook his head side to side to indicate in the negative. His face slowly made a smile.

"I want to test him one more time. This time against an ogre. So you should heal him with all your energy."

Benitez was surprised.

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# [Dark Mage]Chapter 1 Escape, then New World. EP.

## 27 Part 2

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/10/30/dark-magechapter-1-escape-then-new-world-ep-27-part-2/>

(TLN: Bleh...it's one of those chapters. It was a nightmare to translate towards the end.)

“The ogre? It is an absurd idea. Ogre is a powerful monster that can't even be compared to a troll. This test would surely kill him.”

“Then isn't that the bastard's fate? Anyways, if he finishes this test safely, I'll let the bastard live. Of course, it is a presumption to think that he'll be able to kill the ogre.”

After smiling, Serge stood up. This was an unexpected conversation, so Benitez could only stand in place dumbly.

(TLN: back to the past...)

“There is only one way to dispel your restrictive spell, Kongzi-nim.”

“There is a way to dispel the restrictive spell?”

Dok-gosong's mouth fell open at the unexpected information. There was a way to dispel the extreme restrictive spell placed on him by the Shaolin holy monk.... It could only be seen as good news. Inside Dok-gosong's pupil, there was a flame of hope slowly rising up.

It had been one month since Dok-gosong had entered the Bae-sect. Chongsa(TLN: I guess it is like vice president...) Sa-joonhwan had treated Dok-gosong with the utmost devotion. He was treated as if the dead Sect leader Dok-go had come back. This caused Dok-gosong to start trusting Sa-joonhwan deep within his heart. It wasn't that surprising since he was only despised and harassed in the Shaolin temple. No one had showed him warmth. So the one month Dok-gosong had spent in the Bae-sect was comparable to heaven.

First, the people treated him with extreme loyalty and respect. From the

regular warriors to the masters of high status, they prostrated themselves to express their loyalties whenever they saw him. There were none who would treat him with impunity. It was very much like a dream for Dok-gosong.

Originally, Dok-gosong had a tendency to deeply trust people who was nice to him even if it was by a little bit. Even when he was at the crossroads of life and death, he didn't want to harm the Shaolin holy monk. It was a truth that was known just by looking at this anecdote.

This temperament of Dok-gosong allowed Sa-joonhwan to be able to captivate him deep within his heart. Moreover, there was another incident that made it almost impossible for him to not trust Sa-joonhwan.....

This happened after the 10th day Dok-gosong had arrived at the Bae-sect. The Murim-mang(TLN: overall governing body) sent out an envoy with an official document. Of course, the content of the official document ordered them to formally hand over Dok-gosong, who had killed the Shaolin holy monk. However, Sa-joonhwan refused to do so without even thinking about it twice.

“We cannot give you our sect's young sect leader, even if the cost is war.”

The Murim-mang's envoy had no choice but to return forlornly. He couldn't go against Sa-joonhwan's will as he was ready to go to war. At the time, Dok-gosong had watched this scene while hiding behind the curtains. He was deeply impressed by Sa-joonhwan's will to protect him no matter what. However, it was inevitable that Dok-gosong was flabbergasted by the news that the Shaolin holy monk had died.

“I killed the holy monk? What has happened?”

After the Murim-mang's envoy left, Dok-gosong mindlessly ran towards Sa-joonhwan and gave him a gloomy expression.

“I think it is a ruse. The pill I gave Do-wichung and taken by the Shaolin holy monk was undoubtedly a sleeping pill. Kong-zi had already tasted it so you should already be able to guess the identity of the pill.”

“That is correct, but.”

“Originally, the Righteous sects enjoys using crafty and underhanded methods. Those bastards are trying to find fault with the Bae-sect to fight us. The holy monk was a senior monk that even I had much respect for. There is a high

possibility that the holy monk was done in by the Righteous sects.”

“Then, then the holy monk was killed by the Righteous sect’s hands.....”

“That is my prediction. The Murim-mang’s lead clan could do such an act and much more.”

Finally, Dok-gosong’s eyes were burning with the light of anger. His anger was directed toward the members of the Righteous sect. Even though the person had put a restrictive spell on him, he was the only one to treat Dok-gosong as a person. He couldn’t remain a mere spectator to his death.

However, he didn’t have any mu-gong, and he had no way to take revenge. Eventually, he pleaded with Sa-joonhwan to teach him mu-gong.

“I want to become strong. Please pass down a peerless mu-gong to me.”

Of course, Sa-joonhwan showed his disapproval.

“Huh!(TLN: more like him exhaling hard) You want to learn mu-gong. In our current situation, this isn’t an easy proposition.”

The biggest stone obstructing Dok-gosong’s way from learning mugong was the restrictive spell that was put on him. Seven Sect’s Beating Gold Technique. The existence of this restrictive spell made learning mu-gong a fruitless effort. No matter how strong the mu-gong he learned, if he could not kill the opponent then what was the point.... Sa-joonhwan had secretly investigated Dok-gosong’s situation, so he already knew this. However, Sa-joonhwan made it so that there was a lingering image in Dok-gosong.

“Do not worry too much over it. I’ll definitely think of a solution.”

Dok-gosong had retreated half in doubt. However two days later, Sa-joonhwan came directly to Dok-gosong with the good news.

“By any chance, have you heard about the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art?”

“The Emperor’s Blood Demon Art?”

Dok-gosong was an outsider regarding the Murim, so he didn’t know anything about this mu-gong. Sa-joonhwan started explaining to Dok-gosong about the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art in an elderly tone.

“Emperor’s Blood Demon Art. This mu-gong was made 200 years ago by One

Thousand Bloody Hands Dong-Bahng-ryun. He was the 14th sect leader of the Bae-sect before he was deposed. This mu-gong was directly made by him. To tell you the truth, this is the strongest mu-gong in the Bae-sect's 700 year history. ”

It was a topic that appealed to his taste, so Dok-gosong paid attention without even breathing. Sa-joonhwan told him the secrets of the Emperor's Blood Demon Art without hiding anything.

“At the time, Dong-bang-ryun absorbed the life blood of a 1000 young men and women to train and complete the mu-gong. Of course, this was kept as a secret from his followers. The method of creation was so evil that even the inner Bae-sect(TLN: inner and outer sect-inner more important) was forbidden from learning it. However, the power could not be taken lightly. At the time, Dong-bahn-ryun, with this one mu-gong, was considered to be the top expert. However, there cannot be an eternal secret. A coincidental incident exposed Dong-bahng-ryun's secret, and he was disgraced. He was endlessly chased, and numerous murim experts eventually killed him. The Emperor's Blood Demon Art is a mu-gong with such background. ”

“Did you say 1000 young men and women?” (TLN: i say young men/women but more like children-innocent)

Dok-gosong was scared to death after hearing this. He sacrificed 1000 children for the sake of one mu-gong.....

“You want me to learn that cursed Ma-gong.(TLN:devil/evil martial art-it's a category was technique that require such things as blood/sacrifice etc.) I refuse. Even if I become strong, I refuse.”

Dok-gosong unwittingly stepped back, while waving his hands. Sa-joonhwan smiled in an effort to calm Dok-gosong.

“You don't have anything to worry about. Our sect's mugong disciples came up with an alternative method that doesn't require the young men and women.

“An alternative method?”

“Yes. It is to use beasts. Instead young men and women, one just has to kill 1000 young lambs, and absorbs its life blood daily. The power would be worse than the original method, but the Emperor's Blood Demon Art could be formed.

It won't lag too far behind the original power. Also, if Kongzi learns this method, then you could fully overcome the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique."

"Mmmm."

For a moment, Dok-gosong fell into his thoughts. He had to absorb the life blood of lambs instead of young men and women. Dok-gosong was ready to endure that much hardship. This was only if he was able to become strong."

"Of course, I will bury this secret forever. This time, no matter what happens, this business won't be revealed. I will stake my name on this promise." (TLN: Remember he eventually reveals this secret to get rid of Dok-gosong, which led to the event in the first couple chapters)

After Sa-joonhwan came out like this, Dok-gosong had no reason to hesitate. He willingly agreed to learn the Emperor's Blood Demon Art.

"Alright. I'll try it once."

"That is an excellent decision."

A smile started spreading on Sa-joonhwan's lips. This was a smile of satisfaction. Everything had went according to his will. In truth, there was one thing he didn't reveal to Dok-gosong.

The Emperor's Blood Demon Art. One was able to become an expert in a short amount of time using an extremely evil formation method. However, there was a serious side-effect to this mu-gong. It was the fact that the fiendishness penetrates one's head, and the person becomes a blood starved devil. (TLN: Main, devil person-lose thought, become blood thirsty) One would lose any guilt over killing a person, and as time passes on, one would only know about slaughter. This was a cursed Ma-gong (TLN: devil's martial art) that forged the person into a mindless vampire. Sa-joonhwan was suggesting this mu-gong to Dok-gosong.

The truth was Dok-gosong was too old to learn mu-gong. Even if he learned diligently starting from now, it was impossible for him to become a peak expert. In the vast history of Murim, there have been numerous methods used to train a sect's disciple. It was concluded that there were only about half a dozen correct formulas. Normally, if one wanted a top expert to be born then the Murim sect

has to lay down a fundamental foundation when the person was a baby. In extreme cases, there were children who had their foundation laid when they were still inside the pregnant mother's womb. This causes the bones and sinews to strengthen. As soon as the child is able to understand words, they learn about training their foundation.

Depending on the sect, there were differences, but all the process were similar. During this process, the children's future is decided by the Secondary Amendment of the Foundation law. (TLN: Tried to come up with something that didn't sound too weird)

The sect's elders, who has abundant nae-ryuk, would insert their nae-ryuk into the child to forcefully open up the pathway, which nae-gong flows through. This allows the nae-ryuk to flow smoothly. However, this Secondary Amendment of the Foundation Law wasn't easy to do. First, the person who attempts this has to be somewhat of an expert. Moreover during the Amendment process, a good amount of nae-gong is used up.

Therefore, one has to be the sect's direct disciple. To say it again, this method is only used on a few geniuses that could forge the sect's future. After the Amendment of the Foundation law is carried out, the gap between the children, who could train in mu-gong, starts to appear. The children, who received the Foundation law, will have achievement that no one could match, and they would grow up to be the pillar of the sect. The other rejected children grow up to be regular sect warriors.

(TLN: With some 'method', they strengthen the body at an early age. Then an expert has to inject their qi to forcefully open up their meridians/qi pathway. The earlier you do it, the better you are off. Also you have to start training as soon as possible.)

When looking at this pre-requisite, it could be seen that it was almost impossible for Dok-gosong to become a peak expert. The most important time period to learn mu-gong was a person's childhood, but Dok-gosong spent that time imprisoned in the Shaolin temple. In terms of nae-gong, he was a layman. That may be why he was fine after using the Seven Step Dispelling Heart, which the Shaolin holy monk had also taken. The Seven Step Dispelling Heart was a deadly poison for a person who has nae-gong, but it acts as a beneficial medicine

for a normal person.

If viewed in a certain way, he had no alternative, but to learn the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art to become a peak expert. Moreover, the Ma-song(TLN: fiendishness) would invade his marrows and he’ll become a blood thirsty Ma-in(TLN: devil), However, the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art will allow him to sufficiently overcome the Shaolin holy monk’s restrictive spell.

No matter what Sa-joonhwan’s intentions were, Dok-gosong decided to practice the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art. He was totally in the dark that Sa-joonhwan had totally fooled him.

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# Dark Mage Chapter 1 EP. 28

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2015/11/11/dark-mage-chapter-1-ep-28/>

(TLN: Bleh. The second part of this chapter was a nightmare to translate. Q\_Q)

The underground Prison was surrounded by darkness. A person was lying in a narrow space, which measured to little over 3 square meters on all sides. His whole body was wrapped up in bandages, and he looked like a patient who could die at any moment. The person with the splint on his left hand was none other than Dok-gosong.

He was in a state where he was mindlessly sleeping. Most of the wounds he received from the battle with the Troll was treated, but his internal injuries still remained. Only the sound of the rough breathing could be heard within the prison, and there was a quiet feeling of loneliness that had swept over.

However, right then someone suddenly emerged from the darkness. He was a handsome middle-aged man with blue eyes, and he wore a blue robe. His name was none other than Benitez. The Ikarot Kingdom's palace magician had directly appeared inside the underground prison.

He wordlessly observed Dok-gosong, who was sprawled out on the other side of the iron bars. He was observing to evaluate the state of Dok-gosong.

"Most of his treatment have been roughly finished. Well, we steadily used healing for a week...."

He quietly raised his hand. He had already prepared the healing magic while he was coming over to this place. Suddenly, a bluish light was emitted from his hand. The light flew in a straight line towards Dok-gosong and it covered his entire body. The light itself looked to be alive, and it circled around Dok-gosong once before it was absorbed entirely into his body.

"If my prediction is correct, this man will awaken soon."

Benitez saw that Dok-gosong face was gradually taking on a healthy glow, so without a word, he turned his body. Behind his back, a low and weak voice was



heard.

“Please wait.”

Without realizing it, Benitez turned his head. He could weakly detect a pair of eyes watching him. The foreigner. He had opened his eyes and he was watching Benitez.

Benitez walked towards the iron bars. The foreigner said something, but he didn't understand it since he hadn't casted the translation magic. After Benitez stopped his steps in front of the bars, the foreigner slowly raised his body. Then he slowly walked towards Benitez.

“I have something to say.”

The foreigner kept speaking words he couldn't understand, but all of a sudden, Benitez was swept up by the idea that he would like to speak to the foreigner. However, it wasn't sensible to do such a useless thing. It would require a considerable amount of mana to do so and he didn't need to or had a reason to do so. However, he casted the translation magic before he knew it. It was because he felt compassion for this person, who was miserable. When he dimensionally shifted to the other world, this man inside the prison was a strong existence that was infinitely proud.

Against the numerous master class swordsman, he wasn't inferior in the slightest against them. He was a strong expert that fought while standing tall. Of course he didn't feel good seeing this person's shabby appearance. After casting the translation magic, Benitez spoke to Dok-gosong in an elderly tone.

“Do you have something to say to me?”

The complexion of Dok-gosong's face became brighter. How long has it been since he was able to converse with someone? He didn't know he would be this happy just to be able to talk to anyone.

However, the other person seemed to have an unfavourable attitude towards him. Dok-gosong knew that he had to find out everything he wanted in a limited amount of time.

“What happened to Shrekheimer?”

The opponent suddenly brought up Shrekheimer so he showed a puzzled expression. However, it wasn't a secret, so he decided to meekly answer the

question.

“Couple days ago, that person left for the battle field. He went to heal the injured soldiers. He said that was the only thing he could do for Truvania, so he went to the dangerous battlefield. You probably won’t get to see him again.”

“Mmmm.”

Dok-gosong was silent for a moment. Dok-gosong somewhat identified with the decision Shrekheimer had made. Of course, the reason was probably mixed with the reprimand made by the monarchs for failing his mission. He could someone what guess how the events were transpiring. After finishing his introspection, Dok-gosong stared intensively at Benitez’s face.

“Now I remember your face.”

“.....?”

“When I was falling off the cliff, I saw someone, who looked like you. I lost track of the situation so I did not remember it. It is coming back to me now. The person who rescued me from the cliff was you.”

Benitez gave a bitter smile. Dok-gosong remembered that he had saved him, and it didn’t feel too bad. He had thought at the time that the foreigner was the savior, who would save the continent from danger. However, he had lost all his power, and he was unable to help them. Benitez tried hard to maintain a cold attitude towards him.

“Well, you don’t have to show gratitude about that incident. At the time, I was just carrying out my mission....”

After giving a terse reply, Benitez was about to turn back when Dok-gosong called out urgently.

“Please wait.”

Benitez paused and he looked at Dok-gosong again.

“Do you have something to say to me?”

“I’ll be straightforward. When will the test I am taking end?”

Benitez’s face was surprised for a moment. In general, a person who is in this

kind of situation would logically feel despair and fear. It was normal for a person to obsess about the possible fate that was coming towards him, and go half mad from it. However, this man was different. He never lost his patience, and he was able to see through his situation with a level-head..... After his attention was aroused, Benitez spoke before he knew it.

“How did you know this was a test?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Let us not make this too complicated with petty tricks. I just want to know one thing. What is going to happen to me after this test? If I will die any ways, then I don’t think it’s necessary for me to fight. Please tell me the truth.”

Dok-gosong stared into Benitez’s face. After looking at his figure, Benitez eventually nodded his head.

“If you pass the last test then you might be able to live.”

Dok-gosong’s face was filled with some light of anticipation.

“I should be grateful for small mercies.”

“However.”

After pausing his words for a moment, Benitez made a sad expression.

“I think the probability of you surviving the test is almost impossible.”

“Ho, why would that be?”

“The opponent you are going against is a monster called an Ogre. Even amongst them, it is the most violent Twin Head Ogre. Twin head ogres are powerful monster even most knights avoid going up against it.

It is an existence that cannot be compared to the troll you previously fought against. Therefore, I recommend you throw away any hope of surviving.”

However, the foreigner was not scared in the least.

“So I just have to pass the last test.”

“Y..Yes.”

“Then after I pass the test, what will be my circumstance after being let go?”

He was taken aback by the other’s fearless attitude, but Benitez started giving

a comparably truthful explanation. If he passed the test then he'll probably be taken up as a laborer, or be drafted as a soldier. After hearing Benitez's word, Dok-gosong smiled bitterly.

"Since you paid a big price to bring me here, you are going to thoroughly use me."

"That is why I said to just think about passing your upcoming last test."

After Benitez spoke bluntly, he didn't hesitate to leave. He was really busy. He had no time to waste.

Chul-kung. (TLN: sfx metal door clicking into place )

After Benitez left, the door closed firmly.

Dok-gosong continued thinking, while making a perplexed face. He was worrying about how he should act.

"First, I have to live by doing everything possible."

His thoughts concluded not too long after that, so he decided to go back to his spot and sleep. Then he thought about the only period in his life that he was happy. The happiest moment in his life was in the center of a battle field with blood spraying.

(TLN: another flashback~ & the difficult part to translate Q\_Q)

Shoo-ru-ru-ru.

One sword was flying to a location, while causing countless changes. Accompanying a thick scent of plum, many plum flowers were drawn in the air. By looking at the proficiency he was drawing the plum flower, one could tell he was a disciple of the Volcanic sect and it wasn't hard to see that he was someone possessing an enormous amount of skills.

"Kuk."

The two men in black with the Asura mark on their breast was moving energetically with their swords, when they were cut down before they were even able to scream.

They were Ma-do(TLN: Demon/evil sect) experts with a great deal of skill, however they was no match against a proper expert from the Righteous sect.

The middle-aged swordsman with a long beard swung his sword lightly, and the droplets of blood flew off. Then he threw his body towards the new targets. Jang-hunsu. He was the 42nd disciple of the Volcanic sect. Currently, he was an elder of the Volcanic sect with high prestige, and he kept 10 disciples under him. He was raised as a direct disciple since his childhood, so his future road was smooth. With his robust naegong, he was able to build his fame in the Murim over a long period of time. Now he had stepped back from the front line, and he had concentrated on growing his disciples.

However, the current reality didn't allow him to be complacent. The political great war simultaneously erupted all over the Murim. He had lost many disciples through the war, and he had no choice but to grasp his sword again. Right now he was leading his subordinate disciples towards rescuing the endangered Moyong family. However, at a glance, they could tell that the current battle was disadvantageous to themselves.

"It'll be difficult to go forward. Somehow we have to find the leader and slice him."

After looking around frantically, Jang-hunsu saw a figure that looked like the leader. He had Hojos equipped on both hands and he was sweeping everything. He was a black masked person with a somewhat small body.

His instinct told him that the person was the head of the Bae sect's ambush party. After realizing this, Jang-hunsu threw his body towards that direction.

This spring was a period of time where the struggle for power between the Baek-do and Ma-do(good sects vs evil sects) was at its zenith. The lengthy armed conflict between the small sects triggered a political war that started out as a localized war. However, not long after, it finally turned into an all out war. The nominal peak existence of the Ma-do was reputed to be the Bae-sect and the various other sects. The small sects banded together to form the Ma-In-Yun-Meng(TLN: league or alliance of evil/demon people). To oppose them, the White peach sect created the Murim-mang with the traditional nine great sects as the lynch pin. This resulted in the Ma-In-Yun-Meng and the Murim-meng fighting head on, and all the sects were swept into the political war.....

"Kuk."

One swordsman dropped his sword and fell in place when he was pierced

through the throat. While taking the Hojo out of the swordsman's neck, the black-veiled man moved his body reflexively after feeling a strong presence. He moved his body pretty fast, but the sword followed his blood as if it had eyes in front of it.

“This time the bastard is pretty good.”

Before the man in the black mask could evaluate the situation, the plum flower had approached close to his body. It was beautiful, but the flower of death was calling for blood. Before he knew it, it was covering his entire body. The man in black mask did not panic in the least, and he started fiercely swinging the Hojos equipped on both of his hands.

Pah-pah-pah-paht.

“The Plum Flower Sword Art was broken by a mere Hojo.....” (TLN: another reminder Hojo is his weapon, blade attached to fingers)

“Ku-ku-ku.(TLN: low laugh) Do you think I'll be beaten by the mere Plum Flower Sword Art?”

Surprisingly, the plum flower petals that covered the air was being steadily destroyed. Jang-hunsu, who had struck first, saw this and he was shocked.

The man in black mask ran toward Jang-hunsu, while letting the thick scars fly. (TLN:I think it means scars in the air created by his weapon-you see it in mangas where mc cuts air and a wind-like projection is formed) As if he wasn't able to block all of the Plum Flower Sword Art, his mask was ripped into pieces.

Chang-Chang.

After exchanging several blows, Jang-hunsu was finally able to see black masked man's face.

“He really is ugly. Ooong? Wait a second, you are?”

He was the Bae-sect's sect leader, who is an ugly hunchback that uses a Hojo. His opponent's identity was obvious.

After realizing the situation, Jang-hunsu's eyes were filled with the fire of anger.

“You are Dok-go-song? I'm glad I met you. You ungrateful bastard dared to

assassinate the Shaolin holy monk.”

“Bullshit! You guys killed him, so hold back your careless words?”

Dok-goson’s eye was fountaining with anger. As if he didn’t need to speak any more, he started running while waving the Hojo. Of course, Jang-hunsu didn’t back down.

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# Dark Mage Chapter 1 EP. 29

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2016/01/01/dark-mage-chapter-1-ep-29/>

TLN: Happy new year. Wow. I checked the last date I released a chapter of DM and it was November 11th. If you are a fan of this novel, I apologize. I started translating a new novel on a whim, and my focus was on that novel. Also, DM is really hard to translate compared to Dragon Make War or Elqueeness. It takes a lot of effort and time compared to the other project. So I hope you guys understand the slow speed.

Also for those on reddit suggesting translators to pick up Sword of the Emperor, I highly suggest you don't. One suffering otter is enough. lol DM is a bit easier b/c it jumps into fantasy setting. I shudder to think what translating a full mu-hyup novel would be like.

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Soon the fierce battle between the two experts occurred. Then not long after the fight started, Jang-hunsu felt a chill forming in his spine, because he was surprised.

“That..that is impossible. It has been only 10 years since the bastard has escaped from the Shaolin temple. During that period of time, he was able to learn such a domineering mugong....”

At a glance, he could tell that the battle was becoming disadvantageous for him. His opponent was using a short weapon, Hojo. Not many warriors used it, because of its short range. Still his opponent was able to push against him with overwhelming force.

Especially, his sword that was coated with sword qi lost its light, and he had no choice but to confront the truth. To say it again, the opponent's naegong exceeded his own. There was no doubt about it. He was flabbergasted since Jang-hunsu had trained his qigong for 40 years.

“I..I can't believe this.”



Beside the gap between their naegong, the Hojo technique that the opponent displayed was a very domineering mugong. Once he gained an advantage, his opponent didn't give him time to breathe. Jang-hunsu couldn't keep it together when the storm-like attack came towards him.

Chang.

In middle of the life and death road, the Hojo was coming at him in a straight line and Jang-hunsu barely blocked it. However, his sword was stuck between the Hojo's nails. Jang-hunsu turned pale from fear and he hurriedly tried to take the sword out. However, the opponent had a smile of satisfaction floating on his face...

Amongst the short-ranged weapons, the Hojo is known to be the most antagonistic against swords. Hojo was considered to be a type of foreign weapon with 5 blades that could be mounted on the hand. The best point about the weapon was that it could be wielded smoothly.

The Hojo could break a sword if it was trapped and twisted between the nails. This was why the swordsman was cautious against someone who used this weapon since the olden days.

The problem was, after a certain level, a warrior can raise sword-qi or sword-gang to nullify the advantages of wielding a Hojo. In most cases, the sword infused with a strong qi ruins the Hojo. None of the experts in the Murim used a Hojo, because of this problem. However, an expert that could raise the strong qi into a Hojo had appeared.

Pah-aht.

Out of nowhere the sword was thrown into the air. While having a bloody palm, Jang-hunsu mindlessly retreated with a stunned expression. He had pushed in an extreme amount of strong qi into the blade the moment the sword was stuck between the Hojo's nails. As he had predicted, the opponent strongly twisted his Hojo. Thanks to the strong qi, the sword did not break.

However, the force twisting the sword was above his estimation, so he couldn't resist against it. His palms were torn, and Jang-hunsu lost his grip on the sword. Jang-hunsu desperately moved his body as he felt his opponent approach him. However, his memory ended there...

Puh-puh-puk.

Accompanying a dull sensation, the flesh around his neck fell away, and Jang-hunsu immediately lost consciousness. His eyes were open wide as if he couldn't believe what had happened.

"Hoo."

After exhaling a long breath, Dok-gosong observed Jang-hunsu's corpse for a moment before he let his body fly. His destination was towards the vicinity where the main key figures of the Moyong family was clustered together.

Accompanying fierce sounds of swords clashing, many warriors lost their lives and their body was strewn everywhere. Of course, most of the body belonged to the Moyong family. The family was besieged by warriors who were attacking them while wearing black clothes with Asura mark on their chest. Most of them were young warriors in the mid to late 20s.

"We, we aren't enough."

The head of Moyong family gave out a bone chilling cry. He couldn't believe that they were pressed this much by the Bae-sect's warriors. Also, the opponents were green noobs...

The Bae-sect's Suho-mawang-goon(TLN: name of troop under Dok-gosong) came to the Moyong family, so he had no choice to be taken aback by this fact. The Suho-mawang-goon was composed of Bae-sect's geniuses, and they were a power that was worthy enough to be called Bae-sect's most elite troop. However, it wasn't a situation where they could just run away, so he evacuated the family's women and children. Then he sent a message requesting rescue from the Murim-mang.

After a brief time, the battle erupted. There were only 300 Su-ho-mawang-goon, but the 700 warriors of the Moyong family wasn't able to match up against them.

It could be called a one-sided massacre. They were barely able to survive as time passed on. The hope for victory rose when the Fire Mountain sect arrived as reinforcements. However even with the reinforcements, the situation did not improve...

New Bae-sect warriors were constantly charging through the front gate, so

Moyongjin guessed that not even the reinforcement from the Fire Mountain sect were able to last.

The standard procedure to grooming a warrior differed greatly between the White Peach sect and Demon sect. The White Peach sect gradually progressed their mugong using sequential methods, and the Demon sect used shortcuts to raise their mu-gong in a short period of time. This was generally the case. Each path was established via a long verification process by each sect, and the difference was shown clearly by the skill of the warriors. Generally, the Righteous sect's lower disciples were noticeably behind in mugong achievements compared to the Demon sect. If they train for the same amount of time, the demon sect warrior's achievement was significantly better. However, after one reaches a certain level, the situation flips. Even if the shortcut allows a demon sect warrior to improve by leaps and bound, after a certain level they cannot progress in their mugong. This was the Wall of the Devil or in other words, the limit. However, the Righteous sect's disciples were different. Although, their achievement isn't eye catching, they diligently train for a long time. The Righteous sect's disciples were able to pass these walls without much difficulty. To say it again, the Righteous sect had a much higher chance to reach the zenith stage than the Demon sect's disciples. The Sa-pa(TLN: evil sect) had superior number of warriors, but after a certain point, the Righteous sect had a considerable edge in the number of Gosu(TLN:it's a general term for experts). These points were the main reason why a balance was able to be maintained between the White Peach sect and the Demon sect. The head of the Moyong family was someone who was able to pass into the peak level. He wasn't a super expert(TLN:Cho-jul-jung 초절정(超絶頂)), but he was a prominent Gosu, who was close to being a peak expert(TLN:Chue-jul-jung 최절정(最絶頂)). However, he couldn't deal with 10 Suho-mawang-goon even if he was very skilled. It meant the people blocking him had mastered the art of group formation.

“You bastards.”

The head of the Moyong family watched countless warriors die in front of him.

His eyes burned with fire, and he started swinging his sword. Strong qi was flowing out of his longsword as he swung at his surroundings. However, the warriors in black, who were surrounding him, blocked the strong qi attacks, and they returned to their original position.

Since he was surrounded, he couldn't focus his attack on one side so the head of the Moyong family was in a bind. His opponent had come fully prepared to face an expert of his caliber.

“What are their plans?”

Of course, he couldn't break the siege ring, but at the same time, they also couldn't attack him. If he were to fight the warriors one on one then the head of the Moyong family had the skills to cut their throats in 5 seconds. However, the bastards had no intention of attacking him, and they just maintained their siege formation. While the head of the Moyong family's ankle was grabbed, the Suho-mawang-goon was ruthlessly massacring the less talented warriors of the family. This caused the family of the Moyong family to feel urgency in his heart.

“Ku-oo-ook.”

He suddenly heard a familiar scream. When he turned his head, he saw the scene of his nephew Moyong-hyundo losing his life. He almost lost his cool, but he forced his heart to calm. It was inevitable that lives would be lost in a battle. He couldn't lose his heart's composure. The Moyong family head knew it would become more dangerous for them if he did.

He turned his head again. The Moyong family head had some space to relax, but he didn't dare attack any of the Suho-mawang-goon, who was surrounding him. He looked across to his son, Moyongjin, fighting desperately. Moyongjin was in a precarious situation, but he was doing well just by hanging on.

“He trained at the Shaolin temple, so he wouldn't go down easily.”

The head of the Moyong family had to somehow break through the encircling net and retreat. Although he had lost many warriors, the rebuild of the Moyong family was a matter of time if only his son Moyongjin was safe. For a moment, water brushed by the eyes of the Moyong family head. (TLN: tear welled up for a brief second)

“Son. Please grow up to be an absolute expert and surpass your father.”

In his eyes, he was endlessly proud of his son. He was someone who had passed the difficult Shaolin temple's inner disciple test without any difficulty. Amongst the disciples with 10 years of training, he was within the top ten, and many envied him. He was a proud of his son who had combined the Hochun-suho-dan(TLN:fictitious martial art name. he combined this martial arts with the one he learned from Shaolin temple) without much difficulty. He came over to help when he learned that the Suho-mawang-goon(TLN: I'll just shorten it to SWG ) mounted an attack. He was someone who had the ability to look after himself in battle. If he was able to survive then the head of the Moyong family would have no regret.

At that moment, a sudden change happened unexpectedly. Suddenly, the SWG dissolved the encirclement like flowing water.

‘Did these bastards lose their minds?’

Before he had the chance to express his surprise, they rushed toward where his son was. They had already sailed across the water. (TLN: it's an expression, like spilled milk) Right now he wanted to escape after taking a rain check for later. (TLN: flee and fight later.) However, an undersized figure was blocking his path.... (TLN: group broke formation and went toward son. father tried to follow and someone blocked his path)

“Where are you going? Head of the Moyong family.”

“Huh? Who are you?”

The head of the Moyong family was surprised when he saw the small black figure equipped with a dark Hojo. Of course, the Moyong family head knew who his opponent was. He had such a unique appearance that he was able to guess who he was at first glance.

“Dok-gosong. You evil bastard. You dare attack our family?”

“If you have time to swear then why don't you take your own life?”

The world's most depraved person, Dok-gosong, attacked him while grasping his hojo.

He(TLN:Dok-gosong) ran in while emitting a dense fog of murderous intent. It could be seen in one glance that he was a Majin(TLN: Ma-in/devil person/evil person) with fiendishness soaked up to his head.

The head of the Moyong family threw away the thought of settling this on another day, and he threw himself into battle. He somewhat looked down on his opponent, but he also decided that this was a golden opportunity to raise their family's reputation.

However, the head of the Moyong family understood why the SWG didn't attack him and only held onto his ankles. He touted himself as having reached the peak stage, but his opponent was able to destroy his attack too easily. Also, he counter attacked and it was like a storm.

The head of the Moyong family was amazed since he couldn't understand the opponent's skills. In 10 years, Dok-gosong, who didn't know the mu character of mu-gong, matured into a supreme expert. Before he knew it, Dok-gosong had already surpassed him...

"How, how can this be...."

The head of the Moyong family could never dream that the reason why Dok-gosong had this rapid growth in mu-gong was caused by the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, which was reputed to be the most notorious technique under the heavens.

Emperor's Blood Demon Art. The Bae-sect sect leader Dong-bang-ryun made this mugong 200 years ago, and only he was the only who had learned this mu-gong until now.

At that time, they were in a bloody battle with the Demon sect, who walked the path of demonic cultivation. It was Bae-sect's darkest and most dangerous moment in history. They had to face off against the Demon sect's experts, who had formed an especially terrifying Demon art, and they were at the brink of annihilation. The sect leader at the time, Blood Demon Dong-bangryun, made a difficult decision to avert his sect from ruin. He decided to practice a peerless mugong that was passed down only in theory.

Although it was theoretically possible, the only downside to this method was it took time to form this mugong. Dong-bangryun finally decided to sacrifice himself to save his sect from ruination. This was how the Emperor's Blood Demon Art was born.

He secretly kidnapped and sacrificed one thousand virgin boys and girls. He was able to complete the Emperor's Blood Demon Art in just 1000 days. Each

day he would absorb the life blood of the one virgin boy or girl. This was how the cursed mugong was born. This resulted in him using the Emperor's Blood Demon Art as foundation to save the endangered Bae-sect.

The Bae-sect warriors joined together with Dong-bangryun as the central figure, and they were able to kill all the Demon sect's elite troop in one breath. At the time, Dong-bangryun was able to kill 10 Demon sect elders by himself. He showed an unbelievable amount of power. Of course, this was the oppressive power of the Emperor's Blood Demon Art. However, the true danger came afterwards....

After defeating the Demon sect, the Bae-sect was able to pave the way to assert themselves as a powerful sect. However in this process, the busy Dong-bangryun suddenly lost his mind. The reason being the Emperor's Blood Demon Art's demonic energy invaded his head.

Afterwards, Dong-bangryun became a Salgi(TLN:mindless killer), who was completely crazy for blood. He could not even recognize his family or his underlings. Dong-bangryun started slaughtering everyone. Numerous Bae-sect warriors ran in to stop him, but no one was able to beat him. Dong-Bangryun, who had converted into a blood demon, killed many warriors and escaped the headquarters. He killed so many men that one couldn't count the bodies of the dead. In the end, the Bae-sect had no choice but to blink away their tears and reveal the secret regarding Dong-bangryun.

The news spread that Dong-bangryun had sacrificed one thousand girls and boys to grow stronger, and the whole Murim grinded their teeth. Moreover, the escaped Dong-bangryun was continuing to slaughter, and it was inevitable that the kill order was spread all over the Murim.

Whether it was right or wrong, a kill squad was formed. Dong-bangryun met his end while being attacked by countless warriors. However, the cost wasn't light. Amongst the warriors who had participated in the kill squad, about half of their numbers were killed by Dong-bangryun's hands.

After the situation was barely settled, the Bae-sect spread the news that they will destroy the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, and even if a sect leader learns this mu-gong, there would be no forgiveness. This barely calmed down the Murim... However, there was a tangled secret history regarding the cursed demonic art,

Emperor's Blood Demon Art.

Right now someone who had learned the Emperor's Blood Demon Art showed up again...

"Ooh-ah-ah-ahk."

The Moyong family head was barely hanging on. Eventually, he couldn't take the might of the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, and he screamed his death throes. The left of his chest, which contained his heart, was completely pierced and blood was fountaining out from the wound. The Moyong family head fell to the floor without any strength as his life was extinguished. At the same time, a despairing sound rang out from the other side.

"Father."

Moyongjin was looking for an opportunity to escape, but his eyes started to fill with beams of light. How could a son do nothing when he had witnessed the death of his father? He broke through the encircling net using all his will. The moment the Bae-sect warriors started retreating slowly he didn't hesitate to let his body fly. The target was the small black figure, who killed his father.

"Die, you bastard!"

The longsword neared the enemy, while drawing a fancy sword skill. The sword had a bluish light of sword qi soaked into it.

However, the opponent blocked his attack too easily, and he spun his body. Moyongjin's eyes became large as lamps after he confirmed the man's face.

"You, you are?"

"It has been a while."

Dok-gosong stood in place while putting on a cold smile. Moyongjin couldn't set his mind straight. Of course, he was one of the person, who knew better than others the identity of Dok-gosong.

"How, how can this be?"

"Why? You can't believe the fact that I've become so strong?"

In their minds, each of them thought about the events that happened in their childhood. For Dok-gosong, these events brought up feeling of revenge. Of



course, Moyongjin still couldn't believe the situation. While Moyongjin was focused on training in the Shaolin temple, Dok-gosong was a mere laborer who did odd jobs. He was an ugly bastard who didn't even know the basics of mu-gong. So how did this guy grow up to become a super expert, who could kill his father in one-on-one battle...

The murderous intent in Dok-gosong's eyes started to deepen. After forming the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, he was able to perfectly overcome the Seven Sect's Beating Gold Technique placed on him by the Shaolin high monk. Nothing happened when he raised his murderous intent. Soon he spoke in an icy tone.

"Should we settle our debt from before?" (TLN: he was one of the boys attacking MC during childhood)

"You dare! I won't let you get away with it."

The fuming Moyongjin attacked without caring about the consequence. He didn't even measure the opponent's skill level. The reason being Moyongjin was profoundly shocked by his father's death.

Even though, he was an inner disciple of a successful righteous sect, he didn't reach the level of his father, who had risen to the peak ranks.

The opponent was a super expert, who had overwhelmingly won against the head of the Moyong family. Even if he was filled with rage, he wasn't a match for Dok-gosong.

Not long after the fight started, Moyongjin's life was extinguished and his cold body was lying on the floor.

Su-rook. (TLN: sound of blade coming out of flesh)

Dok-gosong took his hojo out from the bloody and drooping body of Moyongjin. An expression that could be only seen as madness floated on Dok-gosong's face. He felt an electrifying feeling at the moment of his revenge.

After succeeding in his revenge, Dok-gosong swiveled his head to look around. The situation had completely settled. He succeeded in wiping out the Moyong family without taking much loss to the SWG he brought. They deserved to be called the elite experts of the Bae-sect.

Everyone standing on the grounds was the members of the SWG. Every Moyong family warrior lost their lives or they were on the ground with a critical wound.

One warrior approached Dok-gosong and he bowed his head in respect.

“What should we do with the survivors?”

Dok-gosong started walking without speaking a word and his eyes seemed to say, “Do you even have to ask?” The embarrassed man in black gathered his naegong and shouted.

“Kill all the survivors. Get rid of everyone even if it a corpse. Cut them for a sure kill.”

“Your will.” (TLN: yes sir. its what subordinates used to say way back in the day)

This was how the famous Moyong family stepped on to the road of extinction.

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## [DarkMage]Chapter 2 Series of Trial. Episode 30

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2016/01/13/darkmagechapter-2-series-of-trial-episode-30/>

“What’s our next target?”

“The carrier pigeon hasn’t come yet. How about we give our subordinates a break, while our next target is being decided?”

“Ku ku ku. That should be fine. Take steps to do so.”

“Your will.”

Dok-gosong looked at the man in black following his orders with respect. He looked towards the sky without saying anything. He could see the men in black being deployed quickly. They were the SWG under his command. These men were grown to be strictly a detached force, and they were the Bae-sect’s best elite warriors, who specialized in ambush attack.

It took Sah-junhwan twenty years of long term planning to groom them. He had personally selected the talented kids and initiated the Constitution Reform Method. He also invested many pills into them. They went through 20 years of severe training and they were able to become the best elite warriors.

Over 1500 kids went through the training, but only 500 of them finished the process safely. The SWG finished the harsh training, and they possessed enough skills to contend against even the direct disciples of the Righteous sect.

Moreover, Dok-gosong was currently presiding over them.

“Hu hu hu. It really seems like a dream.”

Dok-gosong, who was taking a break, spoke softly. Just 10 years ago, he was a criminal who didn’t even know the basics of mugong. However, he was different now. He had obtained a peerless mugong which allowed him to slaughter the super peak experts from the Righteous sect with no problem. If he didn’t possess the best talent and comprehension, then it might have been hard for him to achieve this. (TLN: it was mentioned before that he had a high aptitude for martial arts, but the monks refused to teach him)

The formation of the Emperor’s Blood Demon Art. He had to endure

continuous amount of pain everyday. He absorbed the life blood of a baby lamb (Dok-gosong absolutely believed this)everyday, and he cultivated the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, which when against the commonly accepted mu-gong formation method.

This happened every single day for a 1000 days. After this period was over, he had to train in the Emperor's Blood Demon Art, so it'll completely imprint on his body. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Dok-gosong had put his life on the line to form the Emperor's Blood Demon Art. He only had one wish. He wanted to take revenge against those in the Righteous sect, who had assassinated the Shaolin holy monk, and the people who had scorned him.

This was the reason why he had put his life on the line to form this mugong. He had decided he'll never be held in contempt again. He needed strength to do this, so he put his whole being into the mugong formation. This resulted in him being able to cultivate the Emperor's Blood Demon Art to its peak within 10 years.

“Congratulation on your achievement.”

Dok-gosong finished his training and he came out of the training grounds. Sa-joonhwan greeted him in a very friendly manner. Then he started describing the state of affairs in the current Murim.

“The current Murim is swept up in an explosive mood. There are continuous fighting in various parts of the country. They are regional wars, but I am pretty sure there will be a full-scale war. To be able to fight against Murim-mang, our Bae-sect have formed a Majin alliance with the Demon sects including the Sado clans. Therefore, Minor Sect Leader(TLN:Dok-gosong) has a lot of work ahead of you.”

“Ku-huhu. What do I have to do?”

Dok-gosong was already somewhat taken by the Emperor's Blood Demon Art's demonic energy, so he was starving for blood. Sa-joonhwan glanced at Dok-gosong before continuing to speak.

“Please take charge of the SWG. They are the warriors I have grown in advance for this situation. I'll be in charge of commanding the overall battle. Therefore, Minor Sect Leader should lead the SWG to the Righteous sect's headquarters

and ambush them. Burn them to the ground. In fact, you will basically be a detached force.”

“That’s what I wanted. Please leave it to me.”

Dok-gosong confirmed his orders. He was given command over his sect’s elite squad SWG, and his mission was to eliminate an important foothold of the White Peach sect. Dok-gosong was the most suited person to do this. He had the strong mugong, Emperor’s Blood Demon Art, as a foundation. Moreover, his senses were akin to a wild animal, and he would faithfully carry out the mission. At first, he had difficulty, because he didn’t have much fighting experience. However, akin to him slowly completing his mugong over time, he also started to amass fighting experience.

Now he was able to finally succeed in taking his revenge today against one of the people he had a grudge against. It was the heir to the Moyong family, Moyong-jin, who had given him numerous insults in his childhood. Time had passed, but Dok-gosong couldn’t erase the resentment etched in his mind.

“Ku ku ku. The others won’t be able to escape from my hands.”

Dok-gosong’s bloodshot eyes moved restlessly, while he spat out those last words. Right then someone hurriedly ran towards his side.

“The messenger pigeon has arrived. The next target has been decided.”

“That’s what I want. Go assemble my men.”

“Your will.”

The SWG including Dok0gosong started leaving the location using fast movements.

— —

Dok-gosong was silently lost in his thoughts inside the prison cell that was submerged in darkness. He thought about his life, which was filled with ill luck. However, when he thought about the prime of his life his heart fluttered. This was when he was mindlessly drunk on demonic energy, and massacring others. He had wished to put the whole country under his banner, so he had streaked across the battlefield with the 500 of his SWG.

As he was thinking more and more, the faces of his dead subordinates rose up in

his mind. Before they were subordinates, they were his dear comrade in arms. They were each other's savior as they had protected each other's life.

Originally, the members of the SWG were picked by Sa-joonhwan, and they were grown to be warriors. Since they were picked in childhood, they had went through 20 years of hellish training. Then they were dispatched to be subordinates of Dok-gosong. However, in their final moments, they kept their loyalties to him. They rejected the wealth and honor that was spread in front of their eyes, and they had unhesitatingly decided to save their commander in battle.

They had given up their lives to delay the enemy's footsteps, while he was escaping the headquarters. Moreover, all the warriors under the rank of commander died heroically while protecting him. The cause of their death was none other than Sa-joonhwan. Suddenly, Dok-gosong's eyes erupted with light.

"Even if I die, I'll definitely have my revenge against you all."

He repeatedly promised himself, but he fully knew that this would be very difficult to accomplish. First, he didn't have any power. Even if he was to ignore the fact that he was at a place that was unfathomably far from Zhongyuan, his body was only strong enough to contend with one strong normal warrior. His dantian was gone, and it was impossible for him to form his nae-gong again. Moreover, he wasn't familiar with basic cultivation methods or wae-gong, so it was impossible form him to learn a new mugong.(TLN: he took a shortcut so he isn't very knowledgeable about any other aspects of martial arts) The only thing he had left was the abundant experiences and intuition he had learned on the battle field.

"Somehow I have to find a way."

Dok-gosong suddenly had a vague idea. He thought about the magic used by the people of this place. He already had a rough understanding about magic through Shrekheimer.

"The only thing I can think about first is magic. According to Shrekheimer's words, one should be able to sufficiently command magic, even when one has lost his dantian. "

However at that moment, his immediate problem was the last opponent he

had to fight against. He had to survive this test to be able to think about the later events.

“Did he say an ogre? I wonder what kind of monster it is.”

Dok-gosong started to worry about the last opponent he would fight against. Only after he overpowers his opponent using all of his leftover abilities, would he be able to make that promise. (TLN: promise of revenge) This was a unknown existence he had never seen before. He fell into an meditative state to fight against the ogre.

Ku-ru-ru-ru.

Accompanying the heavy chain sound, the enormous steel door started to slowly move up. It was a very large door and it would be impossible for a human to pierce through it. However, the large gate that was going up had 2 additional doors.(TLN: 3 steel layers) Accompanying a boom, the first steel door fixed into place then the next steel door started to slowly open. Dok-gosong stared at the first and second door ascend, and he swallowed dryly. He had raised his entire body's senses to the extreme. He did this to face off against an opponent that'll decided if he lives. No, it could be said that it'll determine his future destiny.

Boom.

All the steel doors except the last one was fixed on top of the ceiling. The roar inside the door became much louder.

Kyaa-oh-oh-oh.

It was an animal cry that could only be produced by an extremely pissed off wild creature. Dok-gosong immediately knew it was the ogre, which he had never seen before. Currently, he had taken two test to get to this final battle inside the underground prison.

“You have to be calm, Dok-gosong.”

He spoke softly before he touched the spiked gauntlet he wore on his right hand. Since it was the final battle, he was given the choice of picking the weapons he wanted.

Except for the armors and mace, all the equipments were foreign to him. However, Dok-gosong declined every one of them. He decided to choose the

spiked gauntlet, which was similar to his hojo, and he had used it to fight against the troll.

The soldiers who brought the weapons insisted he use armor and shield, but Dok-gosong didn't even glance at it. He instinctively knew from his battle with the troll that shields and armors were useless.

"The opponent I'll fight this time is much stronger than a troll. Therefore, I should avoid the attacks instead of blocking it."

He had lost all of his mugong, but he had participated in numerous battles. He still had his reflex, and intuition left. Although he didn't have the nae-ryuk to use a movement skill, his body movement was much faster than a normal person. This was the sole reason why he entered the arena without equipping an adequate armor.

The soldiers made weird faces as if it was strange. According to their logic, one had to wear a plate mail at the very least and only then would one barely be able to face off against an ogre. It was clear to them that he wouldn't last long against the ogre, and he'll become its meal. However, Dok-gosong thought differently.

"If I wear that then it'll just slow down my movements."

He gazed at the spiked gauntlet on his hand. Interestingly, the shape of the gauntlet was very different from the one he used to fight the troll. Originally, 4 thin blades were attached to it, but now all of them were severed. Instead, there was one very sturdy looking steel nail fixed on the knuckle of his middle finger. It was also the same for his left gauntlet.

This was a custom weapon made at the request of Benitez. His forethought about Dok-gosong allowed him to make it. He thought this would be a solution to facing off against the ogre.

"I don't understand it. Instead of a pick, four blades should be better...." (TLN: this is Benitez speaking)

Benitez thought it was strange, but he decided to acquiesce to his request. If one is on death row, then even a big request would be granted. After the weapon was made, Dok-gosong was inserted immediately into the arena, and they were waiting for his match with the ogre to start.



While he was being nervous, the last steel door finally started to slowly open. As if it was waiting, one could vaguely see a large shape across the door and it was violently hitting the door.

Boom.

Accompanying a lot of dust, the steel door trembled. The thick steel door was swinging as if it was about to fall off from the impact. One could guess how strong the monster's strength was from this display.

"If I get hit once, then I'll immediately face the King of Hell."

After muttering in a low voice, Dok-gosong silently waited for the ogre to enter his cell. The unknown existence called ogre finally stepped in front of Dok-gosong, and its massive body was displayed.

Kwah-ooh-ooh-ooh.

After witnessing the ogre's appearance, Dok-gosong's eyes became large as a lamps. (TLN: the round asian paper lamps)

"What in the world..."

The ogre's appearance was so strange that it made him question if a creature like that really exists on the face of the world. At a glance, the ogre looked very frightening.

First, Dok-gosong couldn't understand how it had two heads. If it was a normal animal then there would usually be one head that contained its brain. The ogre shattered that universal idea, and it had two heads. By looking at the movement of each pair of eyes, one could tell that each head thought and made decisions independent of each other.

The ogre that ran in started looking around the surrounding with bulging eyes. The blood shot eyes looked over him, and without realizing it he felt a chill. After realizing the fact that there wasn't anything except Dok-gosong inside the cell, the ogre's eyes were rapidly filled with blood colored luster. This was caused by none other than its appetite.

The ogre was starved for a week to prepare for this battle. This inevitably caused it to be very ferocious. Once it found a prey, it mindlessly ran forth. It ran extremely fast for its size.

The ogre held an enormous club, and one could say it was comparable to a building’s pillar. It roared and the outrageous weapon was aimed at Dok-gosong’s body.

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# [DarkMage]Chapter 2 Series of Trial. Episode 31

<https://otterspacetranslation.wordpress.com/2016/01/15/darkmagechapter-2-series-of-trial-episode-31/>

An urgent sound of deflating air came out of Dokgosong's mouth.

"Huk."

The ogre's speed was faster than he imagined, so he used all his energy to move his thunder-stricken body.

Kwa-kwang.

The slab of stone he was standing on was broken into pieces, and it raised a cloud of dust. It had broken a huge slab of stone with a wooden club, so he could roughly guess its strength. The speed at which the ogre responded was very surprising. He thought it would be like the troll, who had a large body, but it was somewhat slow. How can such a large body move so fast..... The ogre's speed was almost comparable to a Murim expert using a movement technique.

Still he couldn't stay in place, so Dokgosong continued to dodge. The situation basically boiled down to him departing this world the moment he's hit by the club. Of course, he didn't dare to attack. He just used all of his energy to dodge the club. Fortunately, he had honed his senses in the battle field. He could tell which angle the attack will come from so he could barely dodge it.

The food was teasing it by escaping by a hair's breath each time, so the ogre's roar rose to its peak.

"Kwah-oooh-oooh-oooh."

It shouted out an elongated roar, and it chased after Dokgosong. The ogre was 4.5 meter tall, and it had long arms to match its height. The ogre persistently swung the club at him.

Hweeeeeeeek. (TLN: its the sound you make when you swing something really fast)

Accompanying an incredible destructive sound, the club came down like an

enormous boulder. Dokgosong correctly saw that it was falling toward his body, so in a flash, he spun his body. He pushed off his left foot to turn on a pivot, and he drastically changed the direction of his body.

Kwa-kwang.

He felt an enormous shock wave behind his back accompanied by an explosive sound. The pieces of broken rock flew towards his back, and Dokgosong continued to move while he felt the rocks embed into his back.

He couldn't believe it, but the massive body suddenly changed direction and it started sprinting towards him. He changed his direction to go between the ogre's legs, and it tried to grab him.

Boo-oong. (TLN: sound of ogre grabbing empty air)

The cauldron lid sized hands missed him by a hair's breadth and it brushed by his body. Dokgosong had avoided the crisis and he let his body fly after he passed through the legs.

'This monster is faster than me. I'll have to continuously change direction if I don't want to be caught.'

The ogre, who had lost his meal again, started roaring and it chased after Dokgosong. It was unbelievable, but the massive body started changing direction and it chased after him. Dokgosong was using all his energy to run, but the distance between the two became shorter.

He didn't want to get caught so Dokgosong was continuously changing direction. However, the ogre chased after Dokgosong without much effort. To complete his misfortune, he was running out of breath. Without regards to anything else, Dokgosong only focused on running.

"His movements are very surprising. He is able to easily escape the hands of the ogre."

Serge gave an honest reaction towards Dokgosong's movements. Currently, he was on the top portion of the underground prison with Benitez. They were viewing the on-going battle.

"It really is surprising. The twin-headed ogre is fast enough to give even a decent knight a lot of trouble. "

“However, I don’t think he can last much longer. He is just dodging right now. He doesn’t dare attack it.”

While ogres possessed a terrifying amount of speed, this monster also had a very thick hide. If one stabs it with a pretty good weapon, then the sword breaks most of the time. Moreover, their vital spots were located on the upper portion of their body, so it was hard for a human to reach it. They weren’t an existence one could capture without being an experienced knight. It was safe to say that this monster was powerful.

“So, did he ask you about his fate?”

“Yes. He asked what would happen if he was victorious in this battle.”

“He did? How did you answer?”

“I answered him by telling the basic outline of what you said. If he survived, then he’ll either be employed here or enlisted as a soldier.”

“Of course, this is only applicable if he survives. However, the odds of him surviving seems very low by looking at the bastard’s situation. What do you think?”

“I agree with you.”

“Right?”

Unlike the leisurely chat between the two, Do-gosong was moving his body with all his might.

Kwa-kwang.

The surrounding slab of stone was destroyed as if it was being bombarded. Blood was flowing from all over his body as the shards of stone wounded him. He was already at his limit. However, the ogre didn’t show any signs of exhaustion.

“Huk, huk.” (TLN: heavy breathing sound)

His body was like a wet ball of cotton, but Dokgosong didn’t give up. He continued to move his body. He wasn’t afraid to die. However, if he became the ogre’s meal then who would revenge the dead SWG?

Dokgosong couldn’t easily give up on his life, because of this thought. At that moment, the ogre’s attack exploded next to him, and the shards of stone pelted

his entire body.

“Ooh-ook.”

Accompanying a sharp sensation, blood started running down his forehead. The blood covered even his eyes, so his vision became blurry. To make it worse, he could feel the harsh breath of the ogre behind his back. It had definitely approached him real close. In many ways, it was a hopeless situation, so he grinded his teeth.

“Huk, huk. If this continues then I’m dead.”

He used all his energy to run towards the wall that he could see in front of him. To survive this fight, he had thought all night to prepare this method. He squeezed every ounce of his leftover strength to pull this move off.

The ogre, who was chasing him, was as angry as it could be. If it was a normal human, the person would have given up by now. Only this human was making trouble for him until the end.

The ogre’s eyes were furious. The ogre’s attitude was as if it would chase his prey to the ends of the world. The human was running towards the stone wall, which was a dead end. The ogre decided the human didn’t have anywhere else to escape, so the ogre also used all his strength to track him.

As he was running, the stone wall of the underground rapidly grew bigger in front of him. While laboring for breath, Dokgosong kept running and running. He ran forth as if he wanted to die by bashing his head into the stone wall. The ogre was tracking him very closely, and the distance between both of them was getting smaller.

“It’s finished.”

Beintez was watching this scene and his eyes held a light of resignation. He didn’t think there was any chance that the foreigner could hold on any longer. Serge had already decided the fight was over, so he gave up watching the fight and stood up.

Then an unexpected change occurred. The foreigner, who was running as if he would crash into the stone wall, kicked the stone wall. His body rotated once in the air.

He took advantage of his momentum, and his body movement was very surprising. The foreigner avoided disaster by a hair's breadth, but the unlucky ogre was so lucky. The ogre, which was following him closely, couldn't fight against his momentum, and it collided violently against the wall.

Ggwang. (TLN: boom)

As if there was an earthquake, the entire underground prison shook. The stone wall caved in and a massive cloud of dust was formed. The massive body of the ogre bounced off the wall, and it violently rolled to the ground. It was enough of an impact to kill a human in its track. However, Benitez firmly believe that the ogre wouldn't die just from this. Ogres were that strong of a creature. His eyes took in the foreigner, who had landed shakily. He saw a scene where the foreigner ran towards the ogre.

"This is fun."

The unexpected turn of event changed Serge's mind, so he sat down in his seat again. Then he gazed at the grounds.

Dokgosong quickly jumped on top of the ogre's body. The monster had fallen to the floor, so this was his golden opportunity. He had reached its body in one breath, and he raised the gauntlet equipped on his right hand. The single nail that was attached to the gauntlet gleamed as it boasted its sharpness.

"Eh-it."

Dokgosong unhesitatingly stabbed the nail toward the ogre's eye. He tried to repeat the method where he had incapacitated the troll. The ogre's eyes were half way closed after the impact against the wall, but its eyes rapidly became wide.

Poo-shook.

The long nail pierced through its eye. Of course, it also pierced the brain located behind the eye. The ogre's body started shaking as if it was struck by lightning. Dokgosong yelled in delight at this sight.

"I've succeeded. It's done."

The panting Dokgosong felt the tension release a little bit. However, it wasn't

the end.... Accompanying a roar, he felt a great force flying towards him, so Dokgosong crossed his arms reflexively to block. Afterwards, he felt a massive impact.

“Ooh-huk.”

His small body was violently dislocated. All the pain was concentrated on his left arm. Dokgosong flew a short distance before he was flung onto the floor. He was barely able to stay conscious when he saw the ogre sitting up slowly. The ogre’s two hands were covering its other face while sitting up. It must have been trying to protect its eyes. The head that was attacked before was limp as if it had lost all its function.

“Shit. It has two heads.”

His pulse had slowed, but he would not give up. Once the ogre sat up, he had lost his opportunity to attack. He forced his broken body to stand.

Ooh-doo-doo-dook. (TLN: sound of bone grinding against bone)

He guessed one part of his body was really broken since he could feel an extreme amount of pain radiate all over his body. He did his best to ignore the pain, and he approached the ogre again. However, the target for his attack was already gone. The ogre had already thoroughly enclosed his hands over his intact head. It looked like the gauntlet’s nail would not be able to pierce through the ogre’s thick hands. Even if he was able to pierce through the thick hands, it was guaranteed that it would not reach the eyes. However, Dokgosong wouldn’t give up.

“Eh-it.” (TLN: it’s a sound you make, like a grunt of effort)

The ogre was on its stomach trying to stand up.(TLN: My best guess is he did a sit-up while his hand is over his face. Once he is sitting on his butt, he rotated to get on all four. Then he is trying to stand up.) Dokgosong ran and used his momentum to jump on the ogre’s back. Dokgosong could feel the surprised ogre twist his body, but he stood firmly on the middle of its back. He scanned for a place to stab his nail.

“Right here.”

Dokgosong chose the location where the ogre’s shoulder joint met. If one



compared it to a person, this was where the fatal acupuncture point called Myung-moon-hyul. (TLN: usually the myung-moon-hyul is said to be a gateway to your dantian. So if you attack it, it is fatal/destroy your dantian. The one mentioned here is usually located on the middle of your back, but author changed it to the shoulder joint. Not sure if there are multiple spots.) The time it took to make the decision was short, but it took him only a moment to act. The nail of the gauntlet ruthlessly embedded itself.

“Koo-uh-uh-uh.”

A scream filled with pain came out of the ogre’s mouth. Just by looking at his massive body, one would think he would act like he was stabbed by a needle, but the ogre’s response was very different. Dokgosong was able to know one truth after seeing this.

“This bastard has the same veins as humans.” (TLN: I think he is talking about dantian, and how it flows through the body)

Once he realized this important fact, he had no reason to hesitate.

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